Everybody's Magazine

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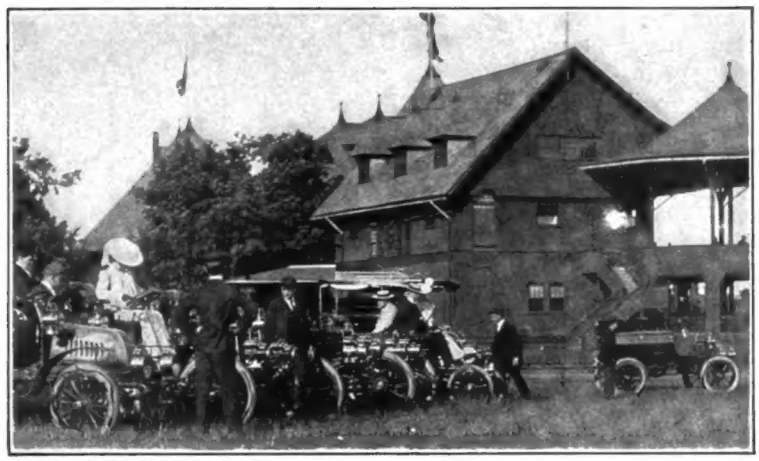

AUTOMOBILES AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

Saratoga's Sports and Splendors

By CHARLES E. TREVATHAN

A QUEER place, a place of curious contrasts, is this Saratoga, the pleasure-town by the side of its beautiful lake, with its embowering elms and the pine-trees. It has just a dash of Monte Carlo, a bit of Baden-Baden, and a little of Wiesbaden in its composition. It is a sporting town like Monte Carlo, only its sporting aspect is not so conspicuous. It is a health-town for the healthy who do not need it, like Baden-Baden. And then, for a very few, it is really a place to recuperate, like Wiesbaden.

There are waters at Saratoga presumed to have some inborn curative merits, and in the early part of its season, that is, in the months of June and July, many estimable families betake themselves to the place, and really find rest there whether they be seeking it or not.

But in the month of August, when the place up State has her glory, comes another set of people. A small number of them discover that the waters are there, and perhaps take an occasional sip of them, but outside the advertisements, they are ignorant of the reputation of the town as a resort for invalids; they know little of the reason for the existence of Saratoga except that it gives territory for much joyful commingling and permits some liberties which are not possible elsewhere in the land. In August Saratoga becomes a cosmopolitan, careless, callous spot where the extremes of life come very close together. Then it is the town of the sportsman and the sportswoman. The eminently respectable families who have journeyed up earlier in the season must give way to the new *régime*, and content themselves with lounging on the piazzas in the afternoons and watching the show that is passing before them.

In the days previous to the opening of the racing season the old cure-town is just a quiet region through which pleasant breezes blow, and upon which kindly skies smile. But once the thoroughbreds begin to take their way through the streets of the town to the race-course, and the followers of the

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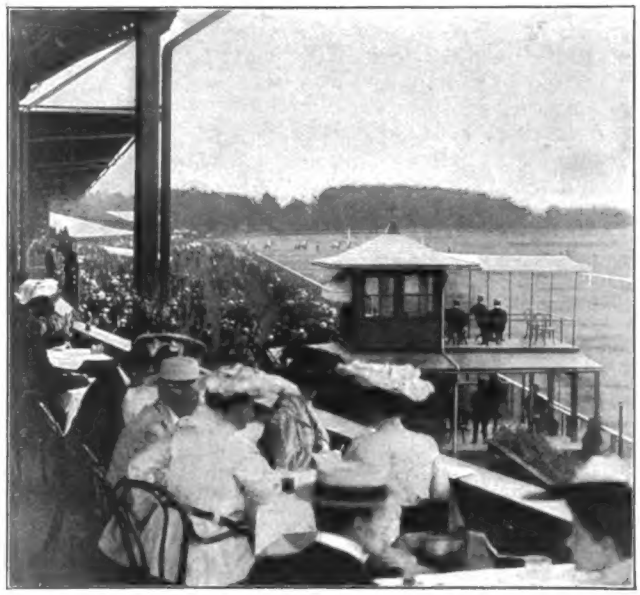

CHARACTERISTIC GROUP IN THE GRAND STAND.

thoroughbreds spread their names on the hotel registers, then there is such life in Saratoga as is to be seen nowhere else in this country, nor in any other.

Saratoga is the only place in the world where a full month of time is entirely given up to a worship of the race-horse. During the thirty days when the town is really herself, everything is horse, and everybody who is anybody is horsey. The population, that is, the floating population, which is almost all of Saratoga, was once divided by a slang-using gentleman into two simple classes, the "its" and the "nits." He meant to say by that the horsey and the unhorsey.

The unhorsey are those gentle old ladies who have been going to Saratoga since before the war, and who still go there for the season because when they were young ladies in the spreading frocks of their time it was the thing to spend a part of the year at the Spa.

The horsey are the rest of the people at Saratoga in this month of August when the town is having its joy. Going about in the evening, you would imagine that there was nothing else in the world to be thought about except the race-horse and his accomplishments. The youngest bud having her first season out takes a certain swaggering manner to herself during her Saratoga month, and will talk very familiarly with you upon the chances of a stake candidate. Older *habi-*

BOOK-MAKERS IN THE FIELD STAND LAYING ODDS.

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UNION AVENUE, THE DRIVEWAY TO THE LAKE.

tués of the Saratoga season will be quite *au fait* in the history of the winners in past years, and will sometimes, with considerable intelligence, discuss with you the animals that have been upon the course in other years as compared with those that are running to-day. You have a chance introduction to a *distinguée* lady with gray hair across the table in the dining-room, and the next moment the two of you almost literally have your heads together and are telling each other exactly what you think about the prospects of the afternoon. In New York later on that same *distinguée* lady, meeting you upon the avenue, will give no conscious recognition of your existence. If you are not really horsey, you pretend to be. There are men and women that know nothing of the turf, that have no knowledge that a horse is in any sense distinct from a mule, that are utterly barren of notion concerning the breeding of racers, who go to Saratoga during the racing season, and who carry themselves about the paddock and the grand stand as if they were old familiars to the sport. Then they return to their distant homes in the West and the South, and tell of the glories of Saratoga when the horses are galloping; and set other remote folk to dreaming of the time when it may be financially possible for them too to visit this small town up in central New York.

Saratoga in August is the meeting-point of the prince and the pauper. On the Saratoga piazzas in the forenoon you may see more people representing wealth than anywhere else in America except at the Newport Casino. And then again across the street, on the "ten cent" side, you will see as great poverty as the East Side knows. But it is not offensive poverty nor ill-dressed poverty. There are no white faces nor gaunt cheeks. It is the indigence of the gipsy and of him who takes chances with fate. The poor of Saratoga, in fact, are less offensive than some of its rich.

Queer town it is, and strange, strange folk you meet there. More than upon any other race-course, you see curious intimacies existing between many-times millionaires of the "Street" and touts who know not where they may sleep that night. The touts are giving information to the many-times millionaires, hoping to earn fees thereby. You may even see the goodly dame of one of the many-times millionaires graciously bending in earnest interest over one of the same touts, listening in the hope that some golden grain

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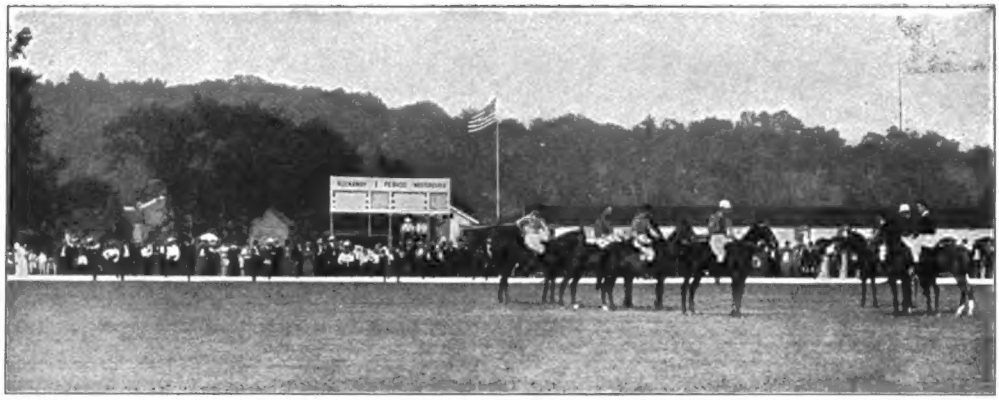

of information may fall from his lips that will bring to her a profit from the goddess of chance.

So much for the atmosphere of Saratoga in her season. Enjoyable? Well, that is a question of temperament. There are people who would not miss the month of August in the little place, and who crowd into every moment of their lives there a feverish excitement of emotion which makes you wonder at their capacity for pleasure. There are others who go there annually because they have always gone annually; and so, what is there to do about it?

The lady at Saratoga gets more out of her visit than does the gentleman who betakes himself there. She may do with impunity in Saratoga those things which she may not approach even in thought elsewhere, and it is perhaps because of this temporary freedom that she loves her Saratoga as she loves no other resort.

It is the one environment through which she may move alone if she like, the one acre of pleasure-making where the escort is not necessary to her pursuit of laughter. She may go through the drives alone in the forenoon, and she may stroll about the race-course

DISCUSSING THE INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE DAY'S SPORT.

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in the afternoon alone; she may dine alone and wine alone; she may sit out the concerts in the evening or watch the moonlight on the verandas alone, and there will scarce be comment upon her actions. She may, without fear, go alone anywhere and everywhere in the town that a man can go. And this is a privilege which she does not enjoy anywhere else than in Saratoga. And yet it is a privilege of which she does not avail herself. She merely gets a keen sort of relish in the idea that she "could an she would." There is more fun to be had with "somebody along," and the lady of Saratoga is rarely a person alone.

And what a wealth of pleasure may not the lady of Saratoga have out of her twenty-four hours! Privileged person, she may breakfast delicately in the club, or she may take the rough and ready but appetizing fare that is provided in some of the racing-stables at the course, provided, that is, that she be of the horsey set and have a relative owning a stable. These stable breakfasts are among the pleasant possibilities in life which the lady of Saratoga most reckons on. From being, as in other places, the morning meal of the trainer and his help, they become in Saratoga affairs upon which one attends with

EVENING FINDS A GAY CROWD IN THE GRAND UNION PAGODA.

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CLUB-HOUSE GUESTS LEAVING AFTER THE RACES.

profit to the appetite. Old-fashioned dishes, cooked in old-fashioned ways, and served out-of-doors on an improvised table—the arrangement is hardly one to appeal to an epicure at first sound. But with hunger sharpened by a walk from the town to the track, or by a drive against the morning breezes that blow in from the lake, one may sit at such a breakfast and rejoice that one is alive.

After the breakfast there is always a stroll about the stables, and converse with the men who handle the horses; and then there follows the casting up of chances for the afternoon.

Sometimes there is a whirl back to town in an automobile, or a trap, for a change of costume and luncheon at the hotel or club. As a rule, the ladies cluster in numbers on the broad piazza of the Club-House and lunch there where they may look out across an area of green country that ends in a line of hills whose green takes on a hazy blue in the distance.

Pleasant are the Club-House piazzas, and one grows fond of these luncheons where the entertainment at table is secondary to the peaceful view that one has out across the course, and of the restful chairs in which one is permitted to lounge in a dreamy, half-sleepy sort of content.

The bugle blows at Saratoga at 2.15. The procession from town begins about 1.15. It is worth your while to stand on the corner and watch it. There are street-cars running to the Saratoga track, but, though they are crowded, their passengers do not belong to the Saratoga set. The main avenue of the town is thick with vehicles which will take these latter the ten minutes' drive to the course. Drivers are shouting: "This way for the track!" "Cab for the track!" "Carriage for the track!" "Two-seater for the track!" "Automobile for the track!" and there is a din and a stir that recalls a New York ferry-landing on the arrival of a limited.

Standing where they swing out of the main street into the route that leads to the course, you see people whom you have met before, if you have travelled a bit. There is a man from California who once owned almost the whole of the southern part of the State, and who sold for sheep-grazing a million acres of land that is now worth untold numbers of dollars for fruit-farming. He is a broken-hearted millionaire because he didn't keep the land, but the racing sometimes makes him forget that he might

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have been the Crœsus of the new world, and there are a party of ladies with him laughing merrily, unmindful that there is such a thing as care this summer afternoon.

There is another man, whom you knew in Kentucky, sitting upright beside the Californian. He has a national reputation for being handy with the bowie-knife, and it is rumored that once upon a time, on his own blood-ridden ground, he held off an entire mob alone.

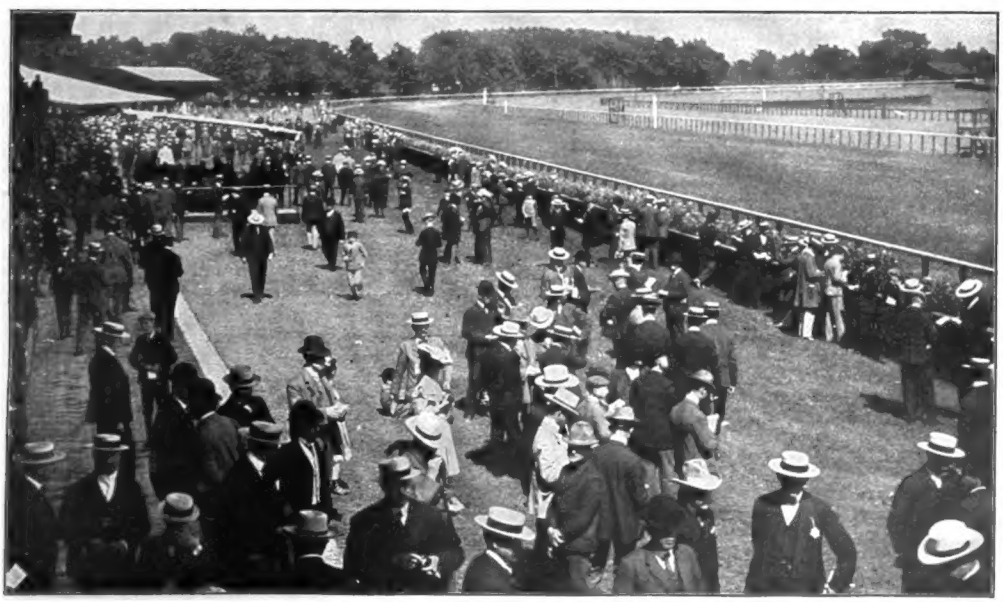
Another rig whirls by driven by a man once president of a famous old Southern jockey club. His hair is white, and his beard, trimmed in the aristocratic Napoleonic way, gives him a most distinguished air. He is eighty years old; yes, and more. But the fascination of the thoroughbred and of Saratoga is upon him, and he is just as eager to reach the course and to take his box and to summon his betting commissioner as any callow youth who is having his first experience in the town under the pines.

STUDYING THE CARD FOR WINNERS.

You see an automobile whiz along at a perilous rate of speed, and they tell you that he at the wheel is the man who, in six months, made a million dollars in a get-rich-quick scheme, and who had to face no law to correct the moral error.

You may notice in the same equipage a Congressman and a Senator, friends for the first time in their lives.

A lady who frequently assists the wife of



WHERE RICH AND POOR HAVE EQUAL CHANCES TO WIN.

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BROADWAY, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF SARATOGA.

A MILLIONAIRE OWNER OF THOROUGHBREDS AND HIS PARTY.

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the President in receptions passes you, tooling her own trap, filled with a party of merry people, all of whose names are in the Blue Book of Gotham; and following them is a rig, no less stylish, driven by a woman to whom no one bows.

What a mixture it is, to be sure. Imagine such a procession in town! Imagine the horror of the world if New York made a habit of the daily doings of Saratoga! But it is Saratoga, and it is the foolish month of August, and the thoroughbreds are there, and everybody knows that it is all right.

Back of the grand stand, under the pine-trees, there are pictures for you, the handsomest pictures to be seen out-of-doors in all America. The paddock is in the open, and it is free to everybody. On days when popular favorites are running, the benches under the pines, the spaces under the walking-sheds, are occupied by the lady of Saratoga and her friends.

Charmingly gowned are these women, for well they know that there is no better background for clothes than that they have at Saratoga: the green of underfoot, the dull brown of the trunks of trees, and then again the green of the branches overhead. And so, in the filmy things of summer, light colors against the green, they trail their skirts gracefully over the grass of the paddock and talk horse with you in a manner which tells you that, whatever may be the absorbing passion of her life at other times, in these Saratoga days the lady of Saratoga is enamored of the thoroughbred.

It is a scene from which you turn away reluctantly. It is so rare in this land. Out in Australia they have something like it. At places in England there is a suggestion of it. Longchamps and Auteil have a bit of it. Yet, looking over them all, you may be sure that in one sunny afternoon you will never find so many artistic groupings of beautiful, well-gowned, graceful women as you may see during the two hours of racing under the pines in the Saratoga paddock.

After the races? Well, that is a question of the inclination of the moment. As you drive out of the gate of the course and come upon the main road, there are two ways, the right and the left. If you swing off with your party to the right, you find the lake, after following the winding road for such a little way that it seems no way at all. Perched up on the high shores that border the water are picturesque, green-covered places of refreshment.

And there, while the sun is setting and the air is taking on the delicious coolness of the night, you may have brook-trout that have just come out of the pool, and you may have chicken fried in the Southern way, and delicacies which are not obtainable in New York; you may dine better than ever Roman emperor supped, there on these lake-side verandas of Saratoga.

Then when the moon has slipped up from behind the hills and is telling her stories of the night to the answering waters, you jog back down the winding road under the trees, and come into the town, subdued, and happy with the mere sense of living.

This summer town of Saratoga, with its glitter and glamour, with its noise and stir of the big hotels, with its long, shaded roads, and still, cool places by running streams and silvery waters, is an old, old town, and there is romance of another kind about it besides that which we find in its atmosphere on August afternoons. It has ever been the scene of wassail and always the stage for gentle affairs of the emotions.

It was here that Sir William Johnson, sore wounded in his battles with the French, was taken by the Mohawk Indians to be brought back to health. Molly Brandt, Indian maiden, nursed and fell in love with the English soldier, and won him while he lay in the tepee of the Mohawks nigh to the healing springs. That was the first of the love-affairs of Saratoga.

Saratoga was in later days the scene where Madame Jumel, that beautiful and clever woman of whom Aaron Burr was enamored, disported herself; and it has ever been the resort of the belle and the gallant; ever a place for poetic living or for passionate pilgrimage.

In these days it is still quaint, queer, contradictory, and impassioned. You can pass all the August days in Saratoga without so much as an emotion, if you so choose; but you will not do it. The infection of the town will come to you in spite of yourself, and when the carriages begin to roll toward the race-course after the luncheon-hour, be you saint or sinner, rich or poor, in health or out of it, you will inevitably find yourself a part of the procession; you will be one of those who lean over the rail or stand on your seat in the grand stand shouting your lungs into undue activity in your endeavors to cheer on the winner.

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

This is the start of the great story. In the foreword, published last month, Mr. Lawson told of the terrible losses, defalcations and the suicides caused by Amalgamated Copper, and pledged himself to expose the brutal facts concerning its organization and the financial "system" through which the public was plundered. In this instalment Mr. Lawson tells of the "System" and its Master, and how the hideous "crime of Amalgamated" was born at the home of the "System," 26 Broadway.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

CHAPTER I

THE TORTUOUS COURSE OF AMALGAMATED

AMALGAMATED COPPER was begotten in 1898, born in 1899, and in the first five years of its existence plundered the public to the extent of over one hundred millions of dollars.

It was a creature of that incubator of trust and corporation frauds, the State of New Jersey, and was organized ostensibly to mine, manufacture, buy, sell, and deal in copper, one of the staples, the necessities, of civilization.

It is a corporation with $155,000,000 capital, 1,550,000 shares of the par value of $100 each.

Its entire stock was sold to the public at an average of $115 per share ($100 to $130), and in 1903 the price had declined to $33 per share.

From its inception it was known as a "Standard Oil" creature, because its birthplace was the National City Bank of New York (the "Standard Oil" bank), and its parents the leading "Standard Oil" lights, Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and James Stillman.

It has from its birth to present writing been responsible for more hell than any other trust or financial thing since the world began. Because of it the people have sustained incalculable losses and have suffered untold miseries.

But for the existence of the National City Bank of New York, the tremendous losses and necessarily corresponding profits could not have been made.

I laid out the plans upon which Amalgamated was constructed, and, had they been followed, there would have been reared a great financial edifice, immensely profitable, permanently prosperous, one of the world's big institutions.

The conditions of which Amalgamated was the consequence had their birth in Bay State Gas. To explain them I must go back a few years.

In 1894 J. Edward Addicks, of Delaware, Everywhere, and Nowhere, the Boston Gas King, invaded the gas-preserves of the "Standard Oil" in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the "Standard Oil," to compel him to withdraw, moved on his pre-empted gas-domains in Boston, Mass.

In 1894 a fierce battle was raging in Boston between Gas King Addicks and Gas King Rogers, and the very air was filled with denunciation and defiance—bribery and municipal corruption—and King Addicks was defeated all along the line and in full retreat, with his ammunition down to the last few rounds.

Early in 1895 I took command of the Addicks forces against "Standard Oil."

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In the middle of 1895 the Addicks troopers had the "Standard Oil" invaders "on the run."

In August, 1895, Henry H. Rogers and myself came together for the first time at his house in New York, and we practically settled the Boston gas war.

At the beginning of 1896 we actually settled the gas war, and "Standard Oil" transferred all its Boston gas-properties ($6,000,000), to the Addicks crowd.

In October, 1896, the Bay State Gas outfit passed from the control of Addicks and his cohorts into the hands of a receiver, and growing out of this receivership and accumulated complications, "Standard Oil," in November, 1896, regained all of its old Boston companies, and in addition all of the Addicks companies, with the exception of the Bay State Gas Company of Delaware.

In 1896 I formulated and perfected the plans for "Coppers," a broad and comprehensive project, having for its basis the buying and consolidating of all the best-producing copper properties in Europe and America, and educating the world to their great merits as safe and profitable investments.

In 1897 I laid these plans before "Standard Oil."

In 1898 "Standard Oil" were so far educated to my plans on "Coppers" as to accept them.

In 1899 Amalgamated, intended to be the second or third section of "Coppers," was suddenly shifted by "Standard Oil" into the first section, and with a full head of steam ran out of the "City Bank" Station, carrying the largest and best train-load of passengers ever sent to destruction on any financial trunk-line.

In 1899, after the allotment of the Amalgamated public subscription, the public for the first time, in a dazed and benumbed way, realized it had been "taken in" on this subscription, and a shiver went down America's financial spinal column.

In 1900, after the price of Amalgamated had slumped to 75 instead of advancing to 150 to 200, as had been promised, the "Standard Oil"-Amalgamated-City Bank fraternity called Wall Street's king of manipulators, James R. Keene, to the rescue, and under his adroit handling of the stock in the market Amalgamated was sent soaring over its flotation price of 100.

In 1901 Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston, after long delay, drew out of the Standard Oil Station as the second section of Amalgamated, carrying the biggest load of investors and speculators to what was at that time confidently felt would be Dollar Utopia; and the price of the enlarged Amalgamated fairly flew to 130. These were the stocks which I had originally advertised would be part of the first section of the consolidated "Coppers," and which, after Amalgamated had been run in ahead of them, I advertised would follow in due course.

In the latter part of 1901 President McKinley was assassinated, and the great panic which would have ensued was averted by the marvellous power of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Then the Amalgamated dividend, without warning and in open defiance of the absolute pledges of its creators, was cut, and the public, including even James R. Keene, found themselves on that wild toboggan whirl which landed them battered and sore at the foot of a financial declivity.

This, briefly, is the tortuous course of Amalgamated, and it is along this twisting, winding, up-alley-and-down-lane way I must ask my readers to travel if they would know the story as it is.

CHAPTER II

THE "SYSTEM'S" METHOD OF FINANCE AND MANAGEMENT

26 Broadway, New York City, is the home of the Standard Oil. Its countless miles of railroads may zigzag in and out of every State and city in America, and its never-ending twistings of snaky pipe-lines burrow into all parts of the North American continent which are lubricated by nature; its mines may be in the West, its manufactories in the East, its colleges in the South, and its churches in the North; its head-quarters may be in the centre of the universe and its branches on every shore washed by the ocean; its untold millions may levy tribute wherever the voice of man is heard, but its home is the tall stone building in old New York, which by the name "26 Broadway" has become almost as well known wherever dollars are made as is "Standard Oil."

Wall Street and the financial world know that there are two "Standard Oils," but to the public there is no clear distinction between Standard Oil, the corporation which deals in oil and things which pertain to the

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manufacture and transportation of oil, and "Standard Oil," the giant, indefinite system which sometimes embraces all the "Standard Oil" group of individuals and corporations and sometimes only certain of the individuals.

This giant creature, "Standard Oil," can best be described so that the average man will understand it as a group of money-owners,—some individuals and some corporations,—who have a right to use the name "Standard Oil" in any business undertakings they engage in. The right to use the name is of priceless value, for it carries with it "assured success."

Standard Oil, the seller of oil to the people, transacts its business as does any other corporation, but as it plays no part in my story, I shall not hereafter touch upon its affairs, but confine myself, wherever I use the name "Standard Oil," to the larger and many times more important "system."

There are only three men who can lend the name "Standard Oil," even in the most remote way, to any project, for there is no more heinous crime in the "Standard Oil" decalogue than using the name "Standard Oil" unauthorizedly. The three men are Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller. Sometimes John D. Rockefeller uses the name alone in projects in which Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller have no interest. Mr. Rogers or William Rockefeller seldom, if ever, use the name in projects with which neither of the other two is associated. Sometimes, but not often, John D. and William Rockefeller use the name in connection with projects of their own in which Mr. Rogers has no interest. Mr. Rogers and John D. Rockefeller, I believe, never are associated in projects in which William Rockefeller has no interest. Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller frequently use it in connection with their joint affairs in which John D. Rockefeller has no interest, and during the past ten years it has been used more in their undertakings than in all others.

There are eight distinct groups of individuals and corporations which go to make up the big "Standard Oil":

1st. The Standard Oil, seller of oil to the people, which is made up of many sub-corporations by actual ownership or by ownership of their stock, or bonds. Probably no person other than Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller, knows exactly what the assets of the Standard Oil corporation are, although John D. Rockefeller, Jr., son of John D. Rockefeller, and William G. Rockefeller, the able and excellent business son of William Rockefeller and the probable future head of "Standard Oil," are being rapidly educated to this great secret. In this first institution all "Standard Oil" individuals and estates are direct owners.

2d. Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller, active heads, and included with them their sons.

3d. A large group of active captains and first lieutenants, men who conduct the affairs of the different corporations or sections of corporations in which some or all of the "Standard Oil" are interested. Many of these are the sons or the second generation of others who held like positions in Standard Oil's earlier days, and of these Daniel O'Day and Charles Pratt are fair examples.

4th. A large group of captains retired from active service in the Standard Oil army, who only participate in a general way in the management of its affairs, and whose principal business is looking after their investments. These men are each worth from $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 to $50,000,000 or $75,000,000. The Paynes and the Flaglers are fair illustrations of this group.

5th. The estates of deceased members of this wonderful "Standard Oil" family, which are still largely controlled by some or all of the prominent "Standard Oil" men.

6th. "Standard Oil" banks and banking institutions, and "the system" of national banks, trust companies, and insurance companies, of which the "Standard Oil" has by ownership and otherwise practically absolute control. The head of this group is James Stillman, and it is when they are called into play in connection with "Standard Oil" business that he is one of the Standard Oil leaders, second to neither Mr. Rogers nor either of the Rockefellers.

7th. The "Standard Oil" army of followers, capitalists, and workers in all parts of the world, men who never require anything more than the order, "Go ahead," "Pull off," "Buy," "Sell," or "Stay where you are," to render as absolute obedience and enthusiastic co-operation as though they knew to the smallest detail the purposes which entered into the giving of the order.

8th. The countless hordes of politicians, statesmen, law makers and enforcers, who, at home or as representatives of the nation abroad, go to make up our political structure, and judges and lawyers.

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To the world at large, which looks on and sees this giant institution move through the ranks of business with the ease and smoothness of a creature one-millionth its size and without noise or dissension, it would seem that there must be some wonderful and complicated code of rules which guide and control the thousands of lieutenants and privates who conduct its affairs. This is partially true, partially false. Its governing rules are as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians, yet so simple as to be easily understood by anyone.

First, there is a basic law, from which no one—neither the great nor the small—is exempt. In substance it is: "Every 'Standard Oil' man must wear the 'Standard Oil' collar."

This collar is riveted on to each one as he is taken into "the band," and afterward can only be removed with the head of the wearer.

Here is the Code. The penalty for infringing the following rules is instant removal:

1. Keep your mouth closed, as silence is gold, and gold is what we exist for.
2. Collect our debts to-day. Pay the other fellow's debts to-morrow. To-day is always here, to-morrow may never come.
3. Conduct all our business so that the buyer and the seller must come to us. Keep the seller waiting; the longer he waits the less he'll take. Hurry the buyer, as his money brings us interest.
4. Make all profitable bargains in the name of "Standard Oil," debatable ones in the names of dummies. "Standard Oil" never goes back on a bargain.
5. Never put "Standard Oil" trades in writing, as your memory and the other fellow's forgetfulness will always be re-enforced with our organization. Never forget our Legal Department is paid by the year, and our land is full of courts and judges.
6. As competition is the life of trade—our trade; and monopoly the death of trade—our competitors' trade, employ both judiciously.
7. Never enter into a "butting" contest with the government. Our government is by the people and for the people, and we are the people, and those people who are not us can be hired by us.
8. Always do right. Right makes might, might makes dollars, dollars make right, and we have the dollars.

All business of the great "Standard Oil" system is dealt with through two great departments. Mr. Rogers is head of the executive, and William Rockefeller the head of the financial department. All new schemes, whether suggested by outsiders or initiated within the institution, go to Mr. Rogers. Regardless of nature or character, he must first take them under advisement. If good enough to run the gantlet of his tremendously high standard, the promoter, after he has set forth his plans and estimates, hears with astonishment these words:

"Wait until I go upstairs. I'll say yes or no upon my return."

And upon his return it is almost always "yes." If the project, however, does not come up to his exacting requirements, it is turned down without further ado or consultation with any of his associates.

Those intimate with affairs at 26 Broadway have grown curiously familiar with this expression, "I am going upstairs." "Upstairs" means two distinct and separate things. When a matter in Mr. Rogers's department is awaiting his return from "upstairs," it means he has gone to place the scheme before William Rockefeller, on the thirteenth floor, and laying a thing before Mr. Rockefeller by Mr. Rogers consists of a brief, vigorous statement of his own conclusions and a request for his associate's judgment of it. Mr. Rockefeller's strong quality is his ability to estimate quickly the practical value of a given scheme, and his approval means he will finance it, and William Rockefeller's "say-so" is as absolute in the financing of things as is Mr. Rogers's in passing upon their feasibility. It does not matter whether it is an undertaking calling for the employment of $50,000 capital or $50,000,000 or $500,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller's "yes" or "no" is all there is to it. He having passed on it, Mr. Rogers supervises its execution.

The other "upstairs" is one that is heard each week-day except Saturdays during the summer months. At 26 Broadway, just before 11 o'clock each day, there is a flutter in the offices of all the leading heads of departments from Henry H. Rogers down, for going "upstairs" to the 11 o'clock meeting is the one all-important event in each "Standard Oil" man's mind every working day in the year.

In the big room, on the fifteenth floor, at 26 Broadway, there gather each day, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, all the active men whose efforts make "Standard Oil" what "Standard Oil" is, and there also meet and mingle with the active heads the retired captains when "they are in town." Around a large table they sit. Reports are presented, views exchanged, policies talked over, and republics and empires made and unmade. If the Recorders in the next world have kept complete minutes of what has happened "upstairs" at 26 Broadway, they must

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have tremendously large fire-proof safes. It is at the meeting "upstairs" that the melons are cut, and if one of the retired captains should be asked why he was in such a rush to be on hand each day when in town, and he were in a talkative mood—which he would not be—he would answer: "They may be cutting a new melon, and there's nothing like being on hand when the juice runs out."

If a new project has been started—an Amalgamated Copper, for instance—it is at one of these meetings that the different "Standard Oil" men are informed for the first time that the project, about which they have read or heard much outside, is far enough along for them to participate in it. Each is told what size slice he may have if he cares for any, and it is a very exceptional thing for anyone to ask for more than he has been apportioned, and an unheard-of thing for anyone to refuse to take his slice, although there is absolutely no compulsion in the connection.

The success of "Standard Oil" is largely due to two things—the loyalty of its members to each other and to "Standard Oil," and the punishment of its enemies. Each member before initiation knows its religion to be, reward for friends and extermination for enemies. Once a man is within the magic circle he at once realizes he is getting all that anyone else on earth can afford to pay him for like services, and still more thrown in for full measure. The public has never heard of a "Standard Oil" man leaving the ranks. I know of but one case, a very peculiar one, which I shall tell of in my story. While a "Standard Oil" man's reward is always ample and satisfactory, he is constantly reminded in a thousand and one ways that punishment for disloyalty is sure and terrible, and that in no corner of the earth can he escape it, nor can any power on earth protect him from it.

"Standard Oil" is never loud in its rewards nor its punishments. Its does not care for the public's praise nor for its condemnation, but endeavors to avoid both by keeping "its business" to itself.

In connection with the gas settlements I made with "Standard Oil," it voluntarily paid one of its agents for a few days' work $250,000. He had expected at the outside $25,000. When I published the fact, as I had a right to, "Standard Oil" was mad as hornets—as upset indeed, as though it had been detected in cheating the man out of two-thirds of his just due, instead of having paid him ten times what was coming to him.

CHAPTER III

THE MEN IN POWER BEHIND THE "SYSTEM"

In the great Thing known to the world as "Standard Oil," the foremost example of a "system" which I will endeavor to get before you in later chapters, there are three heads, Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller. All the others are distinctively lieutenants, or subordinate workers, unless possibly I except James Stillman, who from his peculiar connection with "Standard Oil" and his individually independent position, should perhaps be placed in the category of heads.

Someone has said: "If you would know who is the head of a family, slip into the home." The world, the big, arbitrary, hit-or-miss, too-much-in-a-hurry-to-correct-its-mistakes world, has it that the master of "Standard Oil" is John D. Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller it is to all but those who have a pass-key to the "Standard Oil" home. To those the head of "Standard Oil"—the "Standard Oil" the world knows as it knows St. Paul, Shakespeare, or Jack the Giant-killer, or any of the things it knows well but not at all—is Henry H. Rogers. John D. Rockefeller may have more money, more actual dollars, than Henry H. Rogers, or all other members of the "Standard Oil" family, and in the early days of "Standard Oil" may have been looked up to as the big gun by his partners, and allowed to take the hugest hunks of the profits, and to have so handled and judiciously invested them as to be at the beginning of the twentieth century the richest man on earth, but none of these things alters the fact that the big brain, the big body, the Master of "Standard Oil," is Henry H. Rogers.

If you should happen to take station at the entrance of 26 Broadway and watch the different members of the "Standard Oil" family as they enter the building, you will exclaim once and only once: "There goes the Master!" And it will be Henry H. Rogers.

The big, jovial detective who stands all day long with one foot resting on the sidewalk and one on the first stone step, will make oath he shows no different sign to Henry H. Rogers than to a Rockefeller, a Payne, a

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Flagler, a Pratt, or an O'Day; yet watch him when Mr. Rogers passes up the steps—an unconscious deference marks his salutation—the tribute of the soldier to the commanding general.

Follow through the door with the sign, "Henry H. Rogers, President of the National Transit Co.," on the eleventh floor, and pass from the outer office into the beautiful, spacious mahogany apartment beyond with its decorations of bronze bulls and bears and yacht-models, the walls covered with neatly framed autograph letters from Lincoln, Grant, "Tom" Reed, Mark Twain and other real, big men, and it will come over you like a flash that here, unmistakably, is the *sanctum sanctorum* of the mightiest business institution of modern times. If a single doubt lingers, read what the men in the frames have said to Henry H. Rogers, and you will have proof positive that these judges of human nature knew this man, not only as the master of "Standard Oil," but also as a sturdy and resolute friend whose jovial humanity they had recognized and enjoyed.

Did my readers ever hear of the National Transit Company? Very few have—yet the presidency of it is the modest title of Henry H. Rogers. When the world is ladling out honors to the "Standard Oil" kings, and spouting of their wondrous riches, how often is Henry H. Rogers mentioned? Not often, for he is never where the public can get a glimpse of him—he is too busy pulling the wires and playing the buttons in the shadows just behind the throne. Had it not been that the divinity which disposes of what men propose, compelled this man, as he neared the end of his remarkable career, to come into the open on Amalgamated, he might never have been known as the real Master of "Standard Oil." But if he is missing when the public is hurrahing, he is sufficiently in evidence when clouds lower or when the danger-signal is run to the mast-head at 26 Broadway. He who reads "Standard Oil" history will note that, from its first day until this day, whenever the bricks, cabbages, or aged eggs were being presented to "Standard Oil," always was Henry H. Rogers's towering form and defiant eye in the foreground where they flew thickest.

During the past twenty years, whenever the great political parties have lined-up for their regular once-in-four-years tussle, there would be found Henry H. Rogers, calm as a race-track gambler, "sizing up" the entries, their weights, and handicaps. Every twist and turn in the pedigrees and records of Republicans and Democrats are as familiar to him as the "dope sheets" are to the gambler, for is he not at the receiving end of the greatest information bureau in the world?

A Standard Oil agent is in every hamlet in the country, and who better than these trained and intelligent observers to interpret the varying trends of feeling of their communities? Tabulated and analyzed, these reports enable Rogers, the sagacious politician, to diagnose the drift of the country far ahead of the most astute of campaign managers. He is never in doubt about who will win the election. Before the contest is under way he has picked his winner and is beside him with generous offers of war expenses.

Whenever labor howled its anathemas at "Standard Oil," and the Rockefellers and other stout-hearted generals and captains of this band of merry money-makers would begin to discuss conciliation and retreat, it was always Henry H. Rogers who fired at his associates his now famous panacea for all "Standard Oil" opposition, "We'll see Standard Oil in hell before we will allow any body of men on earth to dictate how we shall conduct our business!" And the fact that "Standard Oil" still does its business in the Elysian fields of success, where are neither sulphur nor the fumes of sulphur, is additional evidence of whose will it is that sways its destinies.

An impression of the despotic character of the man and of his manner of despatching the infinite details of the multitudinous business he must deal with daily may be gathered from seeing Henry H. Rogers at one of the meetings of the long list of giant corporations which number him among their directors. Surrounded though he be by the elite of all financialdom, the very flower of the business brains of America, you will surely hear his sharp, incisive, steel-clicking, "Gentlemen, are we ready for the vote, for I regret to say I have another important and unavoidable meeting at ——?" You look at your watch. The time he mentions is twelve, or, at the most, fifteen minutes away. There is no chance for discussion. Cut-and-dried resolutions are promptly put to the vote, and off goes the master to his other engagement, which will be disposed of in the same peremptory fashion.

At a meeting of the directors of "financed" steel, during the brief reign of its late "vacuumized" president, Charlie Schwab, an epi-

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sode occurred which exhibited the danger of interfering with Mr. Rogers's iron-clad plans. The fact that the steel throne was many sizes too large for Schwab had, about this time, become publicly notorious, but Carnegie and Morgan on the surface, and Standard Oil beneath, were so busy preparing their alibis for the crash which then was overdue, that they had neither time nor desire to adjust themselves on the seat.

In advance Mr. Rogers made his invariable plea for quick action on a matter before the board, when Schwab, with the tact generated by the wabbling of a misfit Wall Street crown chafing a generous pair of ears, blurted out: "Mr. Rogers will vote on this question after we have talked on it."

In a voice that those who heard it say sounded like a rattlesnake's hiss in a refrigerator, Rogers replied: "All meetings where I sit as director vote first and talk after I am gone."

It is said, and from my knowledge of these and after events I believe with truth, that this occurrence was the spark that started the terrific explosion in United States Steel, for not long afterward some unknown and mysterious power began that formidable attack on Steel stocks which left Wall Street full of the loose ears, eyes, noses, breast-bones, and scalps of hordes of financial potentates and their flambeau carriers. Whether or not this is absolutely the case, no man, of course, can positively state, but I can vouch for the fact that about this time Mr. Rogers, when talking "Steel" affairs with intimates, displayed a most contemptuous bitterness against "King Charlie" and certain of his associates.

At sixty-five Henry H. Rogers is probably one of the most distinguished-looking men of the time; as tall, as straight, as well-proportioned, and as supple as one of the beautiful American elms which line the streets of his native town. He was born in Fairhaven, a fishing-town just over the bridge from the great whaling-port, New Bedford. He comes of stalwart New England stock; his father was a sea-captain, and his lot, like that of most of the sons of old New England sea-port towns, was cast along those hard, brain-and-body-developing lines which, beginning in the red village school-house, the white meeting-house, and the yellowish-grayish country store, end in unexpected places, often, as in this instance, upon the golden throne of business royalty.

Mr. Rogers's part in the very early days of Standard Oil was that of clerk and book-keeper. He makes no secret that when he had risen to the height of $8 a week wages he felt as proud and confident as ever in after life when for the same number of days' labor it was no uncommon occurrence to find himself credited with a hundred thousand times that amount.

All able men have some of God's indelible imprints of greatness which stand out more strongly than others. This man's every feature bespeaks strength and distinction. When he walks, the active swing of his figure expresses power—realized, confident power. When at rest or in action his square jaw tells of fighting power, bull-dog, hold-on, never-let-go fighting power, and his high, full forehead, of intellectual, mightily intellectual power; and they are re-enforced with cheek-bones and nose which suggest that this fighting power has in it something of the grim ruthlessness of the North American Indian. The eyes, however, are the crowning characteristic of the man's physical make-up.

One must see Mr. Rogers's eyes in action and in repose to half appreciate their wonders. I can only say they are red, blue, and black, brown, gray, and green; nor do I want my readers to think I put in colors that are not there, for there must be many others than those I have mentioned. I have seen them when they were so restfully blue that I would think they never could be anything but a part of those skies that come with the August and September afternoons when the bees' hum and the locusts' drone blend with the smell of the new-mown hay to help spell the word "Rest."

I have seen them so green that within their depths I was almost sure the fish were lazily resting in the shadows of those sea-plants which only grow on the ocean's bottom; and I have seen them as black as that thunder-cloud which makes us wonder: "Is He angry?" And then again I have seen them when they were of that fiery red and that glinting yellow which one sees only when at night the doors of a great, roaring furnace are opened.

There is such a kindly good-will in these eyes when they are at rest that the man does not live who would not consider himself favored to be allowed to turn over to Henry H. Rogers his pocket-book without receiving a receipt. They are the eyes of the man you would name in your will to care for

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your wife and children's welfare. When their animation is friendly one would rather sit and watch their merry twinkle as they keep time to his inimitable stories and non-duplicatable anecdotes, trying to interpret the rapid and incessant telegraphy of their glances, than sit in a theatre or read an interesting book; but it is when they are active in war that the one privileged to watch them gets his real treat, always provided he can dodge the rain of blazing sparks, and the withering hail of wrath that pours on the offender. To do this requires real nerve, for it is only a nimble, stout-hearted, mail covered individual that can sustain the encounter.

I have seen many forms of human wrath, many men transformed to terrible things by anger, but I have never seen any that were other than jumping-jack imitations of a jungle tiger compared with Henry H. Rogers when he "lets 'er go"—when the instant comes that he realizes someone is balking the accomplishment of his will.

Above all things Henry H. Rogers is a great actor. Had his lot been cast upon the stage, he might easily have eclipsed the fame of Booth or Salvini. He knows the human animal from the soles of his feet to the part in his hair, and from his shoulder-blade to his breast-bone, and like all great actors, is not above getting down to every part he plays. He is likely also to so lose himself in a rôle that he gives it his own force and identity, and then things happen quite at variance with the lines. The original Booth would come upon the stage the cool, calculating, polished actor, but when well into his part was so lost that it was often with difficulty he could be brought back to himself when the curtain fell. Once while playing Richard III. at the old Boston Museum, Richmond, by whom he was to be slain, made the thrust at the ordained moment which should have laid him low, but instead, Booth in high frenzy parried it, and with the fiendishness of the original Richard, step by step drove Richmond off the stage and through the wings, and it was not until the police seized Booth, two blocks away, that the terrified duke, who had dropped his sword and was running for dear life, was sure he would ever act again.

When in the midst of his important plays, it is doubtful whether Henry H. Rogers realizes until the guardians of the peace appear where the acting begins and the reality should end. His intimate associates can recall many times when his determination to make a hit in his part has caused other actors cast with him to throw aside their dummy swords and run for their lives.

The entire history of "Standard Oil" is strewn with court-scenes, civil and criminal, and in all the important ones Henry H. Rogers, the actor, will be found doing marvellous "stunts." "Standard Oil" historians are fond of dwelling on the extraordinary testifying abilities of John D. Rockefeller and other members of the band, but the acrobatic feats of ground and lofty tumbling in the way of truth in the parts which they have given when before the blinking foot-lights of the temples of justice are as Punch-and-Judy shows to a Barnum three-ring circus compared to Henry H. Rogers's exhibitions.

His "I will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God" sounds absolutely sincere and honest, but as it rings out in the tone of the third solemnest bell in the chime, this is how it is taken down in those unerring short-hand notes of the recording angel and sent by special wireless to the typewriter for His Majesty of the Sulphur Trust: "What I tell *shall be* the truth and the whole truth, and there *shall be* no truth but that I tell, and God help the man or woman who tells truth different from my truth." The recording angel never missed catching Henry H. Rogers's court-oaths in this way, and never missed sending them along to the typewriter at Sulphurville, with this postscript: "Keep your wire open, for there'll be things doing now!"

At the recent but now famous sensational Boston "Gas Trial," Henry H. Rogers in the rôle of defendant was the principal witness. I sat in court five hours and a half each day, as day after day he testified, and watched, as the brightest lawyers in the land laid their traps for him in direct and cross-examination, to detect a single sign of fiction replacing truth, or going joint-account with her, or where truth parted company with fiction, and I was compelled, when he stepped from the witness-stand to admit I had not found what I had watched for. This, too, when I was equipped with actual knowledge and black-and-white proofs of the facts. Weeks before the trial began Mr. Rogers knew that Attorney Sherman L. Whipple, one of the great cross-examiners of the time, had made his boast he would break through the "Standard Oil" magnate's heretofore impenetrable bulwarks, and when he entered the court-room for the first

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time and let his eagle eye sweep the lawyers, the laymen, and the judge until it finally rested on Whipple, the glance was as absolute a challenge and a defiance as ever knights of old exchanged.

I followed Mr. Rogers on the witness-stand and was compelled to give testimony the direct opposite of that which he had given, and at one time, as I glanced at the row of lawers who were in "Standard Oil's" hire, I felt a cold perspiration start at every pore at the thought of what would happen if I even in a slight detail got mixed in my facts. Then I fully realized the magnificence of Mr. Rogers's acting, for not once in all the hours I had sat and watched him could I detect a single evidence of cold or hot perspiration coming from his pores.

Yet away from the intoxicating spell of dollar-making this remarkable man is one of the most charming and lovable beings I have ever encountered, a man whom any man or woman would be proud to have for a brother; a man whom any mother or father would give thanks for as a son, a man whom any woman would be happy to know as her husband, and a man whom any boy or girl would rejoice to call father. But once he passes under the baleful influence of "The Machine," he becomes a relentless, ravenous creature, pitiless as a shark, knowing no law of God or man in the execution of his purpose. Between him and coveted dollars may come no kindly human influences—all are thrust aside, their claims disregarded, in ministering to this strange, cannibalistic money-hunger, which, in truth, grows by what it feeds on.

In describing one head of "Standard Oil," I have necessarily used many words because nature cast him in a most uncommon and chameleon-like mould. The other two require less of my space, for neither is cast in an unusual or remarkable mould.

John D. Rockefeller, however great his ability or worldly success, can be fully described as a man made in the image of an ideal money-maker and an ideal money-maker made in the image of a man. A foot-note should call attention to the fact that an ideal money-maker is a machine, the details of which are diagrammed in any of the blue-prints already in circulation.

With William Rockefeller it is different. When I read in my Bible that God made man in His own image and likeness, I find myself picturing a certain type of individual—a solid, substantial, sturdy gentleman with the broad shoulders and strong frame of an Englishman and a cautious, kindly expression of face. And that is the most fitting description I can give of William Rockefeller. A man of few, very few words and most excellent judgment—rather brotherly than friendly, clean of mind and body; and if I have not given you the impression of a good, wholesome man made in the image of his God, I have done William Rockefeller a greater wrong than an honest man can afford to do another.

CHAPTER IV

THIRTY-SIX MILLIONS PROFITS—BIRTH OF THE CRIME OF AMALGAMATED

Before plunging into the details of the actual happenings with which my next chapter must begin, and at the risk of anticipating a later section of my story, I will give two pictures of events, which to my mind aptly illustrate those all-important features of the "Standard Oil" institution, "upstairs," "generosity," and Rogers the Master, showing how the "Standard Oil" mind is impressed with the importance of the first and the flexibility of the second, and that all rules and principles may be suspended or waived at the behest of Rogers the Master.

Before Amalgamated was launched, in bringing together the different properties of which it was composed, I negotiated for the acquisition of the Parrot mine, the majority of whose stock was held by certain old and wealthy brass manufacturers in Connecticut. They had never seen any of the Rockefellers nor Henry H. Rogers, but getting the deal into shape took us several months before it was finally arranged, and they became familiar with the great "Standard Oil" institution. So much so that the chief of the owners—to whom was delegated the duty of turning over the securities to my principals—looked forward with much eagerness to the time when he must necessarily meet these mysterious and important personages. Finally the day came, and at precisely a quarter of eleven I let him into one of the numerous private offices which are a part of Mr. Rogers's suite. He had under his arm a bundle of papers representing the stocks which he was to exchange for the purchase money, amounting to $4,086,000, and, I think, fully expected that in their examination, the re-

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ceipting for so large an amount of money, and in the general talkings over, which he, of course, thought must be a necessary part of the delivery, the greater part of the day would be taken up. It took me some six or seven minutes to get him located, and it was close on to five minutes of eleven when Mr. Rogers stepped into the room. I was well into the introduction, when out came Mr. Rogers's watch, and with what must have appeared to the visitor as astonished consternation:

"I do hope you will excuse me," he exclaimed in the middle of a handshake, "but, my gracious, I am overdue upstairs," and he bolted.

His place was taken fifty seconds after by Mr. Rogers's secretary, who in less than five minutes had exchanged a check of $4,086,000 made out to herself and indorsed in blank, for the bundle of stocks, and in another minute I was ushering the old gentleman into the elevator.

When he came to on the sidewalk he got his breath sufficiently to say: "Phew! I thought my trade was a big one, but that friend of yours, Rogers, must have had some other fellow upstairs who was going to turn in $40,000,000 of stuff, because he did appear dreadfully excited!"

The great Anaconda mine and affiliated properties, previous to the creation of the Amalgamated, were owned by J. B. Haggin, Lloyd Tevis, and Marcus Daly. The control of the properties and their operations were absolutely vested in Marcus Daly, and he alone knew where the lean veins ended and the fat ones began. For many years he had kept a close guard over the very fat ones, never letting his right eye know what the left one saw when he was examining them. For deep down in his mind Marcus Daly cherished a dream—a dream of immense riches, and it was to be realized in a simple enough way. He would get together the millions to buy out his partners on the basis of a valuation of the "ore in sight," then in supreme ownership himself reap untold profits out of the milling of the plethoric veins he had been so careful to leave unworked. The immense natural endowments of the Anaconda rendered this easy enough, for even the lean veins "in sight" contained a vast store of copper and gold and silver.

Just about the time the world awaited the first section of "Coppers" which I had advertised should consist of the rich Boston and Montana, and Butte and Boston properties, it "happened" that Mr. Rogers "met" Marcus Daly. The result of the conjunction of the two personalities—the whole-souled, trusting miner and the fascinating and persuasive master of Standard Oil—was decisive; the miner confided his dreams and his aspirations to the magnate, who at once magnificently undertook to realize them. The trade was almost instantly made. Mr. Rogers would buy the properties of Daly, Haggin and Tevis, at "in sight" prices, and Daly would be his partner, but the partnership must remain secret until the purchase was consummated.

The ownership of the Anaconda Company at the time consisted of 1,200,000 shares, and the purchase of a few shares over the majority at the "in sight" lean-vein valuation of $24,000,000 would carry the turn-over of the management and the control. It took but a very brief time to get together the other properties which were finally included in the first section of Amalgamated. They consisted of the Colorado, Washoe, and Parrot Mining Companies and timber, coal, and other lands, and mercantile and like properties situated in the State of Montana, for which Mr. Rogers paid in round figures $15,000,000, *a total of $39,000,000 for what within a few days after purchase was capitalized at $75,000,000 in the Amalgamated Company.*

No one but Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, myself, and one lawyer knew the actual figures of the cost, although a number of the members of the different groups, including Marcus Daly, the silent partner, were sure they were in the secret.

As soon as the properties were secured, they were capitalized for $75,000,000 as the Amalgamated Copper Company and were immediately offered for sale to the public. It will thus be seen that the profit on this section alone was $36,000,000, probably the largest actual profit ever made by one body of men in a single corporation deal, yet so nicely does "Standard Oil" discriminate in dispensing its generosity that in this case those who received the $36,000,000 profit refused to deduct from it $77,000 of expenses connected with the formation of the company, thereby compelling it to start $77,000 in debt. This was something Marcus Daly never forgave and to the day of his death he repeatedly referred to the act as the personification of corporation meanness.

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In the organization of the Amalgamated Corporation certain individuals and institutions, for various considerations, were entitled to some share in the profits of the deal. First there was Marcus Daly who knew what the major portion of the property had cost and was a silent partner in the winnings as he knew them. The Amalgamated Company was organized in and floated on the public from the City Bank, and so James Stillman, its head, who is also one of the inner circle of "Standard Oil" chiefs, should participate. Something was due also to J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., and to Frederick Olcott, president of the Central Trust Company of New York, who were on the board of directors. On the board of directors, too, was Governor Flower, of the banking and brokerage house of Flower & Company, who had acted as fiscal agents for the corporation at its formation. Nor must I forget the Lewisohn Brothers, who had been induced to turn in all their copper business at actual cost, to be incorporated in the United Metals Selling Co., a part of the Amalgamated scheme, but not included in the corporation, and every one of these had elaborate assurances that he was in on the cellar floor.

This is what actually occurred. Before Mr. Rogers and William Rockefeller let anyone at all in, they built a superbly designed water-, air-, and light-proof structure (particularly light-proof), consisting of five floors, each one being the exact duplicate of the $39,000,000 one upon which they, and they only, stood. Marcus Daly alone was ushered in on the first floor, elevated just a few million dollars above their own. James Stillman and Leonard Lewisohn, of Lewisohn Brothers, were admitted to the next one, the $50,000,000 floor. In other words, Mr. Stillman and Mr. Lewisohn were given an unnamed percentage, the percentage to be arranged later by Mr. Rogers, in all profits above actual cost, and such actual cost was called $50,000,000 and was arrived at by adding the $11,000,000 of secret profits to the actual $39,000,000 cost. Then J. P. Morgan & Co., Frederick Olcott, Governor Flower, and one or two of the dearest friends and closest associates, were let in on the $60,000,000 floor—were given an unnamed percentage, the percentage to be arranged by Mr. Rogers, in all profits above actual cost, and such actual cost was called $60,000,000, and was arrived at by adding the $21,000,000 of secret profits to the actual $39,000,000 cost. Then the selected ones from the eight different groups of "Standard Oil" were all allowed to move in to the fifth, or underwriters' floor, which was affirmed to be $70,000,000 cost; and then, as a solid phalanx, all the different floor-dwellers marched upon the dear public at $75,000,000, in the front ranks of which were all those of the eight groups of the Standard Oil army that had not already been admitted to any of the secret floors.

Right here the crime of Amalgamated was born, not so much the legal crime but the great moral crime. My connection with it, the agreement under which I consented to continue in the transaction and which seemed completely to safeguard the public's interests, and the manner in which this agreement was disregarded, I will fully set forth in my next instalment.

In the ethics of Wall Street the heinousness of this transaction is not in the fact that the public was compelled to pay $36,000,000 profit to a few men who had invested but $39,000,000—and, as I shall show when I approach this part of my story, the $39,000,000 did not even belong to them—but in the fact that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller had given to their associates what, in the vernacular of "the Street," is termed "the double cross."

The every-day people, the millions who do not know Wall Street—realm of the royal American dollar—Wall Street, its sidewalks inlaid with gold coin and paved from curb to curb with solid gold bricks—Wall Street, lined with huge money-mills, where hearts and souls are ground into gold-dust, whose gutters run full to overflowing with strangled, mangled, sand-bagged wrecks of human hopes which, in a never-ending stream, it pours into the brimming waters of the river at its foot for deposit at the poor-houses, insane asylums, States' prisons, and suicides' graves, that the grim flood washes in its daily ebb and flow—the every-day people I know will not take in the blackness of this transaction at this stage of my story, but before it is ended I will lay this and many more of an equally black nature before them in such A B C simplicity that all can read the portent as clearly as the Prophet Daniel read the writing on the wall in the banquet hall of Belshazzar.

(To be continued.)

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Sister to the Brother of the Ox

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrated by Sigurd Schau

ONE of the few facts established in the running of a coal-mine is the certainty that you cannot change at a sitting the habits and manners of a people whose ways are a hand-gift from antiquity. Time only, it appears, can make the necessary changes; for which reason—until the millennium comes—the Penal Code will continue in Western Pennsylvania as the only standard authority on etiquette.

There were fifteen different nationalities set shoulder to shoulder sweating out the coal from the Fairchance pits; and of these fifteen the Hun was in the majority. Now, aside from his impossible language and his ideals, which are unknown, the Magyar is a simple child of nature at large in the civilized world. Transplanted to this new community, he assumes civilization in the shape of a celluloid collar and advertises his development by means of a scarlet necktie. Beyond this he is archaic and dislikes to be bothered. Loree, the General Superintendent, expressed this when the Land Agent complained of his clients' primary methods of existence.

"See here," said Loree—the Super, as he was called; "we don't hire men for their table manners. If they do their work, that's all we can reasonably expect. You can't keep them from throwing dish-water from the windows, nor from storing coal under their beds. Furthermore, all the acts of Congress couldn't prevent them chopping holes in the flooring where they keep their beer-kegs, and the utmost you can do is to charge them for the damage. There's no use of firing them; the next will be just as bad. It can't be stopped."

"You'd better not let Miss Ogden hear you say that!" the Land Agent retorted; and Loree frowned in annoyance.

Miss Ogden, the "Community Worker" at Fairchance, had decided views upon this matter; and expressed them at every opportunity.

"The Hun and the Slav," said she, in rebuttal, "come from civilized peoples, and are uncouth simply because they have never learned of the rights to which they are entitled by law. Plainly speaking, the Hun or the Slav is justly as much an heir to all the ages as any one of us!"

This was spoken some time before the Super had satisfied himself of the extent of Miss Ogden's beliefs. "That seems rather extensive," he suggested. "How many ages do you say he is entitled to?"

Miss Ogden repeated her observation.

"That's a great many," the Super rejoined, casually. "I know a good many of him who are only next of kin to the Stone Age and others who are merely residuary legatees of the Cliff Dweller. However, he is a good laborer when he isn't getting drunk or taking unheard-of holidays."

Miss Ogden received this careless assertion with signs of a lively displeasure. "That's it," she cried, vexatiously. "You and all the others like you look on these people only as beasts of burden—as Brothers to the Ox! You study them only to find out how much work you can drive them to perform. Did you ever try to help them—to study their ambitions—to develop their ideals and reconstruct their point of view? What do you know of people you have never tried to help?"

Saying this, she pinned Loree spellbound with a glance of scorn.

It was some time after this that she announced to Loree her determination to embark upon a new line of procedure. "If I were not single-handed in this effort," said she, somewhat tartly, "I should keep on cultivating the grown-ups. But as I cannot expect any help from you, Mr. Loree, nor from your assistants"—this accompanied by a glance of unreserved reproof—"I must turn to the place of least resistance."

"Namely?" he inquired.

"I have decided that it will be too difficult to change immediately all the manners and ways of the adult part of our populace, so I shall limit myself hereafter to the instruction

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of the little ones. Civilization, to exert itself most rapidly, must begin at an early age."

"I think I could have told you that long ago," replied Loree, in the usual I-told-you-so tone. "Even Attila, I suspect, would have made a good citizen if his mother had sent him to a kindergarten. But if you demand immediate results, you will have to start a *crèche*, and divorce these infants off-hand from their parents."

Miss Ogden observed, caustically, that Mr. Loree was the most utterly ignorant man upon some subjects that she had ever known.

"The established idea in this method," she explained in her most convincing tone, "is that the gradual development of the second generation acts also upon the parents. They improve themselves in the shame of seeing their children grow better than themselves. Also, when the children grow to know just what is right, they insist upon correcting the faults of their parents. You see what I mean?"

Loree understood, and nodded; but he did not think it wise to suggest that this was a different kind of an experiment. These were not the class of the timorous East Side Jew, but a people whose corpuscles were impulsive and red. If the young Hungarians got to reconstructing their parents, thought Loree, the parents would most probably defend themselves with the handiest length of kindling-wood or the most available pick-handle.

"Now there are the Patukas," Miss Ogden suggested; "they *are* friendly—aren't they?"

Loree nodded, and tried hard not to smile. He had discharged Patuka for teaching his children to simulate sickness in order that Miss Ogden should continue indefinitely to supply the family with chicken soup. But Miss Ogden, ignorant of the cause for Patuka's discharge, had begged his reinstatement, so that Patuka had become more or less reasonably grateful.

"I shall have to centralize my effort, of course," Miss Ogden explained, "because the field even here is so large. So I shall give all my attention to the little Patukas, and such other children as are most easy to reach. Later on, we can branch out."

Miss Ogden, in all her ways, was determination itself, and never delayed carrying her plans into operation. That afternoon, when Mike Patuka's oldest boy, Tony, bounced out of school, Miss Ogden was lying in wait. "Good-afternoon, Tony," said she, with a smile, and her hand outstretched; but Tony appeared to be in haste. He was casting uneasy glances over his shoulder, and once clear of the hand of greeting, instantly took to his heels. "Tony—stop—TONY!" At this voice of authority, the boy reluctantly halted and slowly shuffled back. "What you want, meesus?" he demanded, his uneasy eyes roaming about him. "What you want? Me go by home, now—old man has chobs for me, Tony Patuka. Plees, meesus, I makes to hurry home."

Miss Ogden smiled at him brightly. "Must you go home, Tony?" she asked, softly. "Well, then, I'll walk along with you."

Tony seemed not at all charmed by the prospect. "Plees, meesus, I makes to hurries. Mebbe my old man he k-nocks my head I don' hurries." He turned and was hustling away again, when a shrill voice called from the school-house, and but for Miss Ogden's sudden grip upon his sleeve the boy would have been off at full speed. It was Miss Berdan, the school-teacher, that called, and her voice was very shrill. "You come here the instant, Tony Patuka!" she screamed, "or I'll fix you, sure!" Miss Ogden, with a sudden intuition, looked down at him gravely. "Tony, what have you been doing?" she asked.

"Drat that boy!" exclaimed Miss Berdan. "I believe I'll skin him alive, some day, I'm that pestered by him. The idea—what d' you think of him now? I told him to stay in after school for turning ahead the school-room clock and stealing his sister Smelka's apple; and no sooner do I turn my back than he runs away on me."

Tony growled sullenly. "Smelka she steals him apples by the store—chess, I tell you trut's. Sometime I breaks her faces—you see—me, Tony Patuka. She's no good, I tells you—chess."

"He's mad because she told on him about the clock," explained the school-teacher. "She did—that's a fact."

"She's liars," said Tony, sturdily; "some day I breaks her faces."

"Oh, the land's sake!" cried Miss Berdan, while Miss Ogden stood looking on, her eye fixed upon Tony in grave reproof. "Oh, my land's sake—how dare you speak so of your own sister! You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Never mind, Miss Berdan," Miss Ogden interposed; "I'll take Tony with me—he's a good beginning."

Tony in the meanwhile had begun to snivel. "Plees, meesus, I tell you trut's—I no done

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not'in'. Plees, you let me go—mebbe my old man's he gives me a k-nockin'—plees, you let me go."

Miss Ogden led him slowly away from the schoolhouse. "Oh, Tony," said she, quietly, "you told me a falsehood. Don't you know how wrong it is to lie? You can never be great or good—or—or rich, Tony"—this was a great concession for Miss Ogden, for she held mere wealth in contempt, but at the same time understood its significance among her charges—"no—never great nor good nor rich, Tony, if you lie." Then she murmured to herself acutely, "And, O Heaven, here I am myself telling a fib to this child." Her thought found utterance immediately: "I mean never great nor good, Tony."

Tony ceased his snivelling abruptly. "Mebbe I don' get reech, hey?" he demanded.

Miss Ogden disregarded his crafty question. "Tony," she said, oratorically, "did you ever hear of Washington—Washington, the Father of his Country?"

With a sudden gesture and a grin of comprehension, he darted ahead, turned and squared his feet. "Fierst mit peace, fierst mit war, fierst mit the hots of his countrymens!" he recited, sing-song, and then—thump-thump-thumpety-thump-thump—executed a short clog-dance that beat time as an echo to the refrain.

"Sure—Tony Patuka, me know him that Vassin'ton!" Once more he executed the clog-dance and recitation, explaining that he had learned this from the bottom-cager at No. 2 pit, who always performed this evolution while getting drunk. Tony said that the bottom-cager was an exceptionally brilliant and thoughtful man, because he adopted this means to find out how drunk he had become and when he could do it no more, peacefully permitted himself to be dragged home. Miss Ogden tried not to smile, and resumed her instruction.

"The bottom-cager is a bad man to get drunk," said she, impressively. "And I hope, too, Tony that you will never drink."

"Bimeby, I gets a good droonk," he answered, hopefully. "My old man's won' let me so soon, chess—plees, meesus."

"Your father is quite right, Tony," said Miss Ogden, thankful for this encouragement.

"No—sure, plees, meesus," Tony hastened to add; "he says, my old mans, he gives to beat me good shoulds I go to steal his beer."

When Miss Ogden had recovered her voice, she returned to the subject of Washington. "You know, Tony, Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this country."

Tony received this with an expression of doubt. "Mebbe you says him that Vassin'ton bigger than big John Marks by No. 3 pit—hey, chess? Mebbe you says he loads so much coal—vat? Mebbe he drunks for once one keg beer—hey?"

It became plain that Tony's intimations of greatness were limited to visible size and capacity, so Miss Ogden took a new tack.

"I don't mean big—bulky—nothing like that, Tony. I mean he was good and great"—and then with emphasis—"and *he* never told a lie!"

Tony whistled reflectively, and a look of calm carelessness settled on his face. It was no business of his, of course, and if Washington had never told a lie, he must have had a pretty hard time of it, and been a pretty limited sort of a person. He said as much, and when Miss Ogden looked shocked and threw up her hands despairingly, grew sullenly thoughtful. "Don't you see, Tony, he never told a lie—never anything but the truth, and so he was good and great."

"Mebbe they don't go to catch him," suggested Tony, and then gave it up as beyond him.

Miss Ogden started in again, patiently, choosing simple words and simple metaphors, feeling she must lead this child into the light of reason. But Tony failed to grasp the idea, and began to jump at conclusions. "Mebbe dat Vassin'ton mans no can spik—chess, plees, meesus, he makes him to be a doomy, hey—vat?"

Miss Ogden abruptly changed the conversation to Soap, and the arts of godly cleanliness.

Day after day Miss Ogden carried on the campaign. She waylaid Tony on his way from school, captured him on Saturdays, and held him in restraint on holidays. Sometimes, he was glad, because it saved him from hauling in coal or cutting wood or minding the baby or even washing dishes, all burdens that he was glad to see fall wholly on his sister Smelka. But when his father's "buddy" invited him rabbit-hunting, or when the other boys went hooking rides on the coal-trains, and once when they had found a stick of dynamite and were planning to play miners in a farmer's coal-bank, he fretted in this captivity. Miss Ogden was quick to notice this. She told Loree that Tony seemed glad

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to go with her at times and that at other times he was sullen and discontented. "He's a difficult little personage," she confessed; "rather hard to understand, though I have not overlooked a consistent study of the personal equation in trying to develop him. Perhaps I make it too dull for the boy—what do you think? I have been considering a course in nature studies as a relaxation—boys are fond of the woods and wild life, and if this turns occasionally into a small picnic with cake and pie and a few bottles of pop, I hope he will begin to look forward to the meetings, rather than dodging half the time he sees me."

Loree ventured no comment, but he smiled broadly the following day when he saw Miss Ogden, esquired by Tony, departing in the direction of the woods behind the mine tipples. Tony bore a lunch-basket on his arm, and looked important and unnaturally clean. Later in the day, Loree saw them returning, Tony shuffling in the rear, sleepy but self-satisfied.

"Did you succeed in taming Attila with pie?" called Loree, and Miss Ogden smiled in return, sweetly but scornfully.

This excursion was repeated, and Tony became a marked figure among the other urchins of the blocks. But the fact that appealed to the others as most significant was the frequency with which he appeared scrubbed, almost—if not altogether—to the ears; and there developed before long, a crafty suspicion that this was not altogether due to native habit, but that Tony was deriving some mysterious emolument from his eccentricity. Smelka, his sister, revealed the secret, whereat there was a sudden disposition among other children to wash their hands and faces (on occasion) and display themselves prominently to Miss Ogden. Tony discouraged this later, privately and by force of arms.

Smelka, the Patukas' oldest child, expressed great indifference at first to all Miss Ogden's blandishments. Tony was bidden time after time to bring his sister, and each time appeared alone.

"Plees, meesus, she minds her the baby," Tony reported; or, again—"Plees, meesus, she tell you she says she washes the dish." There was a complete cycle of these messages of regret, and they might have gone on indefinitely if Miss Odgen had not met Smelka face to face one afternoon just as the [illegible]d was helping herself to an apple, during an interval when the store-keeper's back was turned.

"Smelka!—are you stealing?" demanded Miss Ogden, with severe reproof.

"Chess'm," admitted Smelka, pleasantly.

Miss Ogden, after patiently explaining what happens to little girls that steal, told her that she would never grow to be a good and wise woman if she were a thief.

"Plees, meesus, I be good you gives me pie?"

Miss Ogden eyed her in astonishment. "What's that, Smelka?"

"You takes me picnack?" demanded Smelka. "Plees, you don' makes me no bad beezness mit my hairs—vat?"

Miss Ogden perceived that this was the time for investigation, and so proceeded to put Smelka to the rack. Tony, it appeared, had been reciting to her tales of the horrors to which he was submitted on the occasion of each and every outing—horrors that only he as a man might endure. "He makes me to promise for him I won't say nuddings—plees, meesus, I tell you trut's. Fierst, he tells to me, you makes him to wash from the boiling water—by der hands mit der face alzo. Den you makes him to do fixings mit der hairs, which comes out by der piece—hey—vat? Besides, if I comes to eat der pie, he shall make to breaks my faces, anyhow. I no come—plees, meesus."

All this Miss Ogden repeated to Loree. "I see," she said, solemnly, after her recital, "that the habits of truth must be developed with painful slowness in the minds of these children; but yet, I am convinced, when they once grasp the idea, they will accomplish great strides thereafter toward self-improvement."

"Pie is a great civilizer," observed Loree, idiotically.

At the next excursion appeared Smelka somewhat in advance of her brother, and trying bravely to smile. It was apparent, however, that tears had stolen down her cheeks, for their path was visible in the native grime that still overlaid the girl's complexion like the clouding upon old vellum. When Tony appeared, he looked crafty and sullen. "Tony, have you been abusing your sister?" Miss Ogden demanded, with an instant grasp of the truth.

"Plees, no, meesus."

"He tells lies," said Smelka, promptly. "He gives me pulls to the hairs."

"Tony, you are a bad boy and shall have no pie!"

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"AND HE NEVER TOLD A LIE "

"Mebbe you have cakes?" inquired Tony, hopefully. But Miss Ogden had turned her back on him, and was reciting to Smelka the manifold pleasures of having one's hair combed and brushed and how much better one felt if the hands and face were clean. Smelka seemed dubious, but permitted herself to suffer the ordeal; and as Miss Ogden was both deft and gentle in her attentions, Smelka found herself submitting with no sense of pain or fear.

"A most curious day," Miss Ogden admitted afterward. "When Smelka, for once in her life, had become fairly presentable, we walked about the woods, while I told them of the trees and how they grew, and about the birds and the animals, and then something about our native land and its government and how big it all was. But what impression it made, heaven only knows, for they both kept their eyes glued on the luncheon-basket. When we at last sat down to eat, both of them gobbled as if they had never eaten before. I am sure, also, that when the pie appeared they were calling each other names in the dialect. They looked sweetly at each other all the time, and spoke in the softest of voices, but I can't help feeling that what they said to each other was something dreadful. However I still hope they will eventually change, and I believe they will if I keep on drumming it into them."

"If you beat hard enough they may," Loree assented.

A month later, Smelka appeared at school one morning with her face scrubbed till it shone and her hair combed and brushed and tied on top in a knot of sleek tightness. "For land's sakes!" cried Miss Berdan. "What's going to happen?"

"Plees, meesus," said Smelka, smirking and at the same time complacently smoothing her frock; "bimeby I, Smelka Patuka, comes to grow bee-yootchtiful and makes to marry the peet-boss, mebbe, chess." En-

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raptured by the mere dream of this greatness, Smelka cast up her eyes and wiped her nose on her sleeve. "For the land's sakes *alive!*" exclaimed Miss Berdan. "Did you ever hear of such?"

It appeared to all hands that Miss Ogden must be making headway. For many days the two Patuka children appeared at school preternaturally clean and redolent of brown soap. "Well, for Heaven's sakes—what is it, anyhow?" demanded Miss Berdan. "There must be some reason for it."

"Plees, meesus, me, Smelka Patuka, comes to marry mit the peet-boss, and Tony he comes to be reech mit using from the soap."

"You gets reech easy mit using the soap," added Tony.

"Chess," said Smelka, "and you comes to marry the peet-boss."

There is an end to all things, however long delayed; one morning, in the fourth month of Miss Ogden's patient experiment, Smelka appeared at the school-room alone. "Plees, meesus, my old mans he tells to you he says that Tony makes a chob to-day." Miss Berdan evolved out of this conglomerate that Tony would be absent that day, and merely nodded. She saw Miss Ogden coming in the door, and turned to greet her, whereat Smelka faded into one of the rear seats where she sat with her two round eyes fixed with a singular steadiness upon the visitor. Nor did she smile when Miss Ogden smiled at her, but bobbed her head several times in the gravest manner.

"How are they doing?" exclaimed Miss Berdan. "Why, land's sakes, phenomenal. Such cleanness is positive alarming—positive-*lee* alarming, I should say."

Miss Ogden smiled again. "It *is* beginning to tell, I think," she ventured. "We always found that our teaching had some sort of effect on the children when I was in the city settlement. But the best part of it is, that they go home and teach their parents just what we teach them. In this way we are killing two birds with one stone."

She was about to explain this further, when Smelka suddenly arose, and wig-wagged stolidly with her hand.

"Plees, meesus," said Smelka, addressing Miss Berdan, "I tells you lies."

"Sakes alive!" screamed Miss Berdan. "What's that? Sit down."

Smelka sat down suddenly, and as stolidly as before, fixed her moon eyes on Miss Ogden. "Well, I never!" cried Miss Berdan.

"Come here, Smelka," called Miss Ogden, and Smelka arose.

"Plees, meesus, I tells one lie. Tony he comes school no more. He has chobs mit the mine—chess."

"This is curious," Miss Ogden murmured. "You say he is working in the mine?"

"Chess, my old mans he makes him to go work a chob. He takes him mit the ears—so." And Smelka, in vivid pantomime, led herself forward by one ear. "First, yet, he gives Tony a k-nock mit his hands."

Miss Berdan, with a sudden keen interest and a quick and secret glance at Miss Ogden, demanded suddenly: "What was Tony doing, Smelka?"

But in that brief instant Smelka had seen the swift glance cast at her patroness, and with a child's instinctive reason, coupled with all the craft of her kind, grasped what was in the school-teacher's mind.

"Nuddings," she said, and would not be budged from this stand. Nor would she tell anything more to Miss Ogden. "Tony he goes by chobs in the mine," she repeated.

It appeared from this that Tony's school-days had come abruptly to an end. As Smelka said, he was at work in No. 2 mine—a "trapper" in North 105 entry, where he stood to swing open the door in the air bulkhead to let the loaded trips of pit-wagons pass through on their way to the main haulage. Miss Ogden promptly went to Loree to complain.

"This ought not be allowed," said she. "Tony is only twelve years old, and the law expressly states that children of his age shall not be allowed to work."

Loree nodded. He volunteered to call up the pit-boss of No. 2 mine and inquire into the matter.

"It's a shame," Miss Ogden exclaimed, while Loree sat with the telephone-receiver at his ear. "Just as I was getting along so nicely, too. He would have become a model citizen, I am sure."

"There's no reason why he shouldn't, even though he has to work in a mine," Loree observed, whimsically. "Wait a moment; here's Ferguson on the wire now."

Loree, after a moment's conversation, hung up the receiver.

"I'm sorry," he said, slowly, "but I don't see what we can do except discharge the two—Patuka and his boy, I mean. Ferguson says that Patuka took his Bible oath that the boy was nearly seventeen."

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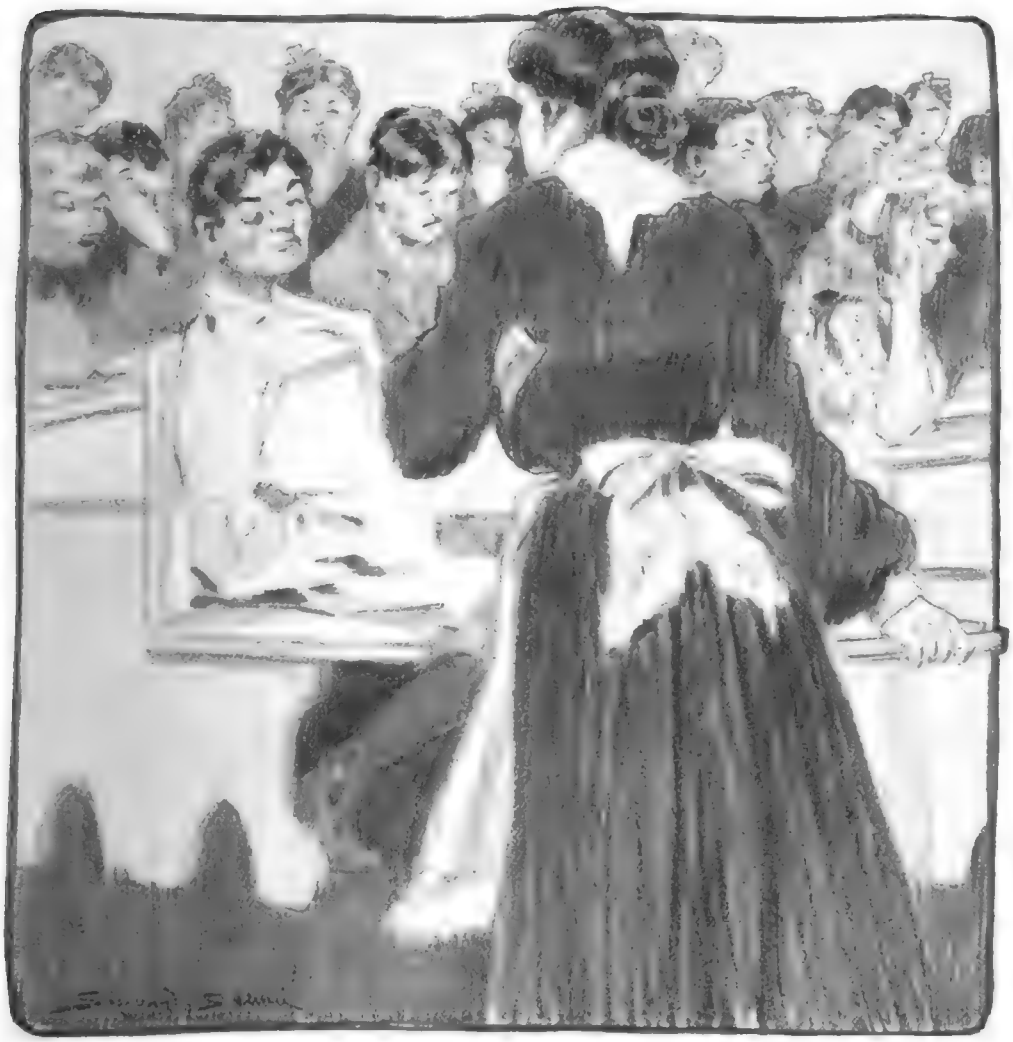
He looked at Miss Ogden solemnly for a moment, and then said, quietly: "I'm afraid you have a rough proposition in these Patukas. They can't help evading the truth. Don't you think it might be well to give it up?"

"Nuddings," answered Tony. His right eye was shrouded by concentric coloring of the deepest black and blue, but still able with its fellow to stare fixedly at the teacher.

"Who hit you that?" demanded Miss



"SO YOUR FATHER HIT YOU? AND WHAT FOR, PRAY?"

Miss Ogden said "No!" with great determination. "I want you to have that boy sent back to school to-morrow."

"All right," said Loree, and on the following morning Tony Patuka was once more in his accustomed seat.

"Well—for land's sakes alive!" Miss Berdan screamed once more. "What's happened to you?"

Berdan, and Tony answered without emotion that his father was responsible.

"So your father hit you? And what for, pray?"

"Nuddings," the boy answered, stolidly. "He's drunk, my old mans."

"Drunk—and in the middle of the week? That's curious! What made him get drunk at this time?"

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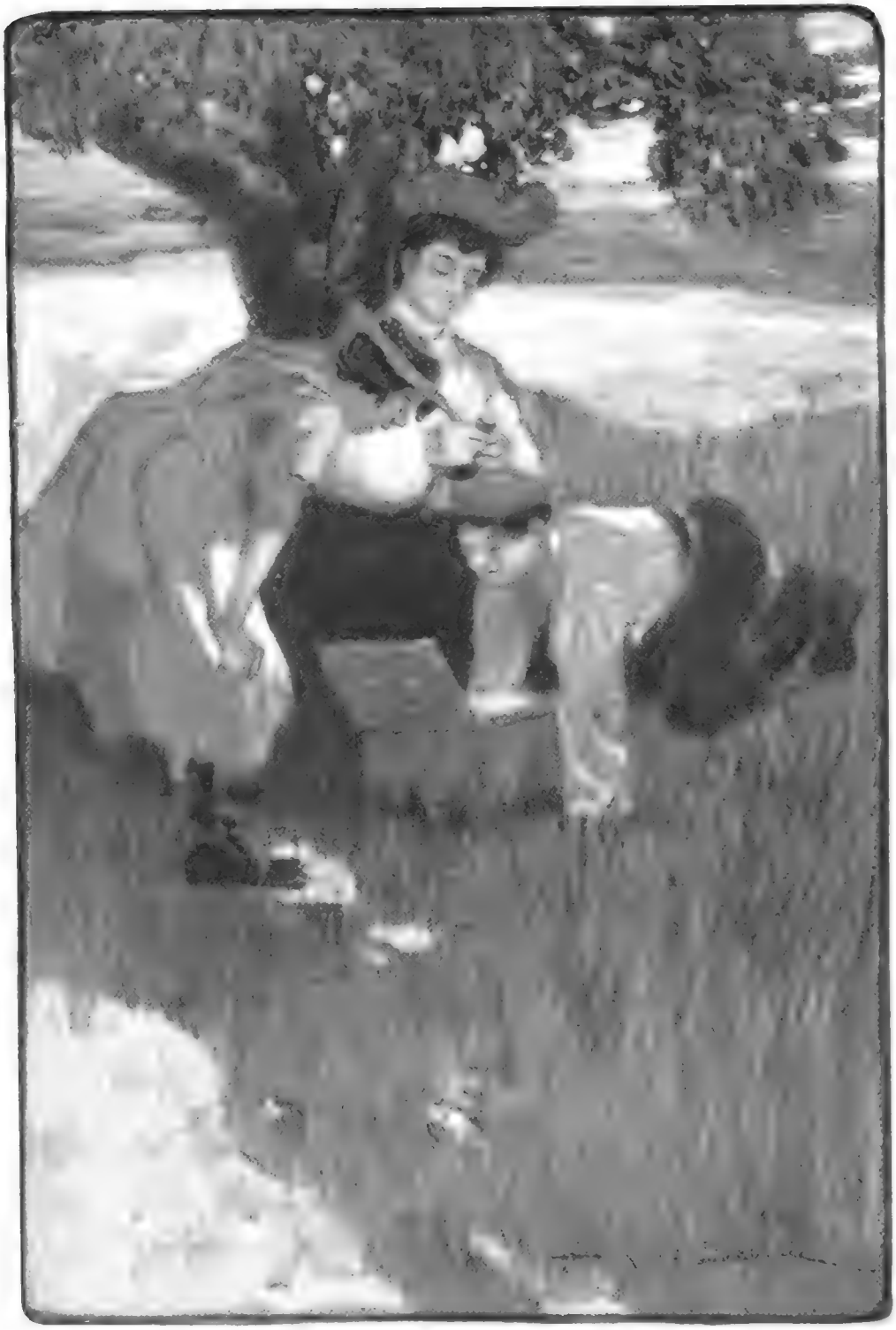

"THEY BOTH KEPT THEIR EYES GLUED ON THE LUNCHEON-BASKET."

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"One keg beer," answered Tony, untouched by emotion.

"Well—why did he get drunk, I mean—what for?"

"Nuddings," replied Tony, shuffling his feet across the floor. "My old womans, she's get drunk, alzo."

"Well, for the land's sake! And you haven't washed your face either this morning!" Miss Berdan cried suddenly. "Why not?"

"Nuddings," Tony answered. "I never makes me to wash mine face again."

"Hey—what! You go out to the pump this instant, Tony Patuka. D'you hear me?"

"Chess'm," answered Tony, and departed pumpward.

"I makes me to wash alretty," said Smelka, arising; "alretty by the horses-trough from the Dago store. My old womans she hides the soap—chess."

Three weeks later, the school closed for the summer. Miss Berdan, after carefully expressing her opinion that the Patukas were avowedly and to a unit opposed to all schemes of reconstruction, told Miss Ogden that her efforts were a waste of time. As Miss Berdan had resigned her position to wed the store-keeper's clerk at an adjoining mine, she was in a position to become utterly candid.

"Old man Patuka got drunk and blackened the boy's eye a while back," said Miss Berdan. "That's why he has been dodging you."

"What?" exclaimed Miss Ogden, horrified.

"His wife got drunk also," Miss Berdan continued, amiably. "And she hid the soap on Smelka. I guess you ain't done much there, hev you?"

"Plees, meesus," said the voice of Tony, breaking in on Miss Ogden's bitter reflections, "I have words to spik with you—chess, plees." He had walked up behind her in the train of the school-teacher's departure, and was looking at her with beseeching eyes. "Plees, meesus, you gets me chobs?"

Miss Ogden, still perplexed with her doubts, looked at the boy earnestly. "I get you a job, Tony—why?"

"Plees, I makes me money; then I gets reech mit Smelka, and we goes by to live mit a new boarding-boss—chess."

"But you ought to live with your parents, Tony," she said.

"Chess'm, plees, meesus, no," answered Tony sullenly. "My old mans and my old womans they gives me too many k-nocks alretty."

"Do they beat you, really, Tony?" demanded Miss Ogden, shuddering at the thought. "What have you done that they should beat you?"

"Nuddings—plees, meesus; you gets me chobs?"

Miss Ogden went forthwith to the Super, her cheeks rosy with emotion. "That man Patuka and his wife," she cried, "have been beating those two children again."

"I knew it," Loree answered, slowly. "Or rather, I suspected as much, when the boy was in here to-day asking for work. I sent him to you. I'll stop it, though—at least, I'll do my best. I think it would be a good thing, to begin with, to discharge Patuka outright."

Miss Ogden pleaded with him to do nothing of the sort. "Perhaps," she added, "it might be well if the boy had work during the school vacation. Work, you know, is a great salve for a troubled mind."

"It is, indeed," Loree assented, and when Miss Ogden departed, sent for the company interpreter and general man-of-all-work among the fifteen nationalities compressed into this square of Pennsylvania landscape. "You go down to Patuka's house to-night," Loree commanded, "and tell that scoundrel that if he lays a hand on his children again, I'll have him in the lock-up for that and a few other things besides!"

That evening the interpreter presented himself at the Patuka cottage, and knocked loudly at the door. Silence brooded over the place; and yet as he stood upon the door-step he seemed to hear a fine secret rustling from within. Through the window he saw a lamp burning brightly upon the table, and under its light lay the evening meal dished out and ready. Beyond this he could see nothing; the lamp cast a meagre zone of brightness; and once more he knocked. "Hey!" he called, and, in answer, the door flew open and a brawny hand had him by the coat.

"Hey—vat!" It was Patuka, and in stupid wonder he still held fast to the interpreter, who unceremoniously beat off his clutching hand. "Well," said he, slowly, "I thought you was Tony—hey—vat!"

In his other hand he held uplifted the light wooden handle of a miner's pick; and, as the interpreter pushed past him into the house, he disclosed Mrs. Patuka backing up her

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husband with a convenient length of kindling wood. "Hey—vat?" she exclaimed in astonishment, "mebbe it was Smelka—no?"

The interpreter sat himself upon a chair in the gloom beyond the lamp and grinned.

"So-oo!" said he, whimsically; "you make to give the leetle childrens a knock, mebbe—hey, vat?"

The two Patukas smiled feebly, and the man, after this, and a sharp glance through the windows, tossed the pick-handle away from him and assumed a deep scowl.

"By hell!" said he, "I give him a good one, mebbe them two don't stop to make their skeeny beezness by me!"

The interpreter extracted from this the knowledge that the two Patukas were wroth at doings of their offspring.

"By dam"! exclaimed the interpreter, suddenly; "you Mike Patuka—you want to go to chail—mebbe your old woman, too—hey, vat? Super says: 'You know him me—by dam, you go to chail, Mike Patuka and Mike Patuka's old woman if you make to beat those little childrens!' Chess—he says me to tell you, Mike Patuka, that he makes you to go to chail—chess!"

The air of stupid anger upon the faces of the Patukas deepened at this threat. Jail, if they beat their children? Why, it was preposterous! Separate them in this way from the inalienable rights of parentage! Mike Patuka struck his two hands together with a curse.

"He—vat?" he yelled. "By dam—vat you tell me this iss? Vat a beezness is this? Shoulds Tony and Smelka make me an' my old woman a talks like they please, an' mebbe I don't make them a k-nock—vat?"

His voice arose shrill in anger. Tony was mad—Smelka was mad—they were all mad, the office included. "Vat for?" he demanded. "Tony makes him to talk of soap—Smelka she makes him to talk of soap—soap—soap! Vat is this beezness? Me go by offitch—Soap Woman she makes to talk of soap. Soap—soap everywheres—am I to eat of the soap? Is it a madness—or vat?"

"By dam!" said the interpreter, answering this outburst heatedly, but to the point; "I makes nudding mit the soap. That is otherwise. But you must make no more knocks for the little childrens—I tell you so. Mebbe you go to chail, Mike Patuka, less you leave him alone those little childrens!"

He arose, ready to depart, and was repeating this warning, when two small voices, speaking sing-song, cut in upon the conversation:

"Mooder, you makes to brush mit your hairs?"

"Fadder, you makes to wash him your hands mit the soap?"

An expression of savage ferocity overswept the face of Patuka and snatching up the pick-handle, he rushed toward the door.

"I catch you once I shows you!" he roared, but the interpreter pushed between him and the door.

"Mike Patuka, mebbe you go to chail—hey?"

Patuka hurled the pick-handle savagely across the room, and threw himself into a chair. "By dam!" he cried; "mebbe you——"

"Fadder, you makes to wash him your hands mit the soap?"

"Mooder, you makes to brush mit your hairs?"

In the feeble light from the lamp, the interpreter discerned the two Patuka children staring with stolid countenances across the sill of the open window. Each face was absolutely devoid of expression; both equally displayed the impassibility of a porcelain mandarin nodding upon a mantel-piece; and the older Patukas waved their fists violently in the air.

"It is chail—chess!" warned the interpreter, and withdrew.

The whistle had blown and the procession of all the old-world peoples was streaming across the landscape in which the Fairchance collieries were set. Miss Ogden walked on, thinking deeply, too. In matters of this kind doubt more often enters the mind than any certainty or any knowledge of sure success. If the Patuka children responded to her effort, she knew that the work of reconstruction stood a chance to go on indefinitely—otherwise, failure faced her.

"Plees, meesus," said a voice, breaking in on her reflections, "how do you—plees?"

It was Tony Patuka, just up from the pit, black as an Ethiop, and batting his tin dinner-pail against his legs in the shyness he could not hide. Miss Ogden smiled in all pleasure.

"Why—good evening, Tony." She insisted on shaking hands with him notwithstanding the fact that he transferred a large share of coal-grime to her own white hand. "A little soap will cure that," she laughed, and Tony grinned, nodding with her.

"I keep him dat soap by me," said he, and

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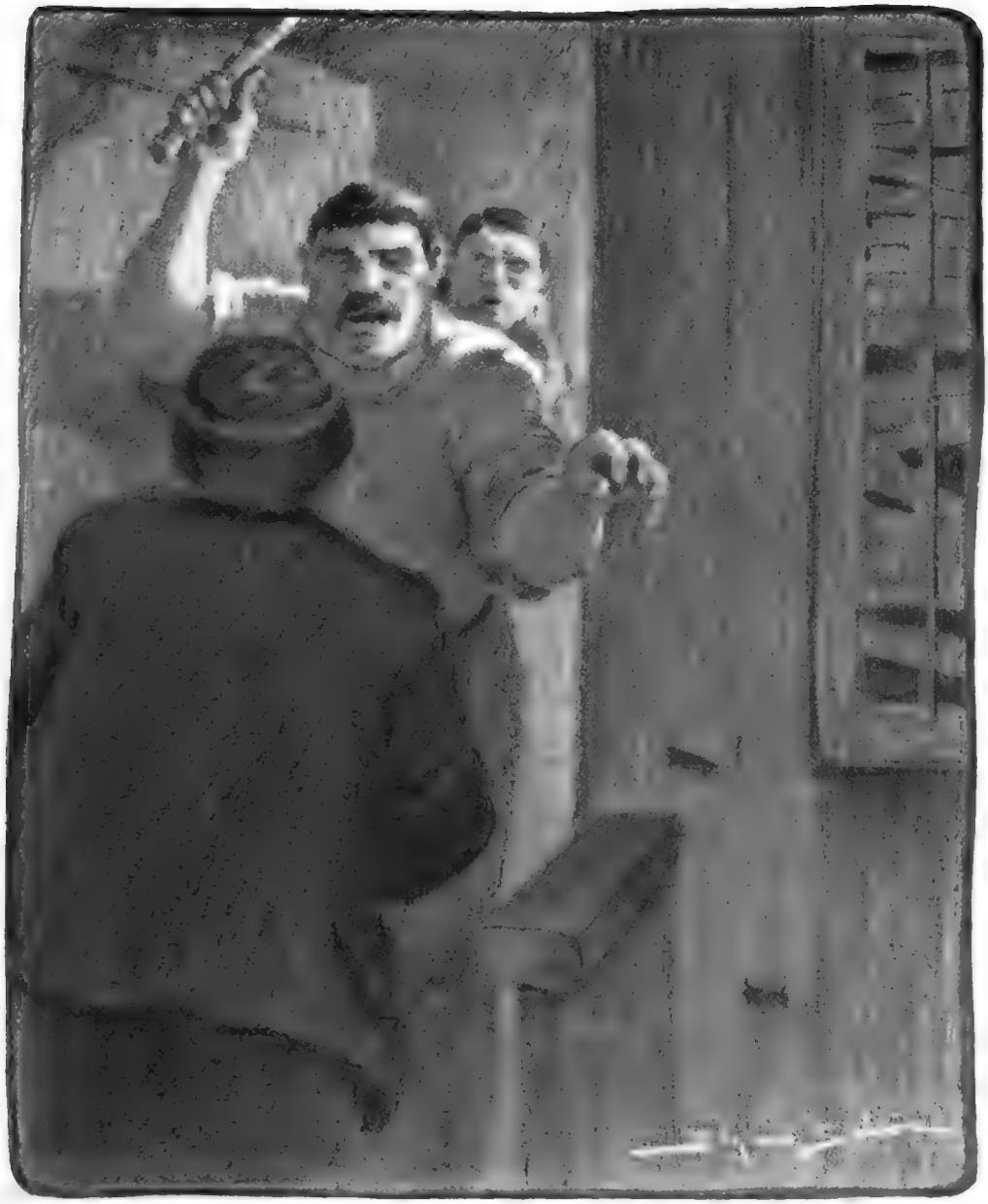

HE HELD UPLIFTED THE WOODEN HANDLE OF A MINER'S PICK.

twitching the lid off his dinner-pail disclosed an attenuate bar of laundry soap reposing among the crusts and half-eaten slices of bread and jam in the bottom.

"Mercy, child!" she exclaimed, "aren't you afraid of eating it by mistake in the dark down the pit?"

Tony shook his head. "My old mans he says mebbe I eats him that soap—chess. My old womans, too. They don't go to give me any soaps, so I hide him on them, that soap."

Miss Ogden patted him encouragingly on the shoulder as they walked along, and Tony sniffed disdainfully.

"Perhaps they won't be like that always,"

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"FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS," ASSENTED MRS. PATUKA, PROUDLY.

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Miss Ogden said, hopefully. "After a while they will see the best way of living—just as you are seeing, Tony."

"Chess, pleese," answered Tony, stolidly—then "I leaves you now," he said, suddenly, and so departed. Miss Ogden made no effort to call him back, but stood looking after the little figure, scuffling along in his rubber boots with a sturdy, careless stride. Then her brow puckered up in thought; she retraced her steps to the office.

"I want a moment of your time," she said, walking into Loree's office. "I'm not satisfied."

"You never are," he retorted, lightly. "What's wrong now?"

"It's those Patukas. I am not at all certain that Patuka isn't whipping that boy again when he feels like it. I wish you'd find out."

"It is curious you should come in about the Patukas' children just at this minute," said Loree, "for I understand that someone else is here about the same business." He sent a boy from the office with a message, and in a few moments a Hun woman presented herself. "Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Plees, meester," she answered, "it is to know how much is coming him, Tony Patuka, for wages? He's trapper by No. 1 peet."

"Why do you ask?" he demanded. The woman, screwing up her shoulders to a higher pitch, poured forth a torrent of explanation in the Magyar tongue. "Send for the interpreter," Loree said, wearily. "I wonder what's up now." When the interpreter came, heard the woman's story and translated it into understandable English, Loree ejaculated, "My soul—what's that?" and threw up both hands in despair.

"She says to tell you the Patuka childrens come by her place to live."

It was true—they had! "Tony, he comes by my place," said the woman, struggling with her English so as to hold the Superintendent's attention; "Tony he makes to ask me shall he use the soap mit his sister, no—plees, chess! Says I to tell him: Chess, if you like, you can to eat the soap, it makes no matter to me." She accompanied this by a perfect contortion of gestures, grinning at times like a satyr and hissing in excitement like a string of geese. 'It was all the same to her, and, please, mister, he takes him the room by her house, him with his sister Smelka and was come to live with her.' For this he was to pay $5 a week, which, deducted from full-time wages under the scale, would leave him a dollar and thirty cents over and above for luxuries.

"He comes to tell me his old mans shalls beat him no more," concluded the woman, grinning until her eyes closed into two narrow slits.

"Go and get Patuka," Loree commanded. "Send him out of the mine immediately."

"He is not by the mine," answered the interpreter. "Neither by the house is he."

"Well, get him, wherever he is, and send him here."

"Left their home—gone to live with Mrs. Molonowsky!" Miss Ogden gasped. "I don't understand."

Loree explained as quietly as he could.

"Oh, the poor, poor little things!" cried Miss Ogden, as the interpreter left the room; and she sank limply into a chair.

"Now, please, Miss Ogden," Loree pleaded; "don't feel upset about this. It's really about the best thing, I think on second thoughts, that could have happened to them. This Patuka is worthless, and once clear of his influence, I am sure these children will develop wonderfully."

Miss Ogden shook her head, choking down the sobs that rose in her throat. "But this sort of thing is impossible," she protested, weakly. "They must go back to their parents—it's too barbaric to think of. They must go home—I could not consent to anything else."

"All right, then," Loree promised. "I'll let Patuka understand plainly that he has come to the end of his rope. I think I have one or two things stored up against the man that will tame him."

He was reiterating this promise, enlarging particularly upon what he would do to Patuka in case of any future backsliding, when the interpreter returned.

"Plees, meester," said the man, awkwardly, "I can't find him that Mike Patuka. I go me by the house and his old woman tells me nuddings. Then Andy Placnek tells me he breaks my face I don't go away off him."

Loree snorted with anger. "Hunh—I'll see to them myself!" He crowded on his hat, bade the interpreter follow, and started off at full stride for the blocks.

In the house of the Patuka's, Placnek, half drunk but genial, sat with his feet on the table, while Mrs. Patuka, in the glory of a new calico wrapper, busied herself about the stove.

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Both grinned when Loree pushed the door open, and cast knowing looks at each other.

"Where's Patuka?" Loree demanded without ceremony.

"Me don't know," answered Mrs. Patuka, stolidly working over the stove. "Mebbe he goes him away sometimes."

Loree, although grappling masterfully with a rising anger, still felt it was no time for temporizing. "See here, Mrs. Patuka—and you, Andy Placnek—you tell me where Patuka has gone, or I'll bundle the whole lot of you, bag and baggage, out of here before the next train. You hear me—where's Patuka?"

Mrs. Patuka threw down the spoon she was wielding, with a violent gesture. "Hey—you ask me, chess!" she cried, suddenly excited. "Mebbe you tells me somethings, alzo. Who makes him a bad beezness mit my Tony and my Smelka—hey, chess—No? Is it a madness they makes him the two—hey, vat? Fierst it is mit the soap—nudding ever but the soap, and should their old woman makes to do brushings mit her hairs—chess—me—that is it—vat—hey? Always so! Then there is skeeny beezness mit Tony Patuka, so that he hides his wages off me—chess." She accompanied this by the most violent contortions, her hands and shoulders beating time to her vehemence. Placnek took his feet off the table and spat reflectively at the stove. It was no concern of his.

"Well, tell me," Loree asked when he had wiped away his tears, "what's become of him. Where's he gone?"

Mrs. Patuka, subsiding into mutterings like distant thunder after a storm, picked up her spoon and sullenly stirred the pot brewing upon the stove.

"And so Mike he goes by the steam-cars to the river," Mrs. Patuka continued. "He comes him back never—nuddings ever again." Then she bent calmly over the pot, and stirred anew.

"You say he has gone away?" Loree asked, slowly, throwing a glance from one to the other. Placnek smiled placidly, his eyes on the ceiling.

"It is so," Mrs. Patuka answered. "Fierst he makes to sell me to Andy Placnek."

"Chess—she's my old womans now—hey, chess!"

"Sold you to Andy Placnek!" cried Loree, overwhelmed.

"For one hundreds dollars," assented Mrs. Patuka, proudly.

Declining Summer

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

I KNOW the argent summer goes;
The crimson radiance of the rose
Is ashen in the garden-close.

There is a pleading plaintiveness
In the long hill-wind's low caress,
Heart-moving and yet passionless.

The noons are heavy with the heat,
And still, save for the thin-drawn beat
Of the cicada, shrilly-sweet.

Faintly the groves begin to grieve,
And grows more mournful eve by eve
The music-web the thrushes weave.

And love, erewhile in vernal guise,
Adown the land, in pensive wise,
Now wanders with averted eyes.

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"YOU RING!" INSISTED HEN.

In Society

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert

YOU looked fine; simply fine! And well you might, for had you not just gone through with the ordeal of an extra bath—a process which even when regular and weekly nagged you almost beyond endurance, and now as a superfluity certainly ought to bring recompense. It seemed to you that if a boy went swimming summers, during the season intervening a good scrubbing as far as halfway down his neck should answer all purposes.

With your face shining like a red apple, with your hair slickly brushed—by mother, and your fresh waist neatly adjusted—by mother, and your Sunday jacket and knickerbockers faithfully brushed—by mother, and your shoes blacked and harmoniously buttoned—by mother again, there you stood between mother's knees while she coaxed into an expansive knot your blue polka-dotted tie.

Then she turned you about for inspection.

"Well, well!" commented father, in acknowledgment of your effect.

Mother settled your hat delicately upon your smooth crown.

"Now, be a good boy," she cautioned. "Be polite, and don't be rough in your play, and remember to say good-night to Helen and

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her mamma, and don't act greedy when the things to eat are passed."

She kissed you, and father kissed you, and escorted to the front door out you strutted.

"Be a good boy!" called mother after you.

You decorously yodelled for Hen; Hen, arrayed, like you, in purple and fine linen, decorously made exit and joined you; and decorously the two of you walked side by side up the street, bound for the "Daner party."

Along the way, restrained by your feeling of spick-and-spanness from customary gambollings, you and Hen sought relief in a preliminary review of the prospective menu.

"I bet you we have ice-cream—I seen Mr. Daner orderin' it!" avowed Hen, by his abundance of enthusiasm atoning for his lack of grammar.

"Gee! I hope it's chocolate!" you exclaimed.

"Or strawberry an' vaniller mixed!" supplemented Hen, with a smack of anticipation.

You "geed" again, and offered an unvoiced prayer that, whatever the flavor or flavors, the dishes be large.

On ahead was disclosed the house of the party. It was lighted from top to bottom, and at the impressive sight your courage, buoyed in vain by ice-cream, chocolate, or strawberry and vanilla mixed, began to sink.

"You go in first," you suggested to Hen.

"Naw, sir! *You!*" objected Hen. "You know 'em better'n I do."

"But I'll keep right close behind. Honest, I will," you promised.

"You wouldn't, either. You'd run off and leave me alone!" accused Hen, suspicious and diffident.

With the question of precedence still unsettled, slowly and more slowly you and he approached. Hanging to the palings of the fence, in front, were the luckless (and invidious) uninvited; among them Snoopie Mitchell, of course. Snoopie never missed anything, if within his reach, and he wore the same clothes wherever he went, be it fishing or into the *crème de la crème* of civilization.

Your arrival was the signal for a shrill chorus of jeering cries; why, nobody may know; yet they caused you to flush with an unreasonable sense of shame.

"Hello, Jocko!" greeted Snoopie, affably (Jocko, and not, as stated the family Bible, John, being your actual name).

"Hello!" you responded, feebly.

"Hello, Hen!" continued Snoop, determined to be impartial.

"Hello!" said Hen, also feebly.

"Ain't you goin' in?" queried Snoop. "G'wan in! What you 'fraid of?"

"G'wan in yourself!" you retorted.

"Well, I would if I was dressed up, you bet!" asserted Snoopie—oblivious of the fact that he was not expected.

"Huh!" scoffed Hen. "You ain't invited! Ya-a-ah!"

"I know it; but I could have been if I'd wanted to!" declared Snoopie, insinuating his superiority. "I wouldn't go to their old party!"

"Good reason why!" scoffed you and Hen.

This brief exchange of courtesies having been accomplished, attended by mocking tongues and glances you two proudly entered the gate, leaving on the outside these your social inferiors, and advancing up the walk, studiously elbow to elbow, mounted the porch steps.

"You ring!" insisted Hen.

"No! You!"

Whereupon, in the midst of the discussion the listening door opened, and into the dazzling interior you sidled together, and red as peonies received your welcome.

. . . . . .

On the one side of the parlor were clustered the girls, a close corporation in stiff little dresses and stiff big sashes, and locks wonderfully curled or tied with ribbons. They whispered and giggled. On the opposite side were banded the boys, in embarrassing Sunday clothes and squeaky shoes. And they whispered and sniggered.

Betwixt this side of the parlor and that stretched a seemingly impassable chasm, which must be bridged. Upon busy Mrs. Daner, engineer-in-chief of the occasion, devolved the task of establishing communication.

"Clap-in and clap-out!" she heralded, briskly.

The little girls were hustled, still giggling, into the adjoining room, and the folding doors were drawn. You boys waited. Presently the doors parted for a crack, and Mrs. Daner, as official announcer, called, between them:

"Harry Peters!"

"Aw, Harry!" derided you all. Assisted by obliging hands, Harry stumbled through the crack, and the doors met behind him. You in the outer room listened breathlessly. An instant—and then came a tremendous

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"LUCY ROGERS'S BEAU."

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YOU FELT AS GRACEFUL AS A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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burst of clapping and laughter, and Harry, blushing and flustrated, plunged back into your midst.

"Aw, Harry! Got clapped out! Aw, Harry!"

"I did it on purpose!" averred Harry, stoutly. "I guess *I* knew. I don't want any girl kissin' *me*, you bet!"

"Henry Schmidt!" summoned Mrs. Daner.

Hen, being notoriously afraid of girls, must have blindly plumped down into the very first chair available, for scarcely had he entered ere out he fled, headlong, in dire confusion, to a volley of gay voices and staccato palms.

"Johnny Walker!"

That was you. You had been hoping, and now you had arrived. Beset by the usual ridicule—Harry and Hen the leaders in it—reluctantly, after all, you left the safe society of your fellows, and slipping through the fateful crack uncertainly looked about you.

The atmosphere was distinctly feminine. Fourteen little girls stood each behind an empty chair, in almost a circle, and eyed you roguishly. Nobody spoke. You felt as graceful as a hippopotamus and twice as large.

Your wandering glance fell upon Mary Webster. Mary nodded invitingly. And upon Lucy Rogers. Lucy stared at you with intense soberness.

"Hurry up, Johnny. Choose a chair," urged Mrs. Daner, she being, among her other functions, the discourager of hesitancy.

Poor soul, it devolved upon her to see that the programme moved forward swiftly, so that no one, from the belle and the beau to the fat and the cross-eyed, should be slighted through lack of time.

Mary had nodded. It must be Mary who had called for you; else why should she have nodded? With confidence you darted at Mary's chair, and seated yourself.

How they shrieked, and how they clapped; none louder than Mary, and none more vengefully than Lucy—Lucy, who, in truth, had called you, and whom you had unwittingly exasperated. Boys are so stupid!

Another victim of female duplicity, out you dived for the refuge of your own sex. You resolved that sometime you would pay Mary Webster back.

Billy Lunt went in next. What befell Billy was signalized by a sudden uproar of laughter and soprano cries, but no clapping!

Billy was being kissed!

"A-a-aw, Billy!" and all of you pointed your fingers at him, and prodded him in the ribs, when, crimson and rumpled, he reappeared.

"Who kissed you?"

"Mary Webster; she tried to but she didn't do it square! I skinned out, an' they grabbed holt of me, an' I broke away!" boasted Billy.

After clap-in and clap-out was instituted post-office, and after post-office, drop-the-handkerchief, and after drop-the-handkerchief ensued King William, sung with whatever variations local tongues had given to the old, old rhyme:

King *Will*-yum was King *James's* son,
And he-e-e th' royal *race* did run;
Upo-o-on his breast he wore a sta-a-ar
Which pe-e-eople called the *sign* of war.
Now cho-o-ose the east, now cho-o-ose the west,
And cho-o-ose the one that *you* love best;
If *she*'s not here to *take* your part,
Go cho-o-ose another with *all* your heart.
Down *on* this carpet *you* must kneel,
As su-u-ure's th' grass grows *in* the field——

and then, as everybody knows, you are supposed to "kiss your sweet," and "rise up*on* your feet." Some couples kissed, but some wouldn't.

The gulf 'twixt the boy and the girl factions has long since been effectually spanned. Mindful of Mary's meanness in befooling you into accepting her inhospitable chair, you devote yourself to Lucy. At first Lucy is lukewarm, and with a pout of distaste only languidly pursues you after you have deposited the handkerchief behind her. You obey a command to "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love the best," but although this last honor you would bestow upon Lucy, and struggle desperately to salute her, she grants you merely the tip of an ear.

You persevere in your attentions, and by repeatedly twitching her hair-ribbon into disorderly streamers, you arouse her interest in you. You chase her, screaming, upstairs and down; and in return she, with screaming unabated, chases you down-stairs and up, and chastises you with playful little slaps and pinches.

Other couples are similarly engaged. Yet you all are "good," as goodness goes, among your generation.

Out of what is rapidly verging upon chaos, the summons to refreshments brings organization once more. The majority of the boys, comprising the ruder spirits and the so-to-speak unattached, gather in a corner,

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where it is each for himself and pillage your neighbor. The politer boys, which class includes yourself, stimulated to their duty by Mrs. Daner, attend upon the fair ladies.

You watch protectingly over Lucy, gallantly letting her have the largest piece of cake, although you covet it yourself, and essaying to practise other denials such as have been impressed upon your memory by your mother.

You and Lucy converse. Your "Gee! Ain't this bully!" and her ecstatic response, "My! Ain't it, though!" establish between you a delightful understanding. For her entertainment you dexterously insert into your mouth a whole cookie.

"Oh, Johnny! How awful!" she sniggers.

The ice-cream is chocolate, and vanilla, and everybody takes both. Hen seems not to be aggrieved by the absence of strawberry. Not being a ladies' man, he is in the corner with kindred souls, but you can hear him.

The dishes are large.

"Piggie!" upbraids Lucy, when, having been solicited, you accept a second. Nevertheless, she does not refuse a spoonful from it, now and then.

Last come the candies, amidst which are fascinating motto-wafers, always the source of much mirth and amusement.

All the company exchange mottoes. You and Lucy limit your operations chiefly to one another. For instance, you present her with a pink motto, shaped like a four-leaf clover, which says:

"Are you fickle-minded?"

"You are too stout!" replies Lucy, with a circular disk in cream color.

"Forget me not," you entreat—the words being done in red upon a white diamond.

"All in life is dear," answers Lucy, rather vaguely, with a greenish hexagon.

"Are you in earnest?" you query—a pink heart.

"Ask pa's consent," suggests Lucy, unmaidenly as the encouragement may appear, with an indented square.

You have to trade around among various friends before you can effectually respond. Sly Mary Webster supplies you with "Say now!" of which you immediately avail yourself.

"Will you marry me?" asks Lucy, dared thereto by companions, while those in the secret whoop and shriek at her boldness.

"Of course I will," you assure her, providentially possessing the very reply, on a yellow oval.

"That's what!" comments Lucy.

The remark deserves better, but the best that you can do is a "With all my heart," on a pink star.

. . . . . .

The festivities of the evening are over. It is time to go home. Most of the mottoes have eventually been eaten, and the rest of them have been stuffed, along with other sweets, into greedy pockets. Already some of the girls have been called for by kinspeople, and some of the boys have scrambled through the hall, and noisily fled into the street. You encounter Lucy at the foot of the stairs, and hastily thrust into her hand a motto that you have been saving—a fine shamrock in yellow, which says for you:

"May I see you home to-night?"

There is a motto-wafer with a mitten on it; has Lucy one, and will she be moved to give it to you, as a mischievous rebuff? No; lacking ready answer, she only giggles and attempts to pass on.

"But may I? I ain't foolin'—truly I ain't!" you beseech, husky in the stress of the moment.

"*I* don't care," calls back Lucy, half-way up the flight.

And so, much to the disgust of Hen, who had counted upon your society going as well as coming, you "saw her home" in the most exemplary fashion—you keeping to one edge of the walk, and she to the other, and between your parallel routes space for a coach and four.

"Edith Lucas is mad 'cause I said I'd go home with *her*," vouchsafes Lucy.

"Pooh! We don't mind, do we?" you affirm, employing a delightful plural.

"Uh-uh," agrees Lucy.

Beatific silence thenceforth encompassed your route until the Rogers front gate was reached.

"Good-night!" piped Lucy, scampering for the door.

"Good-night!" cried you, running deliriously down the street.

And the next day all the boys in town pestered you with their teasing: "Aw, John! went home with a girl!" and you find "John Walker is Lucy Rogers's beau," chalked upon horse-blocks and walks and gate-posts.

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A Duchess at Play

How the Leaders of French Society Amuse Themselves

By VANCE THOMPSON

I

WITH HORN AND HOUND

THE hounds are baying at Bonnelles. From Rombouillet, through leagues of dim woodland—the tree-stems purple in the dawn—we have ridden to the hunt. It is Saint Hubert's Day, the opening of that season wherein it is legal to kill. A brisk November wind is rising with the sun. Yonder is the Chateau of Bonnelles, lifting a gray front, many-windowed. There dwells the mistress of the hunt, the great lady of France, a daughter of the ancient house of Luynes, wife to Louis Emmanuel de Crussol, fourteenth Duke of Uzès. Look twice at the old chateau; it houses the last fine flower of French aristocracy. This little Duchess is kin to all the historic greatness of France. Sister of the ninth Duke of Chaulnes and Picquigny, the roots of her race go back to Roman days at Arezzo. She is twenty-eight years of age, although she does not look it, and by right of her marriage a decade ago she has the duchy of Uzès and a viscounty in the Gard, houses in Paris and otherwhere. Notably Bonnelles.

DUCHESSE D'UZÈS.

The uncrowned queen of French society.

Passing the chateau, we canter through a woodland road. The clamor of fifty Anglo-Vendean hounds guides us to a little hunting-lodge amid the trees. On the greensward is a riot of color, noise, movement. Hounds tug in leash; horses caracole and squeal; braided lackeys come and go; there are men in pink, women under three-cornered hats, huntsmen, piqueurs, dog-boys, and beaters-up. An old *veneur* stands apart; his silent dignity is full of good omen. Yesterday he quested the forest. He knows where to rouse a stag, a royal fellow *à dix-cors*, a monster of ten tines. The hounds bay impatience. Time passes. Not lightly does French society go forth to the hunt. Of all the sports hunting alone has preserved the ceremonial dignity of its courtly descent. Of old it was known that

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FROM DAWN TO DUSK SHE HAS RACED WITH THE IDLE HOURS.

all was not well with the man who rode out unblessed by bell and book. The ancient rule persists. Yonder is the small old church. It faces the kennels, a stone's-throw away.

It is a modest building; the moss is on it; a rusty weathercock creaks on the steeple. Just such should be the huntsman's church, who pauses for a rapid prayer—while the hounds fumble the trail—and rides again. Here we wait, you and I, and all who are of our *monde*. We are noteworthy folk—all. Yonder pinky man who rides the Irish hunter is the Count of Castellane, whom Miss Anna Gould got for $20,000,000—a bargain, for he is to other men what an orchid is to a hollyhock. He has word with the great Duke of Choiseul-Praslin, whom Miss Forbes bid in at a million. How they swarm and chatter, these pretty, gilded matrons, countesses, marchionesses, viscountesses: all by right of cash payment of American dollars. How bravely they wear the old historic names! With what a *seigneurial* air they ride forth on Hungarian mares to hunt the stag! So completely have they achieved greatness.

A bell rings. Society dismounts: you and I and the habited dames and the men in pink dismount and file into the little church. As we kneel at the wooden benches we get our first sight of our ducal hostess. That is she yonder—(don't stare at her; it's bad form)—in royal blue and silver; she wears a black jacket and a cocked hat. You glimpse the dark coils of her hair, the slim neck, the little, proud head; truly she is a desirable Duchess. They beside her in red hunting-coats are Mesdames de Brissac and Périer de Némon. They kneel, playing with their riding-whips. The little Duchess crosses herself with a gauntleted hand; her lips move. Many more there are of us, men and women, wearing the colors of the hunt. Behind these bright figures glooms a half-circle of lackeys and peasants from La Celle. At the altar the priests chant the mass of Saint Hubert. Then the mediæval bell tolls the Kyrie of the saint who watches over those who would a-hunting go; the hunting-horns respond an octave higher. So we troop out into the sunlight. The blithe horns sound the "rally of Bonnelles." The notes of the horn go fluttering through the woods, like a flight of birds. Afar, he of the ten tines lifts a wet muzzle and listens. An old beadle in a purple stole has followed us from the church. He bears high a blessed Saint Hubert's cake. It is for the hounds he crumbles it along the turf. Straightway they come, struggling in

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leash, shaking their pendent ears. Their lean flanks are branded with the letter "U." Joyous, surging into their collars, careless of the cries of the whipper-in of the lash, giving tongue like a carillon of bells, they whirl forward. Ah, the good hounds of Vendée, the darlints! There is more music in their red throats than ever came out of the whiteness of a woman's. Now slowly advance three priests in chasubles of gold, preceded by an acolyte in red, who holds aloft a huge wooden crucifix. The oldest of the priests recites the time-old formula and sprinkles holy water on the muzzles of the hounds. That is all. It is the end of the sacred ceremony.

The little Duchess—see now, how blithe and desirable she is, as she comes, swift-footed, trailing the royal blue and silver of her habit—the little Duchess, I say, takes her stand by the road-side and greets her guests; one by one they pay her homage; the men kiss her gauntleted fingers. Then they bugle the call to mount. With horn and hound the hunt sweeps away through the dusky aisles of the forest, wherein the great stag—he of the ten tines—waits with beating heart and eyes misty with terror.

And so Her Grace goes to the chase. 'Tis not as one—having mounted a thoroughbred "lepper" from a kitchen-chair—hunts the anise-seed bag over the knolls of Long Island. No bullying farmers are there; humbly the blue-bloused peasants stand in wooden shoes. You see they order things differently in France. There, by right of contrast, one may be indeed a *grande dame*.

The hunt, like every other social function, bears the mark of courtly descent. Sport is decorated with the trappings of the old-world elegant. It is dignified with antique religious formalism. It is a fit frame for an orchidaceous lady—for such a one as she in silver and blue, who gallops so blithely through the tree-stems, escorted by her gentlemen of France.

There was a question put to a Greek philosopher as to whether he had rather be a man or a woman. The questioner went away without waiting for an answer, whereby we are so much the poorer. Personally I fancy that the extremest felicity is attained by the woman who is the uncrowned queen of France. Hers is the most accomplished court in the world; her subjects are the loyalest. If she be not happy, then is it vain to look for happiness outside of a

THE LITTLE DUCHESS GOES A-BALLOONING.

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THE DUCHESS IN A CROSS-COUNTRY FOOT-RACE.

monastery. She has the homage of men and the envy of women, and takes her way in the world of affairs; moreover, she——

But while we gossip here they have pulled the great stag down; the knife is at his throat, and they have sheared away his fore-feet for women's souvenirs. Five and twenty miles did we course him—you and I and the orchidaceous guests of Bonnelles—through the Green Forest, over waterways and autumnal fields; a wild ride. Not without pride did we watch the flight of blue and silver—the flight over timber and water of our blithe, galloping Duchess. Well Saint Hubert watched that day. The blessed water sprinkled on the mottled muzzles of the Vendean hounds gave speed and wind. It was a joyous chase. Now the deer has been brought home; the guests have dined; they gather here on the steps of the chateau, while below in the court-yard there is a sea of hounds in leash—a maelstrom of tails and flopping ears, red jaws, and heaving flanks. Flaring torches in the hands of lackeys light the scene.

It is the moment of the *curée*.

In the centre of the court lies all that is not best of the stag. The entrails and ignobler portions of the carcass have been cut up and heaped cunningly. Covered now by the hide, branched over by the great antlers, they have the look of a couchant deer. The hunting-horns blare the triumphant call of the *curée* and the hounds, slipped from the leashes, leap forward, just as the huntsman drags away the hide from the pile of offal. 'Tis a whirlwind of ear and tail; 'tis a cascade of dogs; 'tis the supreme day that every dog has somewhere in his horoscope.

With the historic *curée* the hunt is done. What hours are left may be danced away. Madame la duchesse has amused herself. From dawn to dusk she has raced with the idle hours.

Say rather that for her who hunts with horn and hound time has no hours; even as for those who love it has no minutes.

THE DUCHESS AND TWO INTIMATE FRIENDS.

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IF WE FOLLOW THE BLITHE DUCHESS WE SHALL SEE A GENERATION AT PLAY.

IN BLACK JACKET AND COCKED HAT, HER GRACE HUNTS WITH HORN AND HOUND.

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II

THE FLIGHT OF AIR-SHIPS, ETC.

AMERICAN society is quite as charming as any other, but we do not take it very seriously, because we are always aware that it is home-made. We wove it ourselves on the homely loom. And so we look upon it with tolerant, though critical, indifference. Newport lays down no social laws more important than those which determine the cut of our riding-breeches. Long Island speaks authoritatively only upon the question "When is an anise-seed bag a fox?"—a matter not wholly vital to the preservation of the social hierarchy. Try as we will we cannot take it seriously. Its assumption of superiority—its tacit claim to be a class if not a caste—causes in us only that contraction of the zygomatic muscles which the unlearned call laughter. Society! It has eaten at the same table and dipped in the same bath with us; and we know it has—though now it walks abroad with powdered nose and pinkened chin—slept in the same trundle-bed.

'Tis a different story one tells in France.

There society is an imposition which was laid upon the humbler folk far back in the long ago. It smells of the divine right of kings. It summons memories of old days, when—what time the wild deer failed—lordship hunted the lean peasant, with hound and horse, over the stubble fields. It is veritably aristocratic; but were it nothing more our little Duchess would not rule it, nor could it have fashioned her. Still, as of old, French society is the gayest, most joyous, devil-may-careless society in all the world. It has lost, however, a little of the ruffle and peruke. It is modern and motory and horsey—a fast-going, muscular, strenuous society in spite of its aristocratic air. Yon little Duchess with the heated eyes, who rides so wildly through the *Forêt Vert* is partly a type of it—partly its creator. And so, if we follow the blithe Duchess in her way of life, we shall see more than a woman—a generation at play, a nation holidaying. Across her restless, fluttering life we may see a little of France, for she is the synthesis of the best of it and what its folly is.

THE FASHIONABLE RENDEZVOUS AT THE PARC DES PRINCES.

And to me at least this society which the Duchess has fashioned is wonderfully fascinating.

Once she wearied of simple pleasures.

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For a while the joy had gone out of riding to hounds. She was tired of dancing the "cake-walk" in the formidable mansion of the rue de Courcelles. She had beaten her husband at billiards too often. The first, fresh rapture had gone out of rushing a forty-horse-power Mercedes down a curving grade of the Pyrenees. She had tired even of wild cross-country runs — of the splendid, muscular joy of taking hedge, ditch, and hurdle. It was whispered in Paris that the Duchess was bored. There was a hush of expectancy; what, pray, would the Duchess do?

TAKING A SNAP-SHOT AT THE CHANTILLY HUNT.

Were you to judge French society and the leader thereof by the literature of the hour—the fictions of Paul Bourget and Marcel Prévost, or the flippancies of Octave Mirbeau—you might fancy you were back in the last century. You would expect the *grande dame* to amuse herself with idle flirtations—dissect her morbid little soul—give herself up to the old sentimental games; so, you would be quite wrong. With the new century there has come a new ambition. The system of life drives on to a new rhythm. Fashion has locked up the scented boudoir and taken the key of the fields. The hard-riding, deep-diving, far-sailing girl has ousted the perfumed and brooding heroine. The great lady has found it original—and delightful—to love her own husband.

What would the Duchess do?

Something daring and novel—*du vrai d'Uzès*—one might be sure of that.

The Duchess asked her friends to tea.

They met at Saint Cloud, where the hills go up from the Seine; and there they found eleven balloons—slim, cigar-shaped racers—tugging at their cables. They entered the baskets, one and all; it was a dainty ballast of femininity—wide-eyed, excited, fluttering ladies, laughter and little screams coming out of them. If you care for that sort of thing I wish you had been there to see. She whom we have agreed to call our little Duch-

LANDING AT TUTEAUX FOR A GAME OF TENNIS.

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ess (and faith! the more I write about her, the more I love her—in an impersonal way)—our little Duchess, I say, gave the word. The word was *lachez tout!* Raining sand, her balloon shot up into the blue of the sky. One followed and then another, as you have seen, perhaps, the blue cranes wing up from the marshy land. Overhead they streamed, a flight of balloons. It was society taking the air. The earth dropped away from them as they rode. The great trees in the Bois beneath were dwarfs. Pleasant sights they saw: the pinnacles of churches, rising from the press of roofs; the severe, culminating cupola of the Pantheon, the towers of Notre-Dame, clad in stony lace; innumerable windows ablaze with the afternoon gold; the gilt horses rearing on the new bridge; the Hispano-Moorish bulk of the Trocadèro; streets through which tram-cars crawled and pigmy lovers walked arm in arm; far off the red chimneys of the factories; many things they looked down upon, as they went air-sailing over Paris, chanting the glory of the Captain Renard and approving Santos-Dumont. From the white splendor on the heights of Montmartre, they swung over toward the Eiffel Tower; and so Saint Cloud-ward once more. Society was content. Their little Duchess, supremely herself, had invented a new pleasure. Loyally, they gave her credit. And now the world of fashion takes its outings in the blue of the air. Who can tell to what extent this fad will be carried before these Parisians turn to a new diversion? Dinners and receptions may yet be held, high up there above the city. The mystery of the night skies would not awe our duchess and her friends.

THE DUCHESS IN HER AUTOMOBILE.

III

THE SOCIAL APEX

FRIVOLOUS, this Parisian woman of ours? The adjective fits no more, if indeed it ever did perfectly fit a woman of Paris or any other corner of the world. If fashion calls for a frivolous type, the most serious-minded woman will play the part. She will show the world merely that facet of her multiple nature. Now, that the mode is all for open air, and the joy of physical prowess, the Parisians are strenuous as gulls. With-al they take a wide career in the fields of intellectual and political endeavor. Our little Duchess, for example, has a passion for politics almost as intense as that of her mother-in-law, the fiery Dowager Duchess of Uzès, she who almost made General Boulanger a great man, who almost tipped over the financial oligarchy which rules France in the guise of a republic. The Boulanger bubble was only one of the political events blown into the open by a lady's fan. Not very long ago a French tradesman peddled his wares along the banks of the Yellow River. Home coming, he told wonderful tales of the richness of that land—true land of the yellow loot—to amuse an idle countess. The lady fancied that here was an adventure made to her hand. She organized a cohort of old politicians—she mobilized an army corps—and gave Tonquin to France. This little anecdote is *véridic*. It was the Countess de la Bigne who conquered the yellow province; the Ferrys and Gambettas were but puppets in her hands. And wherein, you ask—with the acuteness so characteristic of you—wherein lay her power? Faith, I think in that little "*de*." Titles, as you know, were

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suppressed by the Republic. Your Duke is ducal only by courtesy. Our little Duchess of Uzès is merely Mrs. Crussol. But the glamour is still on the old names. In the worlds social and political the "*de*" is a precious asset. The stormiest democratic tribune —the huge Jaurès himself—bends a supple spine to it. In this lies the strength of the old Royalist cause. These wilful little duchesses are, indeed, the greatest menace to the shambling Republic. A few months ago it seemed good to the French Government to set about monk-baiting and nun-chasing. These harmless religious folk were harried from one end of the pleasant land to the other. They were driven from their convents and homes. Then it was the *grandes dames* of France showed a fine old courage. They barricaded the convents; they threw themselves in front of the nun-chasing cavalry. Our little Duchess was captured in a charge of the troops upon a public meeting in the Place de la Concorde. The Dowager Duchess was arrested and fined. The stand they made for religious liberty was copied everywhere in France.

DRIVING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

So many-sided is this blithe lady of ours!

And society, following her lead, has become religious. A few years ago it was the mode to be irreligious. Society sparkled with witty little infidelities. Gibes at the cassock went with diamonds and evening gowns. The *grande dame* powdered her shoulders and polished up her anti-religious epigrams, all by way of preparing for the *salon*. Our little Duchess set her face against this sort of thing. She is *dévote*; she has her private chaplain; she carries her faith down into the turmoil of politics. And this is very fine; it gives us a new idea of the little woman we have seen hurdling a five-barred fence, or sky-sailing serenely. The soul she has woven for herself is singularly attractive. It has so many sides to face the world with.

Would you like to see her for a moment at one of those white dinners of the rue de Courcelles? White flowers and white linen cloths, the whiteness of silver and glass, and women's shoulders impeccably white; notable men make black-coated relief here and there, for not even Mrs. Leo Hunter or Lady Charles Beresford was ever more curious in collecting people of importance. He who has just come is François Coppée, slim, gray-haired poet that he is; the cross of the Commander of the Legion of Honor sparkles on his shirt; his pearl-colored gloves are tucked into his waistcoat; he poses against the mantel-piece, waiting, like a prince of the blood, to be duly greeted, while Jules Lemaitre, little, cynical, and bald, smiles wickedly at him. General Mercier passes to and fro, smiling, with downcast eyes. He who promenades his plump person yonder is Paul Bourget, who owes his literary fortune to the pertinacity with which, in his early days, he dined out in the American colony. Henri Lavedan sits in a corner contemplating his own ego. And from one celebrity to another Madame la Duchesse goes lightly with pretty words of adoration. As she approaches, each lion sits up and roars. Gently she strokes each shaggy mane, and passes—the tactful hostess. And the amaranthine flunky enters, saying: "*Madame est servie.*"

Then, I dare say, there is another phase of her life—when the candles on the dinner-table have burned out under their white

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shades, and the electric bulbs in the *salon* are dark; that, however, neither you nor I may know much of. Only—there are ducal youngsters in the nursery: a nine-year old girl to whom the name of Anne was given, and two small boys. You see her life is fairly well rounded out.

Heigho! I shall never write the social biography of this lady of the orchids. Glimpses of her I get, tooting her four-in-hand through the green shadows of the Bois; I see her scribbling furiously in her betting-book at Longchamps; you, too, may see her, roped with pearls, in her opera-box, applauding Bréval; but somehow or other my thought goes past her to the society of which she is at once the motor and the symbol. How different it is from what we—we who studied it in books—fancied French society must be! You see there is energy in it; it has red-blood corpuscles; it has the grace of accomplished things: in a measure it has ideals—at least the ideals of helpful amusements and mental activity of a kind; with perhaps an outlook toward a vague spirituality. And withal it is a society so essentially womanly, so prettily feminine.

There died a few years ago a wise old man. He was Dr. Büchner, of Germany. It was his learned whim to go about the earth measuring brains. From many measurements he constated that while always the brain of woman is smaller than that of man, the greatest difference exists in Holland and Germany; next in England; while the women in France are, in size of brain, nearly the equal of men. In this fact, perhaps, one finds the cause of woman's importance in French life. She who leads a lifeful society must lead in many a way. She must be a mistress of the art *de diner en ville* as well as of the art of sword-play; she must ride as well as she dances; she must know the shifting game of politics as well as she knows her book of hours. It were easier to rule a nation or make its songs.

Our little Duchess numbers the de Montespan among her ancestors.

That famous lady was the ancient type of the French *grande dame*: and what she was you know. The latter-day leader differs greatly from her, though not, I trust, from other contemporary women. She cannot be looked upon—this blithe Parisian—as the world's butterfly. Her flight is not yet so brief and direct as that of the bee. Still, she prettily oscillates. But her life no longer swings between the two poles of the convent and the boudoir. She has eaten of the fruit of modernity. In spite of her hereditary graces—the atavism of Capetian courts she is modern as an auto-launch.

I like to think—it is a pleasing thought and patriotic—that in a way the recruits who have come to the French nobility from American homes are responsible for this metamorphosis of French society. These girls who went to France, decorated with millions, have changed the social tone. They have turned the de Montespans out of doors. They have—and perhaps this the veritable mission of the American girl in the *monde*—let sunlight into the musty boudoirs of an out-worn society.

. . . . . .

The wild little Duchess, drunk with delight of danger, mad for the long road and the open air! Once, though, I saw her in the dim old church of Bonnelles: she crossed herself with a gauntleted hand.

Night in the Hills

By VIRGINIA BIOREN HARRISON

LIKE sentinels upon the hillsides seem
The pines, through which the wandering west wind sighs;
Above its trembling image in each stream
The slow moon moves across the star-flecked skies—
And spellbound by the eyes of Night I dream,
For in their depths the charm of silence lies.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

Courtesy of The Illustrated Sporting News.

WALTER J. TRAVIS.

The victory of Walter J. Travis, amateur golf champion of America, in the amateur golf championship of Great Britain at Sandwich early in June, was a great triumph for the American game. For it was by the use of American methods that Mr. Travis defeated the best British players at their own sport. It will be consoling to many to know that Mr. Travis, whom this latest success makes amateur golf champion of the world, had never played golf until late in his twenties. He won the American national championship in 1900, and with the exception of one year has held it since that time.

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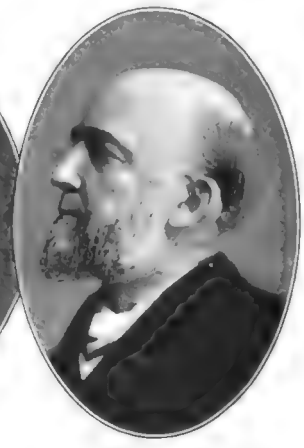
Luther B. Wilson, D.D.

William F. McDowell, D.D.

William Burt, D.D.

Henry F. Spellmeyer, D.D.



Joseph F. Berry, D.D.

Thomas B. Neely, D.D.

James W. Bashford, D.D.

THE BISHOPS ELECTED AT THE RECENT GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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Photograph by The Kirkland Studio, Denver.

MRS. SARAH PLATT DECKER.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Colorado, who was elected President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the Seventh Biennial Convention recently held at St. Louis, is the widow of the late Judge Decker. Mrs. Decker has a charming personality, which has done much to gain for her the influence which she wields in the world of women. Her speech at the Convention on the subject "Is the Ballot of Real Value to Working Women?" was an exemplification of the wit and sentiment which, no less than clear thinking, are characteristic of her public addresses.

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SECRETARY SHAW SIGNING A $40,000,000 CHECK.

To Secretary Shaw was recently accorded the honor of signing two checks for $1,000,000 and $40,000,000, respectively, on account of payments for the Panama Canal. The photograph shows Secretary Shaw in the act of affixing his name to the larger check, with the members of the Treasury staff, and as many others as could crowd into the office, standing near his desk to witness the signing of a bit of Treasury paper, which is destined to become a record of one of the greatest transactions in the history of the United States of America.

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Photograph by Varney, Chicago.

JOHN F. WALLACE.

John F. Wallace, who has accepted the position of Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal, is considered one of the leaders among prominent railroad men of the West. In resigning the general managership of the Illinois Central Railroad, Mr Wallace has, from patriotic motives, surrendered not only an income much larger than the $25,000 a year which he will receive as director of the canal construction, but also excellent prospects of reaching the very top in railroad affairs. He will make Panama his permanent residence till the completion of this, the greatest engineering feat ever undertaken.

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LOVE'S LAND.

By Emily Watson. Illustrated by Henry S. Watson

IT was hot—hot and very still. Wrapped in a shimmering, illusive veil of heat-waves the earth was taking her siesta, till such time as the July sun should somewhat abate his fierceness. No faintest ripple disturbed the slumbering blue waters of the lake. The trees which sentinelled its banks stood motionless, save for an occasional uneasy rustling among the leaves of the aspens. In the breathless air there was no sound of life—even the song of the cicadas was hushed: over the whole land lay the silence and enchantment of sleep.

Stealing slowly down the shady shore, its

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wake barely breaking the oily calm of the lake, came a green canoe. In its stern was a man who paddled languidly, in its bow a woman concealed by a red umbrella, held low. Silently the man plied his paddle; silently the woman trailed through the blue water the hand not occupied with the red umbrella. Them, too, the midsummer drowsiness seemed to hold in its spell.

All at once the man shook himself with the gesture of one awakening.

"I am horribly dull this afternoon," he said, apologetically; "where shall we go? Would you like to land somewhere?"

"Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet
Or fields near home?
Or where the fire-flowers blow
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?"

sang a voice from behind the red umbrella, mockingly.

It was a charming voice, and yet one might have imagined that the man did not care for it, for he winced quite perceptibly.

"I believe I should like the fire-flowers best," the voice went on. "Do you happen to know if they are included in the flora of this neighborhood?"

"Indeed they are," the man assured her, "on the other side of that next point there is an opening in the woods—a glade that stretches in from the shore as far as the eye can reach. Through the glade runs a little stream—it's the most preposterous little stream—it has nothing in the world to hurry it except an indefinite appointment with the lake, and yet it rushes along as if it were the busiest water in all the world. It falls over tiny precipices, it dashes itself madly against rocks, it positively foams with impatience when a fallen tree bars its progress. Finally, with a tiny shriek of exultation, it flings itself into the placid lake, that welcomes it with no enthusiasm whatever."

"Dear, foolish, human, little stream," commented the woman's voice, lazily; "but what has it to do with the fire-flowers, pray?"

"The banks on both sides of my stream," went on the man, "are green with maidenhair and golden with yellow bracken; and in among the ferns, ringing the joy-bells of Elfland, dancing idly to the music of the breezes, leaning over to coquet with the hurrying water, are the fire-flowers, gorgeous red wood-lilies, thousands and thousands of them."

"You have seen this fairy glade in a dream," protested the voice; "you would not have me believe that such a spot exists within three miles of a fashionable summer resort?"

"Wait and see," answered the man—and again he plied his paddle, and again the woman behind the red umbrella trailed her hand through the still blue water.

"Look," said the man, at last—and "Oh!" cried the woman, and again, more softly, "Oh!"

"Is my glade a dream?" asked the man, triumphantly.

"Of course it is a dream," answered the woman, "but it is kind of you to let me dream it too."

"Suppose we stop here for a bit," suggested the man, and with a clever paddle-stroke he ran the canoe up between two rocks by the mouth of the little stream—the hurrying, agitated little stream—the one thing that had not yielded to the slumber-magic of the afternoon. The man stowed away his paddle, pulled a cushion up behind his back, and "May one smoke?" he inquired.

"One may," said the woman, graciously.

He drew a pipe, a very black pipe, from his pocket, filled and lighted it, and puffed contentedly.

"Do you mean to say," asked the woman, who was watching him from around the edge of the umbrella, "that you stick to a pipe?"

"The virtues of poverty are apt to become the vices of prosperity," he informed her, didactically.

The woman shut up the red umbrella with a click.

"And so," she said, abruptly—"we meet again after all these years—and you have become a great novelist——"

"A successful novelist," he interrupted. "There is a world of difference between the two."

"A great novelist," she persisted; "and I have become——"

"A great lady," he finished for her.

"I wonder," she meditated—"I very much wonder if you find the life of a great novelist as dull as I find that of a *grande dame?*"

"Who can plumb the depths of another's *ennui?*" he asked lightly. "Indeed, who can plumb the depths of one's own?"

"You are very much changed," she said.

"Dear lady," he protested, "it is ten years—time has a way of writing wrinkles."

"No, I don't mean the wrinkles," she answered; "one expects those, but you were

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such an enthusiastic, hopeful-looking boy. Now——"

"Yes, now?" he questioned.

"I hardly know how to express it," she hesitated. "If I painted your portrait, I think I should call it *'cui bono.'* You don't look despairing or unhappy, or even sad—just——"

"Just *'cui bono'* in fact," he laughed.

"And yet," she argued, "your books are the embodiment of youth and hope——"

"It is never safe to judge a man by his official utterances," he warned her. "Remember Punchinello."

"Oh," she cried, "are you—has there been—I did not know——"

"Do I cherish a secret sorrow, you would ask. Permit me to relieve your mind. I do not. I am among the most fortunate of mortals."

For a moment her gray eyes held his brown ones and questioned them, but the brown eyes were calmly inscrutable, and the woman acknowledged defeat with a little sigh.

"Since we are speaking the truth," she said, after a little pause, "confess that I, too, am greatly altered."

The man took the pipe from his mouth and leaning forward on the thwart of the canoe looked at her searchingly—looked at the soft black hair that waved back from the low brow; at the unfathomable slate-gray eyes; at the little straight nose; at the witty, subtle, passionate mouth; at the full, rounded chin. A pink color slowly rose into the even white of the woman's face, but she bore his scrutiny unflinchingly.

"The years have dealt kindly with you," said the man at last. "You were a pretty girl, you have grown into a beautiful woman."

"And yet," she objected, "there is an unmistakable suggestion of regret in your voice."

"The pretty girl," he reminded her, "was a very dear friend."

With a movement of impatience the woman opened her red umbrella and once more concealed herself behind it. "I hate these—these post-mortem conversations," she said, petulantly.

Down the glade wandered a little sleepy, whispering, fern-scented wind, setting the red lilies dancing, and gently rocking the canoe. The splash, splash of the vehement brook came soothingly reiterant.

"Asleep?" asked the woman at length.

"Only dreaming," said the man.

"Tell me your dream," she commanded. "I have a presentiment that if left to myself I shall shortly begin to feel bored. You wouldn't like me to feel bored, would you?"

"It was rather an unhappy dream," the man objected—"a dream of poverty and of failure—not at all the sort of dream for a successful novelist——"

"A great novelist," she corrected, obstinately.

"—to tell to a rich and beautiful lady."

"Surely," she protested, "you do not need to have pointed out to you the literary value of contrasts."

"But—" he argued.

"I foresaw it, I foresaw it," cried the woman, tragically. "I am beginning to feel bored."

The man yielded her victory with a laugh.

"Once upon a time," he began, obediently.

With a little sigh of pleasure the woman nestled deeper into her cushions. "Perhaps it will be a fairy tale," she murmured, hopefully.

"Once upon a time there was a young dry-goods clerk."

From behind the red umbrella came a sound that might easily have been one of protest.

"Oh, I can imagine your disgust," said the man. "The hero of a dream a fellow who, while the world offers a thousand opportunities for adventure, is content to spend his days behind a counter, measuring out yards of muslin, checking bills, making change? Preposterous! The only point in the clerk's favor—and were it not for this, I assure you I should not have wasted time in dreaming of him—was that he perceived the sordidness of his life quite as clearly as you can and hated it with all his heart and soul. You see, he had started out meaning to be something so very different. Two years before he had left a little country town and come to New York to conquer fate—to win for himself an immortal crown of fame. That it might be a struggle he knew, but he knew, too—how could he help it?—that within him burned the conquering fire of genius. Had he not won the last three essay-prizes at the district academy? Had his verses not appeared in the columns of the Sunday newspapers? Had he not, at will, moved to laughter or to tears, with his stories, the members of the local literary club?"

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"You are laughing at him," cried the woman, resentfully.

"Were it not a rather well-worn observation," said the man, "I should point out to you that some laughter is sadder than tears. And so he came to the great city with a small trunk full of clothes and a big trunk full of MSS.; with $100 in his pocket, and in his heart hope immeasurable.

"The boy—he was only twenty—took a room in South Washington Square. He knew his New York well from books, and where else would he be likely to go?

"It was as squalid a little room as one can well imagine: with an outlook over a noisy slum, and crowded, although it boasted but four rickety pieces of furniture. But the boy perceived none of the squalor. The place was glorified for him by imaginary associations. 'Who knows,' he cried in awe, 'but that at this very table'—it was a small deal table covered with an ink-bespattered cloth of Turkey cotton—'some immortal masterpiece was produced?'

"He had planned out his campaign a hundred times, and the very day of his arrival certain carefully wrapped-up packages were taken from the big box and carried to those publishing houses that the boy had decided stood for what was finest in literature. He rather questioned the etiquette of approaching more than one publisher at a

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time. Suppose he received several offers for all his writings, how should he act? Yet time was precious—even $100 will not last forever—and he took the risk. Then he possessed his soul in such patience as he could, and waited."

"Don't tell me what came next," the woman implored. "It was so cruel."

"I see," said the man, "that you guess that the boy was never embarrassed with simultaneous offers for his complete works.

"Someone was moving into the room opposite," the man went on again. "The boy could hear the rasp of a trunk pulled across the floor, the opening and shutting of drawers, the rustle of movements to and fro. As a rule he paid no attention to the other lodgers in the house, but to-night, for no reason at all, he was conscious of a certain interest in the new-comer. It was a woman. If he listened intently he could catch the faint frou-frou of skirts. Her door opened—there

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was silence, then hesitating footsteps across the passage, and a tentative knock at his own door. Wondering, he threw it open. Someone stood there with a jug in her hand. 'I beg your pardon,' said a voice; 'I have just come—I don't know the house. Can you tell me where I shall find some water? I have rung and rung, and no one answers.'

"'There is no one to answer,' explained the boy. 'Let me get the water for you, the bath-room is down two flights.'

"'Oh, I couldn't trouble *you*.' And the voice was shocked at the very idea.

"'Hot or cold?' asked the boy.

"I think," said the man, optimistically, "that the boy would have acted in the same way had his neighbor been old and ugly. As a matter of fact she was neither. She was—but what is the use of describing her?"

"All the use in the world," retorted the woman. "I want to know what she looked like."

"She was lovely, then," cried the man, "absolutely lovely. She had quantities of black hair—not hard and shiny, as black hair often is, but soft and cloudy; and an oval, white face; and eyes like stars, and an adorable mouth——"

"He was quite right to go for the water," approved the woman.

"And she was young," the man went on—"ridiculously, deliriously young."

"She was eighteen," said the woman, firmly, "every day of it."

"Half a dozen times that night the boy wakened up and wondered sleepily why he should feel happy—and then would remember that the girl was in the room across the passage."

"The girl wasn't sleeping at all," said the woman. "She had never been alone in a lodging before; and she was frightened. It comforted her, though, to remember that if anything really terrible happened, the boy was there to help her."

"Of course, he was not likely to see her again, the boy told himself; how was it possible?—and yet his heart beat high, and he mounted the stairs three steps at a time, when the next evening he came back to his room. She was in: the light streamed through her transom and she was singing to herself. Her voice just suited her—fresh and gay and very sweet."

"She couldn't sing at all," said the woman, unkindly. "She had never had a lesson in her life, and she swallowed her words."

"That is nonsense," cried the man, "for the boy could catch every syllable of the song she was singing. It began:

'We are in love's land to-day,
Where shall we go,
Love, shall we start or stay
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in love's hand to-day
Where shall we go?'

"Later on he learned that the name of the song was 'Love at Sea,' but he always called it 'the girl's song.'

"The girl could have had but few friends in New York, for she was always alone in the evenings, the boy found. Sometimes she was very quiet, but oftener she sang. When she sang he would leave his room quietly, and tiptoe along the passage and listen to her. He knew he was taking an unfair advantage in doing this—eavesdropping, to put it plainly, but he was never able to resist the temptation. Then one night she opened her door suddenly and caught him. 'I—I—do so enjoy hearing you sing,' he stammered, miserably, in answer to her look of amazement."

"She knew perfectly well that he was there," interrupted the woman; "she had heard him every time he came to her door."

"The girl blushed, and then laughed, and then blushed again," said the man. "'Wouldn't you hear me better if you were in my room?' she suggested. 'Do come in. I wish you would. You don't know how dull I am all by myself.'

"Oh, the happy days that came now, the happy, happy days. In all his life the boy had never had a friend. And a girl friend! The charming comradeship was a perpetual wonder to him. How they laughed, those two, over their small jokes and over their sorrows, too. The boy found himself confiding, what he had believed would never pass his lips: the story of his first months in New York. How the girl thrilled with anger at the purblindness of all critics; how she grieved over the dark days and nights when the boy had come face to face with bitter want; how she applauded the spirit which had led him to accept any position, however humble, rather than return to his native town in the character of vanquished. In the glow of her sympathy his bitterness melted and disappeared.

"I must confess," acknowledged the

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man, "that he took shameless advantage of her good-nature. The big MSS. box was opened again, and night after night the girl was called on to listen to the boy's bombastic poems, to his grandiloquent prose."

"The things were splendid," cried the woman, indignantly, "simply splendid. They were far too good to succeed, that was all."

"The boy found out all about the girl, of course. She was a singularly lonely girl."

"The loneliest in all the world, till the boy came," said the woman, softly.

"She had almost no money, and was secretary to a rich old gentleman who wished to leave his memoirs to a world that had always treated him well.

"Yes, they were shockingly poor, these two, and yet how much they got from life. Oh, the wonderful Sunday excursions, with only a dollar between them. The country is always the country, even if one reaches it on a cheap excursion-train. Were the people faring sumptuously at the country clubs happier than the boy and girl, eating their sandwiches in some shady place, and washing them down with water from a convenient spring? I very much doubt it."

"The sandwiches probably gave them indigestion," said the woman, pessimistically.

"Never," cried the man, triumphantly. "They were young, lady—gloriously, imperviously young.

"How, the boy often asked himself, had he borne for so long the interminable evenings in his dreary room, with pipe and impotent regrets for all his company? In the room that the girl's photographs and books and belongings made so homelike the hours went all too quickly. The boy had a voice of sorts, the girl discovered, and she taught him all her songs. They bought a guitar. Oh, this was a desperate extravagance, entailing a month of saving. The boy even went without his lunches."

The woman made a little moan of pity—"How could he, how could he?"

"Oh, he made it up at dinner," the man assured her. "He eat so much then that the girl opened wondering eyes at him, and his landlady regarded him coldly.

"But Saturdays were their festival evenings—Saturday was pay-day for them both. Of course," said the man, "when one lives on a certain sum of money that comes in weekly, one really is no richer on pay-day than on any other—but do you think you could ever have convinced the girl and boy of this? With $15 apiece they were millionaires. Destitute next Friday? Very likely—but they were wealthy now, and so, as became persons of independent means, they dined out.

"I question if you and I should have enjoyed these dinners at fifty cents, with wine thrown in. The soup was probably greasy, the fish of yesterday, and the entrées fit subjects for dread to the distrustful. But the boy and girl, looking across the dingy little table at one another, listening to the music, laughing at and with the other diners, were too happy to notice what they eat. The girl always looked so pretty that the boy's heart swelled with pride, and then contracted with a desire to punch the head of every man who looked at her. I don't suppose she had many clothes——"

"She had none," cried the woman, tragically, "absolutely none."

"Probably," the man hazarded, "that embroidered frock you are wearing, that has such an entirely delusive air of being nothing but a shirt-waist and a skirt, cost as much as her yearly wardrobe."

The woman did a little sum with the aid of her fingers.

"Nearly twice as much," she announced, mournfully.

"And yet," said the man, "the girl was always well dressed. She made herself the most wonderful things out of bits of ribbon and chiffon, and she had a way of wearing her hats. There was a mauve linen dress and a little white straw hat that the boy can see now if he closes his eyes. She used to wear them in summer when she walked across the square with him on his way to the office—her work did not begin till ten o'clock. The summer morning itself was not more fresh than she was then. The radiant vision of her remained with the boy all day, glorifying the whole dark, breathless store.

"Oh, well! to each one of us on the earth is probably given an equal share of happiness. If the boy took all his portion in one great gulp, had he any right to complain that the after years were hungry ones? He was happy then. Whatever came afterward, he was happy then. I want you always to remember," said the man, leaning forward and addressing the woman directly, "that the boy was happy then.

"Of course he loved the girl. Ye gods! how he did love her!"

"He never told her so," said the woman.

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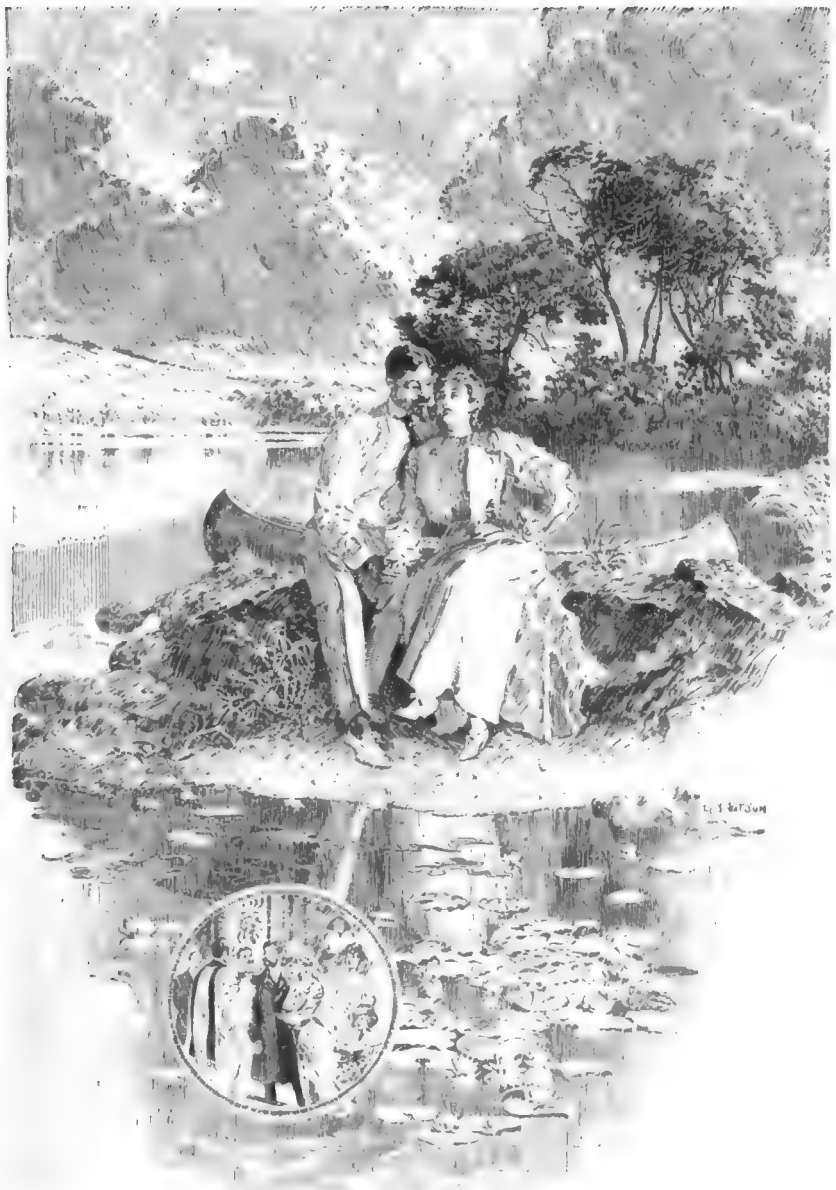

She had closed the red umbrella, and her eyes, fixed on the man's face, were dark with some emotion.

"How could he?" asked the man. "Think of the position. There she was, living all by herself, without friends, or chaperons, or any of the safeguards that surround most girls. He couldn't hope to marry her for years. What a—what a cad he would have been to take advantage of her defencelessness and make love to her! And then again, though, of course, she knew that he loved her, every glance of his eyes, every tone of his voice must have told her that, he never was quite sure that she felt more than friendship for him. And she needed a friend so much—how could he, out of a selfish desire for assurance, run the risk of destroying for her the happiness of the existing relationship? Oh, no! he could not have spoken to her then. But what it entailed on him of self-control, his silence, his inaction! She had a

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way, dear innocent heart, of coming close to him; of leaning over him while he was working—did I tell you that she had coaxed him into writing again?—that made him catch his breath with the longing to take her in his arms and kiss her, kiss her, kiss her, but he never did."

"No," said the woman, "he never did."

"Let us finish the story there, with him happy," suggested the man.

"No"—the woman's voice was peremptory—"I want to hear it all."

"Well," said the man, "as you are not the great American public, perhaps a pleasant ending is not imposed on me.

"Once, late in February, the boy came home across the square. He will always remember how the square looked that evening. In the southwest the sky was full of primrose lights; the roof-line of the houses was outlined black and jagged against it, and the bare branches of the trees showed up shadowy and spectral. Here and there the snow still lay on the ground, but in the air was the great change of spring. The wind came damply soft, carrying the promise of the growth that was to be. The boy's heart swelled with the magic of it all, and he wished, as he always did when he experienced any emotion whatever, that the girl were with him.

"He had been rather troubled about the girl of late. In some way, that he could not lay his finger on, she was changed. At times she was merrier than ever, and then again came moments of reserve—of—of——"

"Crossness?" suggested the woman.

"Crossness!" cried the man; "she could not have been cross had she wanted to—no, moments of uncertainty—periods when she withdrew into some mysterious remoteness where the boy could not follow her, try as he would. Some barrier, impalpable if you will, was growing up between them, and because he loved her, this made him most unhappy.

"But on this evening the barrier seemed gone. Never, oh, never had she been more dear. She had a dozen whimsical tales of the day's happenings for him, a score of friendly, caressing little speeches. She bewildered him with her gayety and her sweetness.

"And then all at once, the color and the laughter left her, and she stood before him white and trembling.

"'I have something to show you—read this,' she whispered, drawing a folded paper from the front of her frock. And the boy read it. It was from the rich man whose secretary she was. He was old and sad, it said, and he wanted the sunshine and the gayety of the girl in his dreary life. If she would come to him, all that affection and money could give should be hers. I think," said the man, "indeed, I am sure that it was a touching letter, but the boy, in the arrogance of his youth, laughed as he read it. The wife of an old man? His girl? He looked at the girl and waited for the rapturous little gurgle with which she always welcomed his appreciation of one of her jokes. But 'What are you laughing at?' she asked, angrily. 'I see nothing to laugh at. It is a wonderful chance.'

"'You are not serious?' cried the boy.

"'Why not?' she retorted, and then he realized. Why not, why not, indeed? There she was, so pretty and so young, and what had he to offer her? Years of waiting and hard work; and then when her youth was gone, poverty and more hard work. And how much this other man could give her—ease, position, friends—all that should be hers by divine right. If she had loved him, ah, then—but she didn't or she could never have shown him the letter. Her beautiful friendliness had misled him, but that was his own fault. Was it for him to play the part of dog in the manger?

"When he left her," said the man after a pause, "he took with him a letter in which she accepted the old man's offer. He kissed her little cold hands at the door—ah, me! how often he had dreamed of the time when he should first kiss those hands! 'Good-by, little friend,' he said, 'good-by.'

"'Good-by,' she whispered. The boy was glad that she, too, said good-by and not good-night."

"How could he," cried the woman, "oh, how could he treat her so?"

"Why, what else could he have done?" The man's voice was startled.

"He could have taken her in his arms and comforted her," answered the woman, passionately. "Couldn't he see that her heart was breaking? What had she ever said, what had she ever done to make him think that she wanted money more than him?"

"Then why, in God's name, why—?" the man began.

"It was a test," cried the woman—"a test to find out whether he loved her. She never

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knew, she never was sure. He was so—so cold. How could she guess at his ridiculous scruples? *She* had no scruples. She loved him, and nothing else in the whole world mattered. And if he did not love her, why nothing else mattered either. Friendship—what did she care for that? When she used to come and lean over him as he worked, you think it was an accident? It was not an accident. She was saying to herself all the time: 'Let me get close to him and he will have to kiss me,' and when he let her go without even a touch, what could she think? I suppose she seems to you horrid, but she wasn't horrid, she was only loving. When that letter came, she thought: 'I shall show it to him, and shall pretend I am going to say yes. Surely, surely if he cares, the thought of losing me will frighten him into telling me the truth.' And then—then—when he urged, yes, urged her to marry someone else, how do you suppose it seemed to her? If she had been older, wiser, she would have insisted on an explanation or at least have waited—but she wasn't old or wise, and all she knew was that she was suffering horribly, and that the boy must never, never guess. So she rushed blindly down what seemed to her an avenue of escape. Why, oh, why," cried the woman, miserably, "does God let people make such dreadful mistakes?" Turning round she buried her face in the cushions and wept.

"My story is not finished," said the man. There was nothing now of the look that the woman characterized as *cui bono* in his face. "Listen! Fortune did not prove all niggard to the boy. Later on, much that he had wished for came to him. But something curious had happened to him on the day of the girl's wedding.

"Coming back from the church where he had seen her married he went into her room, her desolate little room, and hid his face in the pillow about which still lingered the faint perfume of her cloudy hair, and sobbed for hours. During that anguish of grief something inside of him died—his capacity for feeling. When success at last came, he was conscious of no elation. Thereafter when he looked at beautiful things he felt no pleasure. Sad stories did not move him. He was even perfectly indifferent in regard to the girl herself. That her husband was dead he once heard, but he was not sufficiently interested to ask any further news of her."

"And she was learning off by heart every word he wrote," wept the woman, "and treasuring the least little newspaper paragraph that mentioned him."

"At first," went on the man, "he was terribly troubled at his numbness, but in time he grew rather proud of being a living corpse—a dead heart saves one a lot of trouble. And then, after ten years, he met the girl, and the moment, the first moment that he saw her—grown a hundred times more beautiful and more sweet—he knew that his heart was not dead at all, that it had only slept to make the time go quickly till she came again. Of course, he tried not to let her see—he never meant—she was so great, so splendid, how could a miserable novelist hope——?"

The woman sat up and faced him.

"Oh," she cried, furiously. "I believe you are capable of letting me go a second time."

The Silences

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I left the throbbing city's thundering mart
For the great patience that the hills impart,
For the white quiet of the steadfast hills (oh, the great hills' deep heart!).

I left the clamor of the world; I flew
Back to the olden peace I one time knew,
Back to the waiting restfulness, back to the heart of you!

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

A GODSEND

I HAVE just finished reading the second article of your series on "Consumption, the Great White Plague," and I want to tell you it is the most valuable article ever written upon this worn-out subject—valuable to professional men as well as the laity. I wish every physician could read it; I wish every layman could read it. I say without hesitation it has done me more good than all my lectures, demonstrations, microscopical examinations, etc., at college, and hundreds of lectures and papers since. The plain facts, so simply but forcibly expressed, tell the truth about this Great White Plague, so that everyone who reads can understand. And more—the prevention, the cure of this monster disease is placed within the reach of the poorest, most ignorant person! The article is a godsend, and I want to extend my thanks cordially for your enterprise in presenting such a timely, practical subject in a way that will reach the people.

Something must be done to stop the inroads of this curse, which is growing worse every day, and you have started in the right direction. Keep up the good work, and you will find sincere encouragement from those who are working for the interests of the *people*.

My best wishes and thanks accompany this feeble appreciation of your good work.

Paducah, Ky. DAVID T. STUART, M.D.

CRIMINAL KINDNESS

THE subject recently discussed in EVERYBODY'S by Mr. Eugene Wood is one which has long been much in need of "straight talk," and the discussion of which may be productive of much good. One phase of it which appeals most forcibly to consumptives themselves is the failure of physicians and friends to warn them plainly of their danger before it is too late for them to battle successfully with their enemy. The consumptive himself is the last one to realize the fact that he is a consumptive. He may recognize the disease readily enough in others in whom it is even less advanced than in himself, and yet be wholly unaware of his own condition. Hence the great need for someone to warn him in exceedingly plain language both for his own good and for the protection of those around him. And yet friends and physicians refrain from telling him the truth from some mistaken idea of kindness in saving him from anxiety.

In January, 1894, I fell ill with "the grip." Afterward I had a hacking cough, my weight decreased, my strength gradually left me, and the weary history of the consumptive who knows not the cause of his suffering began. In 1896, after two years of invalidism, and at a time when my cough was almost incessant, I consulted a physician who was and is a professor in one of the half-dozen largest medical schools in the United States and whose name, if given here, would be recognized at once by almost every physician in the country. Without having me remove any portion of my clothing, he listened for a moment to my breathing, explained that I had "a little bronchial catarrh," and gave me a prescription. It occurred to me that a prescription by so eminent a physician was worth preserving although I did not then comprehend the nature of its contents. I have it yet. Codeine to be taken once in two hours—a mere sedative to mask the symptoms of the disease without removing the cause. And not one word of warning as to my danger.

The following winter another physician treated me for months for some sort of "nervous trouble," without a hint to me as to the real malady, although I afterward learned that he talked the matter over with some acquaintances—not relatives—who, of course, did not feel responsible and did not warn me. I then had recourse to patent medicines and consulted no physician for more than a year. Having taken a severe cold which aggravated my trouble, I then consulted Dr. C——. He gave me something which he said was pneumonia medicine. Two months later I consulted Dr. W——, who listened a moment to the sound of my breathing through all my clothing, told me I was "run down" and gave me a tonic containing iron. A little later I consulted Dr. S——. He put his ear to my back for a moment over all my clothing, listened a moment, told me there was nothing the matter with my lungs, that the cough I complained of was epidemic, that he had it himself! A few weeks later, after a hemorrhage, I consulted Dr. I——. He was the first to use a stethoscope. He explained that there was nothing the matter with my lungs, that the blood had come from a small blood-vessel which had been ruptured in the throat, and of course my fears were soothed for a few weeks longer, until very severe hemorrhages made the situation obvious to the dullest. Even then Dr. I—— assured me, after using the stethoscope again, that an old pleuritic adhesion of no consequence was the only thing he could find wrong with my lungs. In a week or ten days when I was able to be about again, still another physician was called in. This time I was requested to remove part of my

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clothing, for the first time a specimen of the sputum was called for to be analyzed, for the first time the clinical thermometer was used. This time the report was that the case was one of tuberculosis of the lungs too far advanced to be amenable to the influences of any climate or to any known form of treatment; that all that could be done was to make me as comfortable as possible for the few remaining weeks or months.

As a drowning man grasps at a straw, I studied the question of health-resorts, chose one, went there, and early in 1899 became the patient of one of the few members of the medical profession who consider it their duty to see their tubercular patients daily, and carry out steadily and persistently courses of treatment based on natural law, to the end of saving the sufferers and restoring them to health and usefulness. Had I not met such a physician, it is needless to say that I should not now, five years later, be writing for Straight Talk.

Were my experience unusual, it would not be worth my while to write it nor anyone's while to read it, but the fact is that thousands of consumptives are having similar experience, varying only in the minor details, but the same in all the essentials. The lost opportunities for early diagnosis and early treatment are the same. I trust that the time is not far distant when the apathy of the general practitioner will give way to a clearer realization of duty and responsibility as regards his tubercular patients.

A Recovered Consumptive.

Asheville, N. C.

BENEFITS DESPISED

The late W. S. Stratton, the Cripple Creek miner who discovered the rich Independence mine, made a will leaving practically all of his fortune of six or seven million dollars to found and maintain a home for consumptive poor at Colorado Springs. As an instance of noble charity on the part of a millionaire, there has been none equalling this. But the citizens of Colorado Springs object to having the home established there, and the leeches of the law are now devouring what was left by a noble man for a noble nucleus for a noble end. John J. Newton.

Salt Lake City.

THE OCEAN IN TOWN

The habit of spitting on walks and crossings can be checked by the tacking of small slips bearing the words: "Don't Spit on the Sidewalk" on the front of business houses, putting them as close to the walk as possible; also by agitation in local papers and the strict enforcement of the local ordinances governing this subject, e. g.:

The dry sweeping of sidewalks: The walks should be washed with a strong stream from a hose, and dry sweeping, now practised in nearly all California towns, should be made a misdemeanor. The streets of cities along the coast should be washed with ocean water and not swept. Streets of inland towns should be more frequently sprinkled.

Appointing of inspectors to examine rooming-houses and cheap hotels. Those houses not thoroughly cleaned at regular intervals should be closed until the inspector gives a permit for their reopening.

The placing of elevated cuspidors flushed with running water (as described in the May Everybody's) along the streets.

With the great rush of weak-lunged Easterners and Northerners into this state to enjoy its salubrious climate comes an added danger of contagion from the White Plague, and it behooves every resident of this state to educate along the lines suggested above.

A Peabody or a Carnegie could do his fellow-man and the generations to come no greater service than by purchasing a vast tract (or several tracts) of arid or mountain land and setting it aside for the benefit of those who are afflicted with weak throats or consumption, that they may reside on it in tents. Land may be secured at a low price now, but the time is coming when the value will increase so that it will be impossible to carry out this idea on the large scale of which it is worthy. Harry P. Rising.

San Diego, Cal.

THE MILLION'S OPPORTUNITY

Mr. Eugene Wood has pointed out a way of hope, not only for present victims of tuberculosis, but also for those whom he is saving from being the consumptives of the future. He recommends millionaires to build sanatoriums instead of libraries and universities. When I become a millionaire I shall adopt his suggestion, but as I don't think that it will happen very soon, I want, if I can't become one with a million, to become one of a million contributors to such a glorious work for our fellow-men.

Will not Everybody's start a subscription-list to build one or more such institutions? I should not make them "free hospitals," though I should have them for the benefit of the poor. I should have them even more than self-supporting. I should charge a fee large enough to keep extending the work in a chain that would be endless until the Great White Plague is stamped out. I should have a stated fee for each cure, payable in small weekly instalments after the patient is discharged, cured. I should have no entrance-fee whatever. Thus I should relieve it from the stigma of a charity institution and yet make it possible for the poorest to take advantage of it, making the instalment payment as low as fifty cents per week, if necessary.

I should even go further and provide a loan-fund to support the families of deserving patients while the bread-winner was taking the cure. This would go far toward giving the patients the mind free from worry, so essential to speedy recovery.

Chicago, Ill. Frank Towneley Watson.

BACK TO HEALTH IN A HAMMOCK

Several years ago I saw a pitiful object lifted from the train at a cattle-town in Montana—a girl of eighteen who looked thirty, apparently in the last stages of consumption. She was conveyed to a ranch in the hills, and for weeks lived in a canvas hammock day and night. Her appetite recovered in a week, in three weeks she was walking and gaining spirits, and when the fall round-up began, this girl, now well, sun-browned, and happy, rode the ranges, slept on the ground, and messed with the outfit, as hardy as any man of the crowd. Her absolute cure occupied five months and was accomplished by fresh air, good food, and an unworried intention to get well. That this cure is permanent I am certain, for the case is still under my observation and no return of the disease has ever occurred.

Along the lines of Mr. Wood's article I want to

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say that many people afflicted with tuberculosis will use the utmost care as to spitting at home, but on streets and in public places show the utmost disregard for the lives of others by consulting only their own convenience. Such people are contemptibly criminal and deserve to be looked after accordingly. Let those who are ignorant be taught and let those who know better be taught the first principle of civil government—the rights of others and their true relation to those rights. N. C. TITUS, E.M.

Silver City, Ida.

O LORD! HOW LONG!

I CANNOT sufficiently express my approbation of Mr. Wood's articles. They are being passed around among the consumptives here and I hope will accomplish part of their mission.

Thank God that Eugene Wood in the May and June numbers of EVERYBODY'S has again brought the crying need of our country to the front. Again I reiterate his statement that what we need most is sanatoriums not libraries, brotherly love not pharasaical culture. Like Paul, "I speak that I do know and testify that which I have seen." The father and wage-earner lying surrounded by flies, in a desolate room in a hovel, the mother with seven children huddled around her in the little kitchen while she bends over the wash-board, vainly striving to supply their needs. The stranger dead in a boarding-house, covered with the hemorrhage of the night.

I have been in health-resorts and seen them arrive, fathers, brothers, sisters, or mothers, coming the long weary way in search of the cure of the Great White Plague. I have heard the question: "Are you here for your health? We take no sick people here." I have seen them turned out of hotels because their cough had become annoying, and driven from place to place until at last they died alone, in some solitary tent or vacant house. Oh, I know all about it, for I, too, am a "lunger" and it needs a well-filled pocket to supply the care—the six meals a day, the milk, the raw eggs, that Mr. Wood advocates for his cure.

When, three years ago, my doctor gently told me I had tuberculosis, I made up my mind to bear it with "Christian resignation." I was taken from the hospital (they had no place for consumptives there) to a farm-house in the neighboring country—(it was near our family cemetery, too) and friends came from far and near to see "poor Allie, who the doctors say can't last three weeks," but with the breath of that fresh spring air, redolent with the perfume of flowering orchards and fresh-ploughed fields, came the resolve to make a brave fight for life. Raw eggs and milk were eagerly gulped down; I lived out-of-doors, daily putting flesh on emaciated limbs (I had been twelve weeks on my back), until when fall came I was able to go to the Adirondacks. And I went. Alone, and a stranger, to the little farm-house surrounded by mountains, where for six months I looked out over unbroken snow at the distant forests.

Rising early, after a hearty breakfast the two other boarders and myself donned our fur coats, heated our soap-stones, and wrapped in blankets, hoods, and mittens, hot water-bag in lap, we sat out day after day, pleasant or stormy; often with the thermometer twenty or thirty degrees below zero; often with the snow covering us like a fleecy comforter; an hour at noon for dinner, then back to the cold porch: supper, and then to bed in a room with two windows wide open, where the water froze in the pitchers. But we were repaid.

The trained nurse from Washington who had been urged to go back while able to make the trip some months before, went back cured; and has been about her usual work, and has stayed cured; but she takes a month's vacation in the open air every year and the raw eggs and milk "on the side."

My other companion hadn't the "t. b. c. s"; at least, she said it was only the "asthma" and I suppose she knew, for she was a physician who had studied abroad. She used no sputum-cup when she coughed, but always seemed to swallow something. She died six months later with tuberculosis of the bowels.

The writer during her stay went to see Dr. E. L. Trudeau, mentioned by Mr. Wood in the June number. A man, God bless him, who has labored thirty years in the service of consumptives and established a sanatorium, where, for the merest trifle per week, a hundred patients receive skilled care. He examined me carefully and said: "You are a brave little woman to come up here alone. Keep up your sitting out ten hours a day, and you will go home a new woman." And I did. My friends hardly knew the plump, rosy-cheeked individual, but alas! I hadn't learned my lesson thoroughly and plunged into more and harder work than formerly with the result that in six months I was ready for the Adirondacks again, where I went and again recovered my failing health. Business opportunity brought us to Arizona and here I live mostly out-of-doors, sleeping on the porch winters and under the blue sky summers, doing all of my housework possible on the porch. Indeed, everyone lives out-of-doors here. The dooryards contain cook-stoves; tables, beds, sewing-machines, etc., fill the porches, and the life which the best doctors of a big city decided would come to its end in three weeks has extended three years and a half, and "it's a good thing to be alive." Are you a consumptive? Take courage! "All that other folks can do, why, with patience, may not you?—only keep this rule in view"—*live out-of-doors*. Alas! I have seen many a relative sent out by the united economy of the ones at home, to a health-resort, who took the cure in by the cosey fire and went home in *the baggage-car*.

A young man occupied my porch all last summer. Business called his father home. "Be sure you keep Willie out, when I'm gone. He likes too well to lie abed." But parental authority was lacking. Willie did lie abed very late. By and by he didn't emerge until afternoon; soon he did not come out at all, and at Christmas-time the father came for the remains.

The father was a lean, spare man, who coughed occasionally and spat a good deal.

He remained in our house the evening before Willie was taken away. In the morning my husband called me. "Is this your idea of a Southern gentleman?" he asked. There, on the painted border of the floor, was disgusting, copious expectoration! Although a slop-jar stood only a few feet away. Does anyone wonder how Willie caught the disease? or the daughter who had gone only a year before, or the remaining son who has it now? I don't! I am a "*crank*," "a very difficult person to get along with," because I insist no one shall expectorate on my porches or lawn. I say every day of my life as I see women trailing long skirts through putrid sputum:

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"How long, O Lord! how long before we shall realize what our duty to our neighbor is?" Not endowing scholarships, giving libraries, and building colleges, but providing homes where the consumptive shall be taught the principles of life and his obligations to his fellow-men.

Mesa, Ariz. MRS. WM. F. SULLIVAN.

NO HOPE IN DRUGS

I WONDER why Eugene Wood advises us to consult a physician and follow his advice to the letter. I have known of scores of consumptives who have sought the advice of physicians, followed it to the letter, and—followed it to their graves. They will not give us drugs? Why not? They have nothing else to give.

The chances are they will tell us (or rather our friends): "There is no hope. You can prolong life by going to Arizona or Mexico," or some other unlikely place.

There is better advice than this. There *is* Hope and there is Health if we are willing to work for it and fight for it. Praise God for that.

Ellensburg, Wash. ELMA SCRIBNER MORGAN.

COST SHOULD NOT COUNT

WHILE pulmonary tuberculosis is no respecter of persons, still it is a fact that the great army of sufferers from this disease is composed very largely of a class who have not the money to go to the private sanatoria for treatment.

Every state builds hospitals for the care of those sick in mind; every city supports a hospital for its sick poor, except those sick with tuberculosis. Most city hospitals refuse to admit tubercular patients, and rightly, for there is nothing more sure to hasten the death of a tubercular patient than to be confined in the crowded wards of a hospital.

If states and cities provide hospitals for the treatment of all other diseases, why not make provision for the treatment of tuberculosis? Why not build hospitals where, without cost, the tubercular patient may receive fresh air twenty-four hours each day? The death-rate from the Great White Plague would be markedly decreased in a very few years by this method, and the cost surely should not be considered when so many human lives could be saved and so much done to rid the country of this dread disease.

Indianapolis, Ind. F. N. SHIPP, M.D.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD HABITS

OF my fifty-two years of life, over forty have been spent in a doctor's office; as a consequence the very able papers published recently in EVERYBODY'S on the Great White Plague, were read by me with great interest.

My medical experience will not allow me to agree fully with all the statements made in these articles. First. Unhygienic habits cause more cases of consumption than the tubercle bacilli we inhale. Consumptives may spit to their heart's content, and this sputum may dry and float in the air, and people may inhale these germs every day, but it will do them no harm, if they have correct habits. I returned this month from a visit to the island of Cuba, and the death statistics I brought home with me show that one-half of the adult population of Cuba die from consumption and organic heart disease. Caused by germs? No, caused by continual smoking, and the foolish habit of sleeping always in tightly closed rooms. Florida, less than one hundred miles from Cuba, has no consumption nor heart disease. This, I think, will prove my statement that habits, not germs, cause the consumption of Cuba.

Second. In treating consumption, no physician ever depends upon antiseptic or germ-killing drugs. What does he do? He uses every method known to medical science to keep up his patient's weight and strength, and beyond this his sheet-anchor is God's pure air and sunshine. Keep the patient out-of-doors all the time, never allow him for a single night to breathe contaminated or vitiated air, remembering always that bad habits caused the disease, and good habits only can cure it.

Howard, Kan. R. V. PEARCE, M.D.

UNNECESSARY MISERY

I READ with interest Mr. Wood's valuable article on consumption, and because I have witnessed so much of the unnecessary suffering caused by the disease I want to thank you for being the means of bringing help and hope to those who have it. I once spent two winters in the Southwest, and the suffering that I heard of and saw personally I can never forget. Climate—that is the word they conjure by. A land of sunshine is the Mecca of all consumptives, and oh the sorrow of it, and the uselessness! I have known men to sell all they had to go there only to die miserably—homesick, poverty-stricken, depending on the charity of the ranchmen.

I have seen the pathetic spectacle of a tired little mother with a brood of hungry children driving across the plains in a wagon, in the back of which lay the father, dying. Misery in all its phases was seen there, misery so useless, suffering so unnecessary, if only there would arise among our many millionaires one who would give to humanity bread instead of stones. BERTHA LOWRY GWYNNE.

Sumpter, Ore.

A FREIGHT-BOAT AS A HOSPITAL

YEARS ago I was consulted by a young man who worked in the shipping department of a large dry-goods house. He was in fair circumstances and lived well in a healthful neighborhood. His family history was good, and he was quite careful of himself. But he developed an obstinate cough and commencing consolidation at the apex of one lung—indicative of a tuberculous (consumptive) tendency. Cod-liver oil, etc., relieved him but little. I advised getting into some occupation out-of-doors. He went South, worked on a boat carrying merchandise, lived on plain food, most of the time in the open air, discarded cough-medicines, etc., and returned to New York—about well. But he went into business again in the city and his cough, loss of appetite, and debility returned. I urged him to return South and resume the work he had left. It was a struggle, but his father bought him an interest in a boat, and he went and lived a life of health in the open air. Of course, one swallow doesn't make the spring, but it helps to. This is one case that was drifting into confirmed tuberculosis, and recovered.

Brooklyn, N. Y. JEROME WALKER, M.D.

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A WOMAN SAMARITAN

In the wildest and most mountainous part of West Virginia lives a woman miles away from the nearest town. It is simply a station where maybe two dozen houses are clustered together This woman has a friend dangerously ill. The friend's brute of a husband goes off and gets drunk and plays cards, leaving the sick woman to get along as best she may. The poor woman first mentioned nurses her day and night, only stopping long enough to run back to her own poor but clean abode to do a little necessary housework and look after her own little girls. In addition to this, she takes care of the sick woman's lively fifteen-months-old baby boy. Another striking example of "woman's inhumanity to woman"!

New York City. LESTER H. GOODKIND.

SISTERLY LOVE ON A STREET-CAR

The other day a woman with two children, the eldest not two years old, entered a car. One of the "inhuman," who was sitting near the door, reached down and steadied the little one until the mother reached her seat. When she got off, the same woman lifted the eldest baby, went after her out of the car, handed the little one safely off the platform to its waiting mother, and then resumed her seat. Yet she looked as though she had done nothing extraordinary. MRS. W. K. HOUGHTON.

Washington, D. C.

WOMAN IS BORN TO STUDY WOMEN

From the cradle to the grave a woman finds nothing else quite so interesting as other women. She wishes them to be perfect, and she will become incensed that her friend, or her neighbor, should do so and so. Of course, you will say it is none of her business and it should not trouble her.

Now, the other day while I was walking on the board walk in Atlantic City, I was attracted by a lady who was walking along just ahead of me, and I became so provoked with her manner that I could not help talking of it, and commenting on her conduct to my daughter as we walked along, and I assure you it was not only myself that made comments either, for the men, too, laughed, and stopped to look at her and to pass remarks which were anything but complimentary.

The subject of these criticisms was a woman of enormous weight, with red hair and diamond earrings, who had come out of the Marlborough Hotel followed by a white poodle. She had it in harness, with a large bow of bright pink ribbon and a chain. One end of the chain she had wound around one hand, and in the other hand she carried a very large purse with gilt, or gold letters, each letter about three inches long and certainly very conspicuous. As she walked along her skirts dragged on the boardwalk. The poodle insisted on walking on her skirt, and almost tripping her at times. Then she would stop and scold it, and say in a loud voice that it was a naughty girl. And sometimes she would stoop down and pick up the poodle and carry it for a little while, but it would get restless until it got down again to run along and step on the woman's train.

Now, of course, this was no business of mine, but, as I said in telling someone about it, I was really provoked. Why? Simply because she was a woman. I did not like to see it. I felt ashamed of her, and it made me provoked to think that she, as a woman, did not have better sense than to make herself a laughing-stock. Now, had a gentleman walked along with that poodle, I should not have given the matter a second thought.

Woman's criticisms are where her interests are. She, being the weaker sex, discusses what seems frivolous to men and even to women; but each to their own nature and bent. It is a most wise providence, after all, that has made it so.

MRS. JEREMIAH COLLINS.

Washington, D. C.

NO CORNER ON KINDNESS

Mrs. A. lives in a large apartment-house. She keeps no maid, and is the only woman in the family. This winter she became ill. Every effort was made to secure a servant, but without success. Mrs. B., a neighbor, knowing nothing of Mrs. A.'s illness, chanced to call. Immediately she began to care for Mrs. A., and did so for days, tenderly and unwearyingly, even to "doing the work" when the hired transient help failed, and she did all with a tact and graciousness which wholly prevented that uncomfortable feeling of "obligation."

Mrs. C., another neighbor, hearing of Mrs. A.'s illness, vied with Mrs. B. in courtesies and kindnesses, "capping the climax" by securing for Mrs. A. an excellent permanent servant.

May we not honestly offset, by these instances, those cited in your magazine of the "refined lady," the "friend," and the "parrot on the fire-escape"?

As for street-car politeness, I can truthfully say that it is not at all unusual for me to have a seat offered me, in a crowded car, by girls and younger women, and as to being "put through the third degree of investigation"—whatever that is—perhaps I have been; but, if so, I must have received it as the young wife did her husband's reproof when he asked, "Did you not *notice* how I looked at you?" and she sobbingly replied: "Yes, but I thought you were *admiring* me!"

And what shall we say of this incident? An old lady entered a trolley-car in a large city. She was totally blind. Her companion, after seating her, paying her fare, and instructing the conductor, left the car. Two ladies quickly left their seats and came to the side of the old lady, left so alone, as if to reassure her; and I can vouch for the fact that, on the face of every other lady present, there was a look of tender, kindly interest. One lady asked if there would be someone to meet her when she transferred. "Oh, no," said the blithe, fearless old lady, "there is always someone to help. I often go alone. *Everybody is so kind.*" Now, surely, none but the rankest pessimist will limit that "*everybody*" to men.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ROXY BEAN.

THE WISE RULE FOR AMUSEMENTS

Anent your discussion, "Christianity and Amusements," it seems to me that the great Moody struck the key-note, when, in speaking to a large audience on this theme, he enacted the following object-lesson: Taking an empty glass from the stand, he dug into it with his fingers, as though digging something out. "Now," said he, "you see I am getting the air out of this glass; but it comes back as fast as I get it

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out." Such was the task of getting rid of worldly amusements by church rules and discipline. Filling the glass with water: "Now," he continued, "the air is permanently and successfully driven out." The wise leader tries to drive out hurtful amusements by filling the life with something better. Such was the attitude of this great evangelist toward this subject and it would seem to be a very wise one.

Our Lord speaks of the roaming spirit that one day finds a heart "empty, swept, and garnished." The place is ideal. He brings with him seven other spirits; they enter in; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. It is the empty life that falls prey to sinful amusements. To pass resolutions and thunder anathemas is simply to beat the air. *Emptiness* is the real and only sin. The command is no longer "Thou shalt not," but "Thou shalt." The real Christian life is positive, not negative. It asks: What *good have I done?* not: What *evil left undone?* This indicates the line along which effort may be most wisely and most successfully expended. Given a man whose tastes are daily more and more purified by high thinking and living and the question of his amusements may confidently be left to itself. L. G. HAMES.

Demopolis, Ala.

THE THEOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES NOT SO GREAT

We need to get together. There can be no doubt of that. How to do it is the question.

Broadly speaking, there are three forms of church government among Christians—the Episcopal, the Presbyterian and the Congregational. These forms of polity are not to be confounded with the Christian bodies that bear the same names. Some Methodists have the Episcopal form of government; other Methodists have the Presbyterian polity. The Baptists, as Dr. Hillis points out, are Congregational, and the Disciples of Christ also belong in this category. Difficult as it may be, the Christian Church, if it is ever to be reunited, must adopt one or another of these forms of government: the Episcopal, by bishops; the Presbyterian, by elders, or the Congregational, making each congregation autonomous. There must not only be "comity" between Christians, but there must be some administrative centre from which the affairs of this church of the future shall be directed. There is no ready-made solution of the problem, but sacrifices must be made somewhere. I do not regard the unification of the churches as very near at hand.

Nevertheless, we are working in that direction. The theological differences between Protestants, if we exclude some Unitarians, are not very great, or at least they are not any greater than we often find within the pale of one religious body. Congregationalists are notably variant in their beliefs, which is a reason why some advocate that form of polity as the ideal one. So, too, we find Episcopalians differing widely. Those churches which are most definite in their creeds or confessions are modifying them, and their rate of increase is not so rapid as that of the Christian bodies which are less rigid in matters of belief. Thus we see two encouraging signs of the times.

Furthermore, the position of the churches as regards matters of ritual and liturgy is encouraging for the cause of church unity. The day for acts of uniformity is past. Those churches that have a liturgy are making it more flexible constantly. We may have immense variety in forms and in ritual, while at the same time maintaining organic unity.

A third point in which Christians are getting together is in works of beneficence. A majority of asylums, hospitals, schools, and colleges are undenominational, in which Christians of various names, and some who are members of no religious body, co-operate in caring for the sick and fatherless, and in the training of the young. The institutional church is not the final evolution of Christian effort. It is doing great good, without doubt, but it is only leading the way to the ideal condition where the church, *as such*, does not teach sewing, cooking, stenography, and shoemaking, but so imbues its every member with the spirit of Christ that he spares no effort to uplift his fellows educationally, socially, and morally. Love is the prime necessity.

I feel sure that such a church will one day be realized, and that a strong organization, broadness of creed, flexibility of worship, and a loving and prayerful spirit will characterize that glorious Church of the future. REV. WM. CURTIS WHITE.

Key West, Fla.

NEGLECTED CHURCHES IN IDAHO AND WYOMING

THE writer is a travelling man, and Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, western Nebraska, and part of South Dakota is a territory with which he is familiar. In most of the towns and villages through these states there are from three to eight churches; the majority of them have no pastors; all are in debt, and still the different boards of Home Mission Societies are fighting with each other to install a new church of their particular stripe of religion in these very towns. What is the result? None are patronized. The people do not go to church. The preachers lose their enthusiasm, become disheartened, and think the world is going to the devil fast. The whole fault is that the denominations are fighting each other, instead of fighting Satan.

What would be the result were Dr. Hillis's plan put into operation? In towns of 2,000 or less we should have one splendid church, with a preacher who could *preach a sermon* that would keep the audience from going to sleep. He should have a salary of $2,500 a year; his assistant, who would visit the sick and those in sorrow, and still others unable to attend services, might get $1,500 a year. This man should be a good, hearty fellow, who would be cheerful, and not go around with a face on him long enough to eat oats out of the bottom of a churn. Still a third man to take charge of the musical end of the church-work, who would have two evenings a week for free concerts, where the young people could attend and be benefited, instead of debased. Then the church would be a power in the land.

For several months at a time the writer rarely attends church twice in the same town, save in Denver. His experience is that the average congregation varies all the way from thirteen to fifty. He has one instance in mind now where there were twenty-three present, including children, and the preacher said he "was glad to see so many present on this bright Sabbath morning." This in an Idaho town of 1,500 population! By all means let the Churches consolidate. D. H. JONES.

Denver, Col.

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THEODORE THOMAS

Dean of the Orchestral World

By CHARLES E. RUSSELL

THAT city of Chicago, whose history is so much like romance and apocrypha, whose achievements seem to touch the best and worst in civilized life, whose mingled and restless activities in commercialism and culture puzzle the foreign hardly more than the American visitor—Chicago of the stock-yards and the universities, of dazzling benevolences and daring crimes, has lately added to its notable deeds one that makes it unique among the cities of the earth. Quietly and apparently with ease it has raised by popular subscription three-quarters of a million dollars for the permanent endowment of a great orchestra.

They have good reason to boast of it, the Chicagoans; the like has not been known or dreamed of elsewhere. Orchestras there are and have been for generations as permanent institutions in all the great European cities (for in European civilization the orchestra stands side by side with the art gallery), but always subsidized, always maintained (as the art gallery is maintained) by government, municipal or national. So far, in this country, although orchestral music has been steadily growing in recognition as a means of grace, it has existed precariously by uncertain box-office receipts, by the temporary guarantees of the public-spirited, or, as in the notable instance of Boston, by the generosity of one philanthropist. That Chicago should be the first city in the world to establish it by the voluntary contributions of the community is something far more significant in the history of human progress than battles or sieges.

But even Chicago with all its prodigal generosity, with all the strange indomitable energy it habitually brings to its undertakings, whether of Mammon or of righteousness, would not have loosened its purse-strings for this object had it not been under the spell of an extraordinary influence. One man inspired Chicago with the idea of a permanent orchestra and with a love of orchestral music strong enough to make sacrifices for it, a man with a marvellous career so sharply illustrating the strength of fixed and concentrated purpose and the power of an idea as to be well worth your attention.

One of the really significant sights of Chicago is the great Auditorium on a Friday afternoon. There you will find 4,000 people crowding the hall to hear with reverent and serious attention the most advanced and intricate music of all ages. On the stage are ninety musicians, silent, alert, ready to begin. At a quarter-past two a masterful-looking man, quite gray, but obviously in the full vigor of physical welfare, strides quickly from the wings. At the stand in the centre he briefly acknowledges the applause, seizes the baton, and without preliminary or delay the orchestra glides as one instrument into the opening symphony.

As Theodore Thomas glances at the great hall filled with applauding people on these afternoons, his mind might go back more than half a century and recall another scene to which this is both the antipode and the crown. It might recall a boy, fifteen years old, curly-haired and blue-eyed, galloping along a Southern forest road to the next town, where he is to furnish a public entertainment, of which he will be manager, bill-poster, ticket-agent, door-keeper, and sole performer—on the violin. It might picture himself playing the violin on improvised stages in hotel dining-rooms, and contrast the solitary and fameless beginning with the culmination of a career that has extended over the whole story of orchestral music in America.

For forty-two years this conductor, composer, innovator, student, philosopher, artist, and father of modern music on the Western continent has been creating and leading great orchestras. For sixty-two years he has been before the public as an interpreter of good music. In his sixth year he was giving recitals on the violin; in his sixty-

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF CHICAGO'S MUSICAL DICTATOR.

ninth the international world of music regards him as its dean. In 1862, when he became conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, America scarcely knew what an orchestra was; in 1904, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis, and other cities have great symphony orchestras founded on the Thomas model, following the Thomas ideals, acknowledging indebtedness to the Thomas inspiration. In 1891, when he organized the Chicago Orchestra, it played at an annual loss of $100,000; in 1904, it has become self-sustaining in receipts, and the people have subscribed $750,000 to make it a permanent feature of the city.

This is the man that in America made Wagner the best known and most popular of composers; with the exception of the overtures to Tannhäuser and Lohengrin, every orchestral selection from Wagner that has been played in this country was first played here by Theodore Thomas. This is the man that first introduced us to the waltz music of Jo-

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hann Strauss, that aided in making the American reputation of Richard Strauss, that played for the first time in this country Berlioz, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, Dvorak, Smetana, D'Indy, Sibelius, Franck, Coleridge, Taylor, Bruckner, Grieg, Elgar, Hausegger, Glazounow, Weingartner, Charpentier, Bruneau. The first time the "Beautiful Blue Danube" was heard in America Thomas played it; the first time Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" was heard anywhere outside of one or two European cities Thomas played it; before Felix Weingartner's "Second Symphony" had been played in Berlin, Thomas had played it in Chicago.

It was Theodore Thomas who induced Richard Wagner to write the "Centennial March" and who played it with a great orchestra at the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. He built up, by long years of patient effort, the New York Philharmonic to a position of distinction in American music. He was the first orchestra leader in the world to introduce the "low pitch" by which the orchestral tone has been so much dignified and improved. All have it now. He was the first to introduce the practice of "bowing together" by which unison is secured. Nearly all "bow together" now. He is the only orchestra leader that plays classic compositions with the trills and figure ornaments as originally written by the old masters. His is the only orchestra whose members have no other business (teaching aside) except the orchestra, and his is the only orchestra that regularly rehearses four times a week.

His life has been resolutely consecrated to one object, the advancement of the cause of good music. For fifty-nine years he has worked for it in America. He came here when he was ten years old, a boy violinist, from Esens, Öst Friesland, where his father was the local band-master and a musician of some note. For seven years he travelled from

PAGES FROM A THOMAS SCORE.

From Mozart's Symphony in G Minor. The heavy black lines are Mr. Thomas's markings, including the parts for the woodwinds at the top of the right hand page, which were not in the score originally published. The other markings refer to bowings and phrasings and are guide posts to intricate shades of expression that the conductor desires to bring out. Mr. Thomas prepares his scores at his vacation home in the White Mountains

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MR. THOMAS IN HIS STUDY.

town to town giving performances where he could get audiences. Eventually he established himself in New York, playing first violin in the irregular and short-lived orchestral organizations that the slowly developing musical taste of the city alternately demanded and deserted; playing in chamber concerts, playing at the opera and at the appearance of notable artists such as Jenny Lind, Sontag, Mario, and others. When Jenny Lind sang before the Prince of Wales, for instance, Thomas was first violin; so he was in that famous chamber-music quintet of which William Mason, Bergner, and Joseph Mosenthal were members.

As first violinist in one orchestra or another, he had, in the absence of the conductor, been called upon often to lead, and herein was the slow, inevitable shaping of his destiny, for from these employments he came to launch at Irving Hall, New York City, on October 24, 1863, his first definite orchestral venture in his own name, and began, with an organization of sixty, his first regular season of symphony concerts; playing that night the Prometheus Overture of Beethoven and Mozart's Third Symphony. From that historical occasion he has been steadily engaged in interpretative leadership. Doubtless he could have been a famous violin virtuoso, perhaps the greatest of his times, for his musical endowment is extraordinary and the old accounts dwell with conviction on the depth and purity of his tone, his fire and feeling, and the accuracy of his musicianship. The attraction to such a career must have been strong in a man of Mr. Thomas's temperament, but the orchestral was the field for educational results, and he had already taken well in mind the problem of musical development in the new country.

On this subject he had and has his own ideas, and one of them is that you do not further the cause of good music by playing bad music. In other words, he thinks that it is better to adhere to the best standards and to wait for public appreciation than to try to lead people along the bloomless ways of musical commonplace. To his notion the higher forms of music, once comprehended, give infinitely the greatest pleasure and are of infinitely the greatest value for their reflex influence upon life, and he began with the resolution not to play anything else. He never has played anything else; even when he has had to fight for his ideas, and when his loyalty to them has cost him dear, he has clung to them with unshaken faith in the ultimate result.

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"The difficulty of understanding what is generally referred to as classical music is exaggerated," he said, not long ago. "It is not difficult even for those that have had no musical education. The moment a listener advances to a point where he can detect the main and the secondary themes in any movement of a symphony he has conquered the whole movement. Practically anyone can do that. The themes are always simple and after a little attention seem obvious. But no one will attain to that easy knowledge by listening to music that is below his intellectual capacity."

A long career of achievement seems to establish sufficiently his argument. He has lived to see Wagnerian selections the most popular in his programmes; critics used to bombard him with vehement scorn for playing them. He has lived to see such compositions as Beethoven's Third Symphony and Liszt's "Les Préludes" sway with unfeigned emotion vast audiences where once they fell upon unheeding ears. He must recall now with odd sensations that when he began to give concerts in New York the management of the hall thought no one would come, and added a gift enterprise with lottery prizes and china and embroidered pocket-books; and now Chicago is to build a $750,000 hall for him. He must contrast curiously the indifference and indignation with which his Wagnerian programmes were received in the seventies and the crowds that fill the auditorium to the doors when he plays them now.

THE EMBRYO CELEBRITY OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.
[From a daguerreotype.]

Yes, this wise man must be right. When he began with the Chicago orchestra in 1891 the petitions for the "request concert" were for the Tell Overture and the Second Rhapsody (to put the best face on it); and at the last request concert the choice was for Brahms' Second Symphony, a number by Sibelius, Liszt's "Les Préludes" and the "Scheherezade" of Rimsky-Korsakow. When he began, the majority of his audiences listened to his symphonic selections, obviously enough, as a matter of conscientious and possibly painful duty; now they demand encores of such things as the second movement of Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

From the moderate success of the Irving Hall concerts, he entered larger fields. The Thomas leadership and interpretation became recognized features of New York life; gradually the repute of them spread through the country. In 1866 he was playing summer-night concerts in Old Terrace Garden; in 1868 in better quarters at Central Park Garden. The next year his orchestra made the first of its annual tours through the larger American cities. In 1871 he began his work with the New York Philharmonic; in 1876 he was musical director at the Centennial celebration. In 1878 he became director of the Cincinnati College of Music; then came two seasons with the American Opera Company, of which he was conductor, and then the Chicago Orchestra. In 1893 he was director of the Bureau of Music of the World's Fair. At different times he has been the musical director of the New York Mendelssohn Union, the New York Chorus Society, the New York Liederkranz, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic

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Chorus. Since 1877 he has been director of the Cincinnati Biennial Musical Festivals.

Yet you get small notion from these scattered facts of the man's real activities. In these years he has played in every considerable city and town in the United States.

A SNAPSHOT OF THE IMPRESARIO.

He has instituted or directed innumerable musical festivals, and been a feature in innumerable musical events. He has drilled and conducted the largest choruses and the largest orchestras that have sung or played in America—once in Madison Square, New York, a chorus so great that he had to use a flag for a baton in order to be seen. He has brought good music into every corner of the land. He has collected a musical library so valuable that it is stored in a double-walled fire-proof building specially constructed for it. He has studied, read, travelled, observed, mingled with men, corresponded with all the famous musicians of his time, written, prepared, and adapted scores, labored steadily, exercised intelligently, lived rationally, and now in his sixty-ninth year is in the prime of life, of prodigious physical strength, with a tireless energy and the iron will of his youth.

Is not this a remarkable figure to be standing forth as a product of an age of materialism? It makes one think of the men that in the early centuries built up the Church. In truth, he has something of the fanatic in him, good-natured, tolerant, and kindly though he be.

He would not have inspired the people of Chicago to part with $750,000 if there had not been something in both the design and the finish of his work that came home to the minds of his hearers with that unconscious surrender to inevitable truth that we loosely call conviction. The choice of his numbers is the design of his architecture; in the quality of the sounds produced by his players lies the rest of the problem. In listening to a Thomas performance the strongest impressions, whether upon musician or novice, are invariably of the richness and nobility of the tone, and of the wonderful unison and precision of it—beyond all praise, a firm and clean-edged harmony, as if it were something tangible, something smoothly carved from solidity. To the peculiar Thomas unison the most eminent musicians have testified, Rubinstein, Paderewski, Joseffy, among them. This is the man's typical work; if we can learn just how he achieves it we shall learn what

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he really is and why he has been an influence so powerful during many years.

The task he essays is difficult. There are ninety men, let us say, whose operations of hand and mind, even whose variations of feelings (for such are the hard conditions of orchestral perfection) must be dominated and controlled by the leader's intellect, so that for the time being their hands, brains, thoughts, movements are his and execute his concepts, not their own. We are to remember that merely to impress upon one mind the feeling of another is as hard a problem as mankind has coped with. Here it is impressed upon ninety at once.

Come to a Thomas rehearsal and see how. The Chicago Orchestra season is from October to April. Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning in those six months, there is a rehearsal in the Auditorium, beginning at ten o'clock. The players come earlier, taking the places on the stage that they hold at a concert. At the stroke of ten, for he is like the sun for regularity, out walks Mr. Thomas, and takes up the baton. You notice that he is sturdily framed, with powerful shoulders, carrying himself like one accustomed to command, his head well up, the face strongly marked and full of authority, the short mustache gray, the eyes of light blue—the true executive color. As he raises at the same time his baton and his opened left hand, palm upward, the violins are lifted into position and the players are off on the first number of the programme to be played at the succeeding concert.

One of Mr. Thomas's peculiarities as a leader is that he never raps on his stand to start, to stop, or for any other purpose, and for this he has his thought-out reason. He desires that the men shall watch him constantly, keeping, as it were, one eye on him and one on the score. Therefore when he wishes to stop he drops his hands by his side and the music ceases. This morning the hands drop almost at once and the leader gazes reproachfully at the players.

"Ragged!" he says in German (for he usually addresses them in that language). "Ragged! Get together! Now then, *einmal!*"

So they start again. At the third bar the hands drop.

"Too much stress on the basses. Now don't play it tum-te-tum-te-tum"—humming the air—"but this way"—and he shows them—"*Einmal!*" And they begin again and again until it is as he wishes. If they play the three bars twenty times, no matter, it shall be just so. As they play Mr. Thomas talks to them, cautioning, encouraging. "Soft! soft!" he says. "Not so much! Now then, trumpets! Softer with the basses!" And so on with a kind of fierce persistence, going back and explaining, repeating and repeating, bringing up the wood-winds, repressing the basses, turning back every two or three bars—a figure of portentous energy, full of enthusiasm, prodigal of labor.

Presently you will become fascinated by his left hand, always talking, far more eloquent and persuasive than his words. His right hand sways the baton, marking the time with movements scarcely more than from the wrist. The left is the eloquent member, the palm upward, never quite at rest, keeping up an incessant fire of little signals which after a time you see are a comprehensive and varied language, indicating every shade of emphasis and feeling, the fingers curling up and relaxing, the hand moving from side to side, every motion a symbol in a vast and complicated code. It is this marvellous left hand that does the business. It does not swing about nor saw the woundless air with frantic thrust; it remains unobtrusively uplifted but constantly outpouring intelligence.

Many conductors habitually rehearse the different instruments separately to judge the defect and to secure improvement. With Mr. Thomas this is unnecessary for a significant reason. These years and years of conducting have so developed his powers of hearing that he can at will listen to any class of instruments and shut out the rest. He can do more marvellous things than that. With everything in the band playing *forte* and the great organ turned on he can detect a false note and the man that made it. He knows the individual of every instrument in his orchestra, and the slightest idiosyncrasies of his players. One of the leading cello-players recently had his instrument repaired between rehearsals and the repairer changed the position of the sound-post. At the rehearsal, Mr. Thomas, who knew nothing of this, regarded the player with some attention, and after the first number, said:

"Is that a new instrument you have there, Mr. Unger?"

His infallible ear had detected the slight change in the familiar sound.

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Hearing a steam-whistle blow, a friend suddenly asked to test him, "Do you recognize the note of that?"

"It has two notes," said Mr. Thomas. "The real tone is C; the over-tone is F sharp—or rather G flat." On the piano F sharp and G flat are the same; on the violin there is a shade of difference.

In New York he was conducting a musical jubilee with an orchestra of three hundred, and a chorus of one thousand. Many of the musicians had never played with him before. At rehearsal he was persistently annoyed in a *fortissimo* passage by a violinist in the back row, who made a wrong note. Not liking to humiliate him by calling attention to the fault, Mr. Thomas stopped and went back several times, but always the same note came wrong. At last he laid down the baton, walked deliberately to the erring one, and laying a finger on the note said: "You have played that note every time flat. It is natural. Please play it natural."

A BUST OF THE MUSICIAN IN THE STUDY OF HIS CHICAGO HOME.

False notes are his abomination; sad is the time for the player that makes one. For instance, one of the numbers this morning is the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal" and they are coming swiftly down a long *cadenza*, harps and basses going and everything at full tilt, when the hands drop and everybody stops. A kind of blue fire of wrath flames up in the leader's eyes as he glares at a young player in the front row. A breathless silence ensues.

"Well?" Mr. Thomas thunders at last, towering over the culprit.

He looks up abashed. "It was only a wrong note, sir," he says penitently, "that was all."

"Oh!" says Mr. Thomas, with deliberate and vitriolic scorn. "that—was—ALL—was it?"

You see as the rehearsal goes on that he is a careful, painstaking, indefatigable, and extremely trying drill-master, perpetually dissatisfied with anything short of his ideal, stopping to dwell upon each point until he has drawn from it the exact shade of color he desires. Often the drill on one number consumes one entire rehearsal.

They pass presently to D'Indy's Symphony founded on a French Mountaineer's song. It begins with a melody of about eight bars as the principal theme, rich and plaintive, played by the full orchestra. To the layman's ear it goes with exceeding smoothness, sweetly and effectively, but at the eighth bar Mr. Thomas stops. Now he wants the strings restrained in the first four bars for a background upon which appears, with a certain charm of distinction, the exquisite figures wrought by the wood-winds. It seems now to be perfect, but Mr. Thomas turns back. This time he effects about midway of the measure a certain emphasis from the strings that affords a contrast with what had gone before and heightens the color. What can be beyond this? But again he turns back, and this time he brings the strings in the last few bars in a kind of reasserted dominance indescribably plaintive and fascinating. The passage now clearly expresses three significances it had not in its first playing, and is infinitely more tender and moving.

This is Theodore Thomas at rehearsal. But the beginning of wisdom in the Thomas system is in the preparing of scores, and the time to see him at that laborious task is in the summer, when he is at his vacation home near Bethlehem, N. H. Every morning finds him at work on the numbers he intends to play during the next season No matter how

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well he knows the composition he studies it all anew. He has conducted Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, counting rehearsals and all, probably two thousand times; whenever he is to play it he studies it as carefully as if he had never before seen it. He marks on the score the bowing for every instrument in the orchestra from violin to bass; that is one great secret of the Thomas unison. On the string instruments infinitesimal differences in tone depend upon whether the bow is drawn up or down. To secure perfect results, therefore, all bows must move together. Mr. Thomas at this work stands holding an imaginary violin and bow, trying one bowing after another until he gets what he wants and, marking it on the score, proceeds to the next. He knows his work so well that the imaginary violin is to his mental ear as though it were real.

A singular bond of sympathy, respect, and affection subsists between this leader and his men. When it came to raising the fund for the orchestra the men gave $4,000 of it. In the band are many accomplished soloists well able to make fame as virtuosos; they gladly surrender their chances of distinction to remain with the "old man." Something of this feeling must enter psychologically into his control over them, which seems at times not to be rationally explained, but to belong more to the region of telepathy than of discernible things. At a recent musical festival in a Southern city a local chorus was to take part with the orchestra. One number had an orchestral prelude, the chorus to come in at a certain phrase. Four bars before the cue-note was one somewhat similar, and when that was reached the chorus, being possibly overwrought, or seized by some panic mania for blundering, promptly came in four bars ahead of the proper place. A frightful discord arose and the manager standing in the wings literally tore his hair. The whole performance seemed falling about his ears in hopeless ruin. But the next moment he found to his amazement no more discord, but orchestra and chorus moving along so amicably that only those familiar with the score suspected the imminent shipwreck. So to the end it went, smoothly and perfectly. When it was over, big-eyed and still mopping his brow, the manager sought Mr. Thomas.

"Say," he gasped, "I wish you would tell me how you did that."

"Oh," said Mr. Thomas easily, "I just jumped the orchestra ahead four bars; that was all." But no one yet knows how.

Recently the soloist was a young woman violinist, very nervous. She played in a concerto which has not the usual orchestral prelude. Doubtless her nervousness was to blame: she stood where she could not see the conductor, and she started away at tempo very much faster than had been used at the rehearsals. For an instant the whole concerto hung upon the brink of disaster, but in that instant the left hand had made some significant motions and brought the orchestra up to the soloist's tempo, although that must have been a matter of intuitive perception on Mr. Thomas's part.

This man is extraordinary physically as well as mentally. Now in his sixty-ninth year, no one can detect the difference in his vigor, endurance or bearing from that of the Theodore Thomas of forty years ago. Physicians have lately certified that barring accidents there is no reason why twenty years from now he should not be leading orchestras with vitality and enthusiasm. His work as leader has produced odd physical developments. That left hand, for instance, is a mass of muscles, wonderfully flexible as well as powerful. The swinging of his arms daily for hours at a time has given him the strength of a boxer. Not long ago in a country town an officious policeman undertook to block his entrance at the stage-door of the theatre at which he was to give a concert. Mr. Thomas courteously explained, then mildly expostulated, but the policeman gave no heed. The delay becoming irksome, and the precious Thomas punctuality being in danger, the *maestro* made a sudden movement, lifted the policeman in the air, and with a swing of those mighty arms tossed him into a convenient pile of scenery.

With the funds subscribed by the public the directors will build on the Lake front the orchestra's permanent home. It will stand near the sightly Art Institute, and harmonize architecturally with it and the other buildings of that interesting region. The orchestra is the natural centre of that genuine popular interest in music that has become in the last decade so marked in Chicago. Most observers believe that this distinction has been a result of Theodore Thomas's labors, and that from it has come another and finer influence discernible upon the intellectual life of the city.

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The Waterloo of Mr. Jimmy Rogers

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by Jerome Phillips Uhl

YOUNG Carol Cartwright, happening into the University Club late one afternoon, came upon a morose and dejected figure which sat huddled in a chair beside one of the windows. The figure raised a listless head and young Cartwright made outcry, for it was Livingstone.

"It's all about Jimmy Rogers," said Mr. Livingstone, bitterly. "This earth is not spacious enough for both Jimmy Rogers and me. One day I shall kill him, I expect, then there'll be no one left to perpetrate silly practical jokes upon me— No, I *won't* have a drink and I won't smoke. I've been trying for a week to drink myself to death, but it's no good. I can't forget my troubles."

"But why don't you get even with him?" demanded young Cartwright. "Why don't you think up some joke of your own to pay him out with?"

"Think!" said Livingstone, gloomily. "What do you suppose I spend my life in doing? I've devoted five years of painstaking endeavor to making him miserable, but he always goes me one better. No, there is no help for it. This last outrage of his has convinced me that I must kill him."

Young Cartwright shook an admiring head.

"You're wonderful, you two!" he said, sighing. "It is a pleasure to watch you. I wish *I* had nothing in the world to do but manufacture devilish traps for my best friend. Just you wait till you're married like me— you or Jimmy Rogers. You'll jolly well find out that life contains other things besides jokes." Mr. Livingstone was moved to jeer.

"But I'll tell you," continued young Cartwright, "what you'd best do. You come and dine with us to-night. We're still in town, we don't leave for a fortnight yet. Helen'll fix you out. Helen's ingenuity is something more than human. You come and dine with us and we'll concoct a scheme that'll make Jimmy Rogers wish he'd been born a hermit. Run along, now! You've just an hour to dress in."

Mr. Livingstone regarded him suspiciously.

"You're not in some game with Jimmy Rogers?" he demanded. "You're not trying to let me into more trouble? I've been had before through my childlike trust in people whom Jimmy had sent to me by way of decoys."

"I have not seen Jimmy Rogers for three months," said young Cartwright, "and you're

MR. JIMMY ROGERS AT HOME.

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"TWO LUMPS, JIMMY, I REMEMBER, AND NO MILK."

not being had. Of course, if you scorn my help——"

"Oh, I'll come, right enough!" said Livingstone, "and I'll take all the help I can get, too. Heaven knows I need it—it's only that I've learned to be suspicious of everybody. That is a good suggestion of yours about Helen. Helen's cleverer than all the rest of us together. At eight, then?—I'm off."

Some hours later Helen Cartwright sat back in her chair and wrinkled her exceedingly pretty brow in thought.

"Ye-es," she said, "that is a very good notion. You're really looking up, Carol angel! You'll be as clever as the rest of us if you don't look sharp—ye-es. I think I shall rather—like it, you know. Jimmy's a dear, even if he does love to lark with our only Gerald Augustus—" She made a humorous face at the revengeful Mr. Livingstone across the table. "And there was a day when—ah, well, he's a dear! I thought so long before you tied me to your chariot-wheels, Mr. Cartwright. How do you know," she demanded, "that this inspired scheme of yours is safe? How do you know that I won't turn serious and run away with Jimmy, or something?"

"You run away with Jimmy Rogers," said her lord and master, "and by Jove I'll make you stay there. I won't take you back. I can't think of a more awful fate than that. Fancy being tied up to Jimmy Rogers! He has two separate and independent love affairs every week of his life."

"Except when engaged in bedevilling me," corrected Livingstone. "That's a good bit of the time." He rose and emotionally shook the hand of Mrs. Cartwright.

"I expect you have saved my life," he said. "I was very low in my mind when Carol happened upon me this afternoon—very low, and rat-poison is to be obtained at any pharmacy. Now I am going to hunt up Jimmy Rogers. There's nothing like striking while the iron is hot. I shall just instil a bit of suspicion into his mind and I expect you will see him within a day or two. For my sake have no mercy on him. He has had none on me. He had me arrested by an S. P. C. A. man for cruelty to my own dog, Marcus Aurelius, just because I wouldn't let Marcus Aurelius sleep in my silk pajamas that Jimmy had put on him."

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He went out and called a cab and had himself driven to Jimmy Rogers's chambers in the Cadogan, where, greatly to his astonishment, he found that young gentleman at home in a dressing-gown and slippers. He bolted in unannounced and Jimmy Rogers made a laudable attempt to conceal a long white glove and a small bunch of dried violets which he had been holding in his hands as he sat at ease before the fire.

Mr. Livingstone apologized.

"I trust I have not—er—interrupted a *tête-à-tête*," he deprecated, peering into the other room as if he expected to find a second person.

"Certainly not!" said Jimmy Rogers, shortly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Livingstone in a tone of carefully studied insult. "Nice glove," he said. "Must be very warm in winter weather—keep your whole arm warm. I'll get some for myself if you'll tell me where you go for them." Jimmy Rogers regarded him malevolently and opened his mouth for retort, but thought better of it.

"I've been dining with the Cartwrights," said Mr. Livingstone, selecting a cigarette from a box near at hand and then absently dropping the box in his pocket—"the Carol Cartwrights, and they——"

"Did you get away with any of the spoons?" inquired Mr. Rogers, eyeing the recent site of the cigarette-box.

"I did not," said Mr. Livingstone. "How was I to know that you wanted spoons? If you can't get on without the Cartwrights' spoons, why don't you go after them yourself? Helen'd be glad to see you, I expect. She'd be glad to see anybody, poor girl!"

Jimmy Rogers swung about in his chair and frowned anxiously across the room at his chum.

"'Poor girl'?" said he. "What do you mean? Why 'poor girl'? I don't know any reason for calling Helen Cartwright a poor girl."

"No," said Mr. Livingstone, thoughtfully regarding the end of his cigarette, "I expect not. You have not been near her in some time. She said so this evening. She said it as if she—felt a bit cut up about your stopping away. I'm afraid that she and Carol—well—oh, it's nothing, I expect. At any rate, it's none of my affair."

"You ought to live in a country town and belong to a sewing-circle!" said Jimmy Rogers, rudely. "You ought to keep a cat and a parrot and wear gray curls, and watch the neighbors through your front parlor curtains, that's what you ought to do. You're a gossip!"

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Livingstone. "Go and have a look yourself, if you don't believe me. You used to be very keen on Helen before she was married. Go and see her. You have a revengeful nature. It ought to please you to see her unhappy with the man she preferred to you."

Jimmy Rogers turned back to the fire and sat staring into it, his hands on his knees, for a long time.

"I believe you're lying," he said presently, "though I always thought that Cartwright was capable of anything. Why, if I thought he was ill-treating Helen— I believe you're lying, but I shall have a look, by Jove!"

"Do!" said Mr. Livingstone, grinning safely in his dark corner. "Do! I really wish you would."

. . . . . .

The very next afternoon Jimmy Rogers was told at the door that Mrs. Cartwright was at home.

"Oh, this is good of you, Jimmy!" she said as he entered the drawing-room, "—but good of you! It has been such an age and I've really wanted to see you." She turned to the man who had announced him and ordered the tea-things to be brought into the small music-room beyond. "It's so much cosier there, Jimmy," she said. "This room is such a great church of a place!—oh, and I am not at home to anyone else, Barrow. That's a very pronounced compliment to you, Jimmy. I was expecting some nice people, but I sha'n't see them. I want you quite alone."

She led the way into the small music-room, which was really a sort of lounge with comfortable stuffed chairs and a fire, and a piano to give it its name. The late afternoon sunlight shone redly in through the curtains and blended with the red of the fire which wavered over the floor and was mirrored on the polished wood of the piano.

Mrs. Cartwright crossed to one of the windows and stood for a moment looking out over the avenue to the trees of the park beyond, and Jimmy Rogers, his mind full of the suspicions which the skilful Mr. Livingstone had implanted there on the previous evening, watched her keenly. He had seen her not more than a half-dozen times during the two years of her marriage and those half-

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dozen times rather formally, but he had once fancied himself rather in love with her and had felt a bit abused and ill-treated when she married Carol Cartwright.

It seemed to him now, watching her in the light of what had been told him, that she had greatly altered, that she was not at all the frivolous young woman who had used to sit out dances with him and listen with such delighted interest to his appreciation of her eyes and hair. It seemed to him that the girl had been metamorphosed into a woman much more than two years older than the girl had been, and that the woman's face showed care and disillusionment and a certain weary bitterness. As a matter of fact this was the sheerest absurdity, for Mrs. Cartwright had never in her life looked better or more at peace with the world, but the prejudiced eye is very apt to find what it is looking for.

"Ah, the tea?" said Mrs. Cartwright at last, turning back into the room as the tea-things were brought. "Two lumps, Jimmy, I remember, and no milk."

"Yes, thanks," said Jimmy Rogers. "By Jove, what a memory!"

"Oh, I remember a great lot of things, Jimmy," said she. "I remember—never mind! How are you, and what are you doing? Tell me about yourself. You and Jerry Livingstone are so little in America that we lose all trace of you. Jerry dined with us last evening. Did you know?"

"Did he?" said Jimmy Rogers. "Oh, never mind about me! I want to talk about you. You're—you're perfectly fit and—all that sort of thing, Helen? I know women hate to be told that they're not looking well, but—you look to me as if you didn't play enough golf and spent too much time sitting about and thinking of your troubles. That's no good, you know."

"Oh, a wife's not a girl, Jimmy!" said Mrs. Cartwright, turning her head away. "You knew me when I hadn't a care in the world. You can't expect me to be quite like that now. We matrons have our little tribulations."

"Ye-es," said Jimmy Rogers, watching her averted face. "Ye-es. Still——"

"Jimmy," said Mrs. Cartwright, facing him suddenly, "we used to be very fond of each other once, didn't we? I haven't forgotten. Women don't, you know. Well—just because of that, and—and it's relative to what you were saying a moment ago, sort of, I want to give you a word of advice. Don't marry! That's all. Don't marry! Now we'll talk about something else."

"I wish," said Jimmy Rogers, frowning anxiously toward her, "I wish you'd—I wish you could——"

"Well, I can't, and I won't," said she. "I don't at all fancy young wives who tell their troubles to the men they used to—to like. No, Jimmy, you're a dear, but you mustn't ask questions and I mustn't talk—not about that sort of thing. Let's talk about *us*. Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy! what times we had, hadn't we? I wonder if you remember them as well as I do."

"I'll wager that I remember them a great lot better," said Jimmy Rogers, fervently, "and that I've spent many more hours during the last two years in thinking of them."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Cartwright with a little odd smile. "I wonder, Jimmy."

"I remember them," said Jimmy Rogers, warming to his subject, "from the days when you wore a blue sash and little stiff skirts like a ballet-dancer and your hair in two beribboned pigtails—when I used to let you ride my bicycle, a high one, in Madison Avenue; from those days to the last times we had in Paris the year before you were engaged."

"And the trip to Robinson!" said Mrs. Cartwright with bright eyes.

"And the trip to Robinson," agreed Jimmy Rogers, "and the time you and your mother and I ran away to Luxembourg. And better still than that, best of all," said he, smiling reminiscently out across the room, "the day when you and I ran away from the picnic-party at Clamart to Meudon and got lost on the way."

Mrs. Cartwright stiffened suddenly in her chair, but Jimmy Rogers was not looking at her and so rushed onward to his undoing.

"That was the best of them all!" he said again. "I shall never forget that day, Helen. I remember everything each of us said and—and did. I've marked that day with the whitest stone of any day I ever spent." He became all at once conscious of the rigidity of Mrs. Cartwright's attitude and scowled at her questioningly.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "There's nothing about it to be ashamed of, is there? You made a poor chap very happy for one afternoon and gave him

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"WHAT DO YOU—I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN."

something to look back upon all his life. I don't see why——"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Mrs. Cartwright, coldly. "As it happens, I wasn't the girl. That is all. Your memory has its lapses evidently."

"The devil!" said Jimmy Rogers.

Mrs. Cartwright rose with some decision and went to the window, where she stood looking out for some time. Once or twice she laughed, a half-angry, half-amused laugh, but when at length she turned back into the room only the amusement seemed to be left.

"Jimmy, Jimmy!" she said, "you're incorrigible. By all rights I should be furious with you, but I can't be, somehow. People always forgive you, don't they? They always did. It's just because you're you, I expect. Come again soon, Jimmy, very soon. I think I need a bit of cheering up."

But when the depressed and penitent Mr. Rogers had withdrawn she went over to the fire, which was burning admirably, and fell upon it with the poker—beat it cruelly for no apparent reason.

"'Best of them all'!" she said, fiercely. "'Marked it with the whitest stone of'—oh, I'll pay him out for that! I was going to tell him, but I sha'n't now. I shall help Jerry Livingstone all I can.

"I said he was a dear. He's a brute!" Then after a little she laughed again. "He's a sort of dear, though," she concluded.

. . . . . .

"Do you know," said Jimmy Rogers that

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evening to Livingstone, "do you know I fancy you were right, for once—about the Cartwrights, I mean?"

"Gossip!" said Mr. Livingstone, reprovingly. "Scandal-monger!"

"Oh, you be hanged!" said Jimmy Rogers. "Now I dropped in there this afternoon by chance—I happened to be passing—Is there anything the matter with you, may I ask?—and Helen looked to me very bad—very bad. I believe that bounder ill-treats the girl. I don't suppose he beats her, but Helen has a peculiarly sensitive nature, and I expect he doesn't understand it at all."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Livingstone, hastily, "but I have just remembered an important engagement. I shall have to leave you."

Out in the hallway he leaned against the wall until he was able to walk to the lift. The lift-boy regarded his paroxysms with awed amazement, and a policeman followed him two blocks down Fifth Avenue under the impression that he was very far gone in drink.

The succeeding days, for a fortnight or more, he ever after counted among the happiest of his life. They were a healing balm to his lacerated feelings, for the benighted Rogers fairly rushed into the pitfall set for his feet. His bearing acquired each day a more impressive depth of mysterious reserve and, upon occasion, when this reserve was for the moment overborne, he became moodily argumentative on the subject of ill-assorted marriages and misunderstood natures. He was much at the Cartwrights', *tête-à-tête* with Helen, so Mr. Livingstone learned from Carol Cartwright.

"And I think," said Cartwright, proudly, "I think Helen's playing him along as well as even you could wish. He glares at me every time I meet him in the hall—fairly snarls like a dog with a bone, you know. I think Helen has told him that I beat her."

From Mrs. Cartwright herself Livingstone got very little.

"I'm doing all I promised to do," she said, evasively. "How should I remember what we talk about? Oh, it will take a long time to pay him out on my own score—his mixing me up with some other girl who got lost with him in the Meudon wood. That is very hard to forgive. Don't you worry! He'll be in no state to play any more jokes on you for some time yet."

But the climax of the thing came quite fortuitously and when no one was in the least expecting it. Jimmy Rogers arrived one afternoon and made his way at once to the little music-room where Mrs. Cartwright was in the way of receiving him. He found her there alone, sitting before a fire, as she loved to do, and it was characteristic of the degree of intimacy into which they had fallen that she did not give him her hand or smile politely or say that she was glad to see him.

Jimmy Rogers dropped into a chair near by and the woman looked at him quite soberly.

"You seem a bit pale, Jimmy," she said, "and a bit tired."

"I am tired," said he. "I didn't sleep last night, and that's a new experience."

"Ah," said Mrs. Cartwright, "you must go to my doctor. He gave me some powder things once that were excellent for getting you to sleep. He's really a rather remarkable sort of man. He never fails at anything, I should think." Mrs. Cartwright was not in the least interested in her doctor nor in his sleep-inducing powders, and she knew that Jimmy Rogers was as little interested as she herself, but she went on talking, a bit rapidly and with no thought of her words, because she was oddly afraid and nervous. There was a curious sense of strain in the situation, a tenseness, a hint of danger, though neither one of the two people had said anything out of the common or had shown any intention of so doing.

But after several minutes of this rambling monologue Jimmy Rogers raised his head with a little gesture of impatience, and the woman's aimless speech stopped short.

"What's to be done about it all, Helen?" said he. "It can't go on in this way forever."

"What do you—I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Cartwright under her breath, but she would not meet his eyes.

"Oh, yes, you do," said he, "I think you do. I mean you—your life, your whole existence. It's being made very nearly—impossible for you here and—and I can't sit by and pretend not to notice. I've been—we've been—you spoke of it yourself, the other day—too fond of each other for that. If it were any other woman, I'd—keep out of it. I know well enough how the chap is regarded who mixes himself up in his neighbor's domestic affairs, but I can't sit by and see you unhappy."

Mrs. Cartwright turned a bit away from him in her chair with a little, low-voiced, in-

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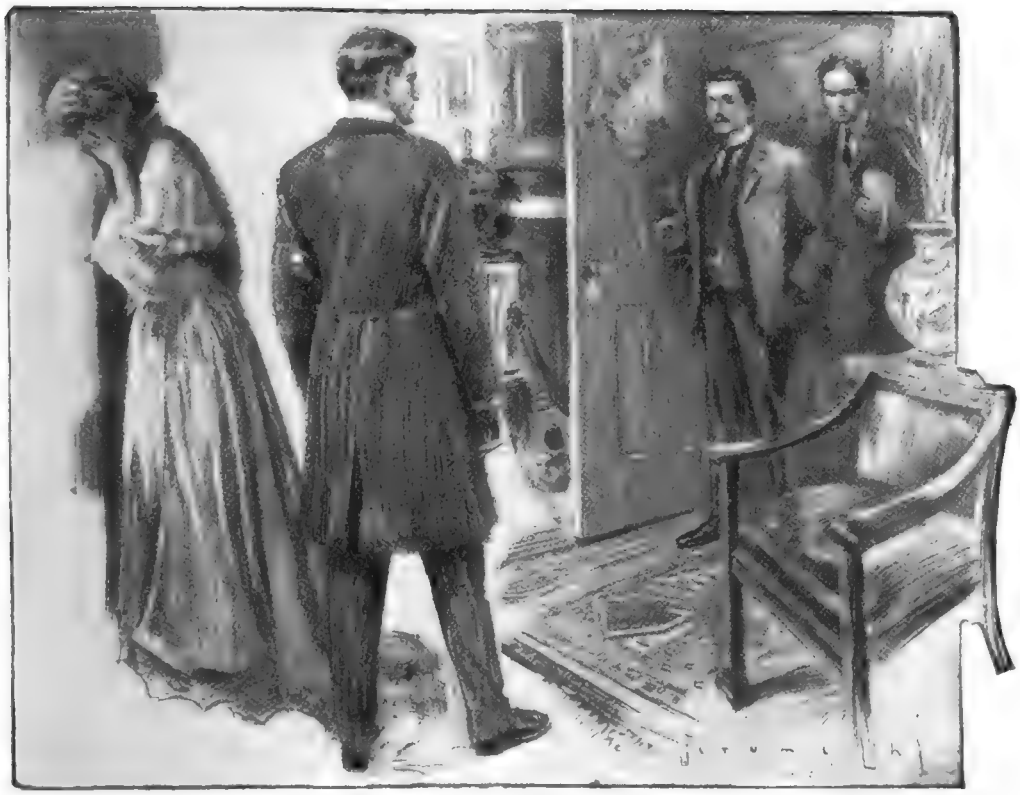

"I BEG YOUR PARDON!"

articulate murmur, but Jimmy Rogers leaned toward her, frowning anxiously.

"We've—we've talked about the thing rather freely, you know, so that it isn't as if —I say, it isn't as if I were—mistaken about the conditions. They're too bad to be borne." Mrs. Cartwright rose nervously from her chair and moved over toward one of the windows and, after a moment, Jimmy Rogers also rose and followed her.

"What do you want me to do, Jimmy?" she said presently, with her back toward him.

"Chuck it!" said Jimmy Rogers, "leave it all! It's the only possible thing." Mrs. Cartwright turned to him slowly. She was very pale and her eyes were wide and full of something which he could not fathom. She put out her two hands upon his breast and he felt that they were trembling violently.

"Do you—mean, Jimmy," said Mrs. Cartwright, in a slow whisper, staring up into his face, "do you mean that you—want me to leave Carol for—*you*, that you want me to —run away with *you?*"

Jimmy Rogers's heart gave one unparalleled leap of horror and astonishment and dismay, and his mind, as if he were drowning or falling from a height, ran backward at lightning speed over the past fortnight and over everything that he had said and that Helen had said, until he saw how reasonably she had misunderstood—how reasonably any woman might have misunderstood—his innocent concern for her happiness and his desire to see her free of that brutal husband and among her friends. He remembered now, too late, how they had sentimentalized over their fondness for each other before Helen's marriage, and he saw how she had misunderstood that. Then with that same unnatural swiftness of fancy he looked ahead over the life the two of them must lead together—the giving up of home and friends forever, the second-rate places and second-rate people they must live among. But he was essentially a thoroughbred and the notion of going back, of trying to evade what he had brought upon himself never once entered his mind, for, as the woman spoke, he had known what the curious look in her eyes meant.

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"I WONDER," SAID MRS. CARTWRIGHT WITH A LITTLE ODD SMILE.

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He smiled down at her gravely and between her whispered question and his answer there was hardly a perceptible pause.

"Yes," said Jimmy Rogers, nodding, "yes, that is just what I mean, Helen. I want you to come to me. I—lost you, two years ago. I want you back. Will you come? You can't stay here. That—man is making you wretchedly unhappy, but there's a great big world out yonder, Helen, with a great lot of happiness in it, and some of that belongs to us. Will you come with me?"

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" cried Mrs. Cartwright again in a gasping whisper, but there was a pink flush coming up over her cheeks and it seemed that she could not stir her eyes from his.

"Oh, I musn't let you—talk so!" she said. "Jimmy, do you—mean it? You and—I? Oh, it's like our old dreams that we—what am I thinking of? Jimmy you're—mad—*mad!*"

"I beg your pardon!" said Carol Cartwright from the centre of the room behind them. Mrs. Cartwright gave a smothered scream and collapsed against the window-frame, hiding her face in her hands, but Jimmy Rogers swung about to face the enemy.

"I came in," explained Mr. Cartwright, "to ask for a cup of tea. I did not expect to find a young man urging my wife to run away with him. My feelings," he said, querulously, "are hurt—very much hurt." He turned to Gerald Livingstone who stood a little behind him: "Don't you think my feelings have a right to feel hurt?" he demanded.

"They have," said Mr. Livingstone, gravely. "But whatever the state of your feelings, I beseech you, do nothing violent. Remember that there is a lady present. I should advise that you see this—person in your study."

"You are very wise," said Mr. Cartwright. "I will do as you suggest, though the feelings of a wronged and outraged husband incline me to a less reasonable course of conduct." He bowed formally to the petrified Rogers.

"May I ask," said he, "that when you have—er—finished your interview here you will come to my study across the hall? Thank you!"

He bowed again and left the room and Gerald Livingstone, shaking his head sadly, followed him out. Then Jimmy Rogers turned once more to where Mrs. Cartwright stood beside the window, laughing and sobbing together hysterically.

"Oh, can't you—see?" she cried between breaths.

"It was all a—a joke. Jerry wanted to—play a joke on you, and I—promised to help, but, oh, I—didn't mean it to go so far. I didn't, Jimmy! I didn't!"

Jimmy Rogers opened his mouth, but no words came.

"Then," he said, finally, "then you weren't unhappy at all? Carol doesn't ill-treat you?"

Mrs. Cartwright, leaning against the window-frame, shrieked weakly and shook her head. But after a moment the fit of hysteria left her suddenly and she came close to Jimmy Rogers again, holding him by his coat, and looking up into his face.

"I—didn't mean it to go so—far, Jimmy," she said. "Honestly I didn't. I—you were so—I lost my hold for an instant and we used to be—very fond of each other and—oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, there were two mad people in the room when Carol came—not one. Two, Jimmy! For a moment I—and now you must leave me. Go in to Carol and Jerry Livingstone. They are waiting to gloat over you. It was all a joke, Jimmy. Remember! All a joke—every bit!—oh, go, please! Go!"

Jimmy Rogers, like one walking in sleep, silent and dazed, crossed the room to the door. He turned at the door to look back. Helen Cartwright had dropped into a chair and sat there huddled, her face in her hands. Her shoulders were shaking, but whether she laughed or sobbed he could not tell.

"A—joke!" said Jimmy Rogers to himself. "A joke!" He rubbed a hand across his eyes and, with a final glance at the figure by the window, turned away out of the room. As he crossed the big drawing-room beyond he heard from the distance the triumphant laughter of Carol Cartwright and Jerry Livingstone, and, in spite of himself, an unwilling grin struggled at the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, yes," he admitted; "I expect it is a rather good joke, but I'll pay Jerry Livingstone out if I have to come back from the grave to do it!"

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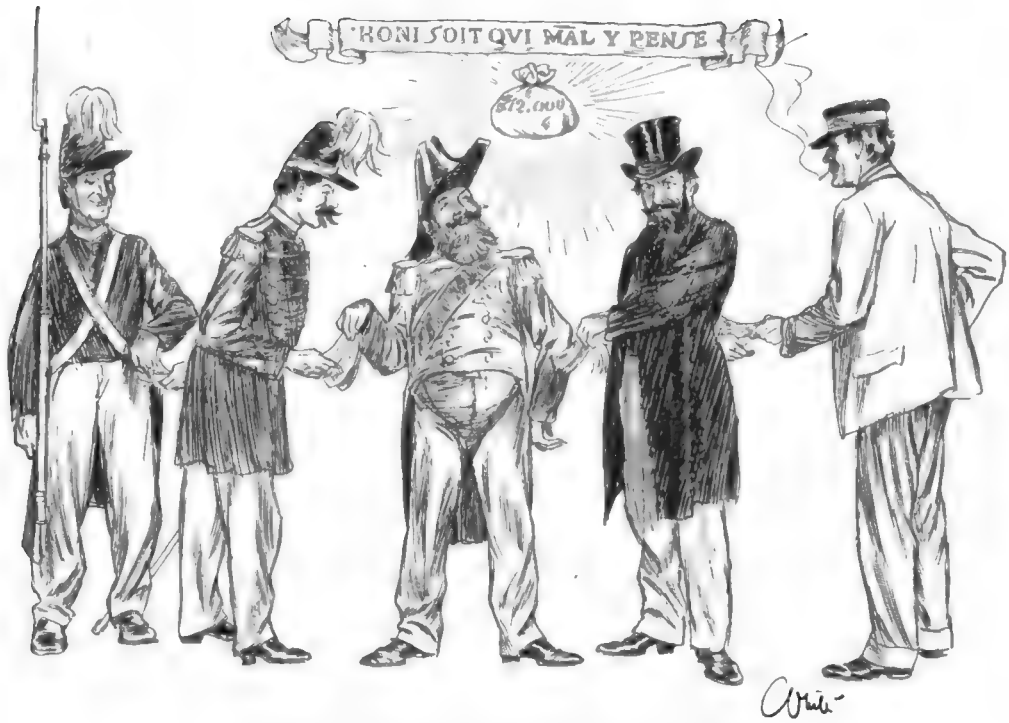

"THE NEGOTIATIONS WAS CARRIED ON SECRETLY."

Two Renegades

By O. HENRY

Illustrations by Charles Henry White

IN the Gate City of the South the Confederate Veterans were reuniting; and I stood to see them march, beneath the tangled flags of the great conflict, to the hall of their oratory and commemoration.

While the irregular and halting line was passing I made onslaught upon it and dragged forth from the ranks my friend Barnard O'Keefe, who had no right to be there. For he was a Northerner born and bred; and what should he be doing hallooing for the Stars and Bars among those gray and moribund veterans? And why should he be trudging, with his shining, martial, humorous, broad face, among those warriors of a previous and alien generation?

I say I dragged him forth and held him till the last hickory leg and waving goatee had stumbled past. And then I hustled him out of the crowd into a cool interior; for the Gate City was stirred that day, and the hand-organs wisely eliminated "Marching Through Georgia" from their repertories.

"Now, what deviltry are you up to?" I asked of O'Keefe when there were a table and things in glasses between us.

O'Keefe wiped his heated face and instigated a commotion among the floating ice in his glass before he chose to answer.

"I am assisting at the wake," said he, "of the only nation on earth that ever did me a good turn. As one gentleman to another, I am ratifying and celebrating the foreign policy of the late Jefferson Davis, as fine a statesman as ever settled the financial question of a country. Equal ratio—that was his platform—a barrel of money for a barrel of flour—a pair of $20 bills for a pair of

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boots—a hatful of currency for a new hat—say, ain't that simple compared with W. J. B's little old oxidized plank?"

"What talk is this?" I asked. "Your financial digression is merely a subterfuge. Why were you marching in the ranks of the Confederate Veterans?"

"Because, my lad," answered O'Keefe, "the Confederate Government in its might and power interposed to protect and defend Barnard O'Keefe against immediate and dangerous assassination at the hands of a blood-thirsty foreign country after the United States of America had overruled his appeal for protection, and had instructed Private Secretary Cortelyou to reduce his estimate of the Republican majority for 1905 by one vote."

"Come, Barney," said I, "the Confederate States of America has been out of existence nearly forty years. You do not look older, yourself. When was it that the deceased government exerted its foreign policy in your behalf?"

"Four months ago," said O'Keefe promptly. "The infamous foreign power I alluded to is still staggering from the official blow dealt it by Mr. Davis's contraband aggregation of States. That's why you see me cake-walking with the ex-rebs to the illegitimate tune about cinnamon-seeds and cotton. I vote for the Great Father in Washington, but I am not going back on Mars' Jeff. You say the Confederacy has been dead forty years?—well, if it hadn't been for it, I'd have been breathing to-day with soul so dead I couldn't have whispered a single cuss-word about my native land. The O'Keefes are not overburdened with ingratitude."

I must have looked bewildered. "The war was over," I said vacantly, "in——"

O'Keefe laughed loudly, scattering my thoughts.

"Ask old Doc Millikin if the war is over!" he shouted, hugely diverted. "Oh, no! Doc hasn't surrendered yet. And the Confederate States!—well, I just told you they bucked officially and solidly and nationally against a foreign government four months ago and kept me from being shot. Old Jeff's country stepped in and brought me off under its wing while Roosevelt was having a gunboat repainted and waiting for the National Campaign Committee to look up whether I had ever scratched the ticket."

"Isn't there a story in this, Barney?" I asked.

"No," said O'Keefe; "but I'll give you the facts. You know I went down to Panama when this irritation about a canal began. I thought I'd get in on the ground floor. I did, and had to sleep on it, and drink water with little zoos in it; so, of course, I got the chagres fever. That was in a little town called San Juan on the coast.

"After I got the fever hard enough to kill a Port-au-Prince nigger, I had a relapse in the shape of Doc Millikin.

"There was a doctor to attend a sick man! If Doc Millikin had your case, he made the terrors of death seem like an invitation to a donkey-party. He had the bedside manners of a Piute medicine-man and the soothing presence of a dray loaded with iron bridge-girders. When he laid his hand on your fevered brow you felt like Cap John Smith just before Pocahontas went his bail.

"Well, this old medical outrage floated down to my shack when I sent for him. He was built like a shad, and his eyebrows was black, and his white whiskers trickled down from his chin like milk coming out of a sprinkling-pot. He had a nigger-boy along carrying an old tomato-can full of calomel, and a saw.

"Doc felt my pulse, and then he began to mess up some calomel with an agricultural implement that belonged in the trowel class.

"'I don't want any death-mask made yet, Doc,' I says, 'nor my liver put in a plaster of Paris cast. I'm sick; and it's medicine I need, not frescoing.'

"'You're a blame Yankee, ain't you?' asks Doc, going on mixing up his Portland cement.

"'I'm from the North,' says I, 'but I'm a plain man, and don't care for mural decorations. When you get the isthmus all asphalted over with that boll-weevil prescription, would you mind giving me a dose of pain-killer, or a little strychnine on toast, to ease up this feeling of unhealthiness that I have got?'

"'They was all sassy, just like you,' says old Doc; 'but we lowered their temperature considerable. Yes, sir, I reckon we sent a good many of ye over to old *mortuis nisi bonum*. Look at Antietam and Bull Run and Seven Pines and around Nashville! There never was a battle where we didn't lick ye unless you was ten to our one. I knew you was a blame Yankee the minute I laid eyes on you.'

"'Don't reopen the chasm, Doc,' I begs

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him. 'Any Yankeeness I may have is geographical; and, as far as I am concerned, a Southerner is as good as a Filipino any day. I'm feeling too bad to argue. Let's have secession without misrepresentation, if you say so; but what I need is more laudanum and less Lundy's Lane. If you're mixing that compound gefloxide of gefloxicum for me, please fill my ears with it before you get around to the battle of Gettysburg, for there is a subject full of talk.'

"By this time Doc Millikin had thrown up a line of fortifications on square pieces of paper; and he says to me: 'Yank, take one of these powders every two hours. They won't kill you. I'll be around again about sundown to see if you're alive.'

"Old Doc's powders knocked the chagres. I stayed in San Juan, and got to knowing him better. He was from Mississippi, and the red-hottest Southerner that ever smelled mint. He made Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee look like abolitionists. He had a family somewhere down near Yazoo City; but he stayed away from the States on account of an uncontrollable liking he had for the absence of a Yankee Government. Him and me got as thick personally as the Emperor of Russia and the dove of peace, but sectionally we didn't amalgamate.

"'Twas a beautiful system of medical practice introduced by old Doc into that isthmus of land. He'd take that bracket-saw and the mild chloride and his hypodermic, and treat anything from yellow fever to a personal friend.

"Besides his other liabilities Doc could play a flute for a minute or two. He was guilty of two tunes—'Dixie' and another one that was mighty close to the 'Suwanee River'—you might say one of its tributaries. He used to come down and sit with me while I was getting well, and aggrieve his flute and say unreconstructed things about the North. You'd have thought the smoke from the first gun at Fort Sumter was still floating around in the air.

"THIS OLD MEDICAL OUTRAGE . . . HAD A NIGGER ALONG."

"You know that was about the time they staged them property revolutions down there, that wound up in the fifth act with the thrilling canal scene where Uncle Sam has nine curtain-calls holding Miss Panama by the hand, while the bloodhounds keep Senator Morgan treed up in a cocoanut-palm.

"That's the way it wound up; but at first it seemed as if Colombia was going to make Panama look like one of the $3.98 kind, with dents made in it in the factory, like they wear at North Beach fish fries. For mine, I played the straw-hat crowd to win; and they gave me a colonel's commission over a brigade of twenty-seven men in the left wing and second joint of the insurgent army.

"The Colombian troops were awfully rude to us. One day when I had my brigade in a sandy spot, with its shoes off doing a battalion drill by squads, the Government army rushed from behind a bush at us, acting as noisy and disagreeable as they could.

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"THOSE COLOMBIANS TOOK YOUR FRIEND BARNEY, SIR!"

"My troops enfiladed, left-faced, and left the spot. After enticing the enemy for three miles or so we struck a brier-patch and had to sit down. When we were ordered to throw up our toes and surrender we obeyed. Five of my best staff-officers fell, suffering extremely with stone-bruised heels.

"Then and there those Colombians took your friend Barney, sir, stripped him of the insignia of his rank, consisting of a pair of brass knuckles and a canteen of rum, and dragged him before a military court. The presiding general went through the usual legal formalities that sometimes cause a case to hang on the calendar of a South American military court as long as ten minutes. He asked me my age, and then sentenced me to be shot.

"They woke up the court interpreter, an American named Jenks, who was in the rum business and vice versa, and told him to translate the verdict.

"Jenks stretched himself and took a morphine tablet.

" 'You've got to back up against the 'dobe, old man,' says he to me. 'Three weeks, I believe, you get. Haven't got a chew of fine-cut on you, have you?'

" 'Translate that again, with foot-notes and a glossary,' says I. 'I don't know whether I'm discharged, condemned, or handed over to the Gerry Society.'

" 'Oh,' says Jenks, 'don't you understand? You're to be stood up against a 'dobe wall and shot in two or three weeks—three, I think, they said.'

" 'Would you mind asking 'em which?' says I. 'A week don't amount to much after you are dead, but it seems a real nice long spell while you are alive.'

" 'It's two weeks,' says the interpreter, after inquiring in Spanish of the court. 'Shall I ask 'em again?'

" 'Let be,' says I. 'Let's have a stationary verdict. If I keep on appealing this way they'll have me shot about ten days before I was captured. No, I haven't got any fine-cut.'

"They sends me over to the *calaboza* with a detachment of colored postal-telegraph boys carrying Enfield rifles, and I am locked up in a kind of brick bakery. The temperature in there was just about the kind mentioned in the cooking recipes that call for a 'quick oven.'

"Then I gives a silver dollar to one of the guards to send for the United States consul. He comes around in pajamas, with a pair of

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glasses on his nose and a dozen or two inside of him.

"'I'm to be shot in two weeks,' says I. 'And although I've made a memorandum of it, I don't seem to get it off my mind. You want to call up Uncle Sam on the cable as quick as you can and get him all worked up about it. Have 'em send the Kentucky and the Kearsarge and the Oregon down right away. That'll be about enough battleships; but it wouldn't hurt to have a couple of cruisers and a topedo-boat destroyer, too. And—say, if Dewey isn't busy, better have him come along on the fastest one of the fleet.'

"'Now, see here, O'Keefe,' says the consul, getting the best of a hiccup, 'what do you want to bother the State Department about this matter for?'

"'Didn't you hear me?' says I; 'I'm to be shot in two weeks. Did you think I said I was going to a lawn-party? And it wouldn't hurt if Roosevelt could get the Japs to send down the Yellowyamtiskookum or the Ogotosingsing or some other first-class cruisers to help. It would make me feel safer.'

"'Now, what you want,' says the consul, 'is not to get excited. I'll send you over some chewing-tobacco and some banana-fritters when I go back. The United States can't interfere in this. You know you were caught insurging against the Government, and you're subject to the laws of this country. Tell you the truth, I've had an intimation from the State Department—unofficially, of course—that whenever a soldier of fortune demands a fleet of gunboats in a case of revolutionary *katzenjammer*, I should cut the cable, give him all the tobacco he wants, and after he's shot take his clothes, if they fit me, for part payment of my salary.'

"'Consul,' says I to him, 'this is a serious question. You are representing Uncle Sam. This ain't any little international tomfoolery, like a universal peace congress or the christening of the Shamrock IV. I'm an American citizen and I demand protection. I demand the Mosquito fleet, and Schley, and the Atlantic squadron, and Bob Evans, and General E. Bird Grubb, and two or three protocols. What are you going to do about it?'

"'Nothing doing,' says the consul.

"'Be off with you, then,' says I, out of patience with him, 'and send me Doc Millikin. Ask Doc to come and see me.'

"Doc comes and looks through the bars at me, surrounded by dirty soldiers, with even my shoes and canteen confiscated, and he looks mightily pleased.

"'Hello, Yank,' says he, 'getting a little taste of Johnson's Island now, ain't ye?'

"'Doc,' says I, 'I've just had an interview with the U. S. consul. I gather from his remarks that I might just as well have been caught selling suspenders in Kishineff under the name of Rosenstein as to be in my present condition. It seems that the only maritime aid I am to receive from the United States is some navy-plug to chew. Doc,' says I, 'can't you suspend hostilities on the slavery question long enough to do something for me?'

"'It ain't been my habit,' Doc Millikin answers, 'to do any painless dentistry when I find a Yank cutting an eye-tooth. So the Stars and Stripes ain't landing any marines to shell the huts of the Colombian cannibals, hey? Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light the star-spangled banner has fluked in the fight? What's the matter with the War Department, hey? It's a great thing to be a citizen of a gold-standard nation, ain't it?'

"'Rub it in, Doc, all you want,' says I. 'I guess we're weak on foreign policy.'

"'For a Yank,' says Doc, putting on his specs and talking more mild, 'you ain't so bad. If you had come from below the line I reckon I would have liked you right smart. Now since your country has gone back on you, you have to come to the old doctor whose cotton you burned and whose mules you stole and whose niggers you freed to help you. Ain't that so, Yank?'

"'It is,' says I heartily, 'and let's have a diagnosis of the case right away, for in two weeks' time all you can do is to hold an autopsy and I don't want to be amputated if I can help it.'

"'Now,' says Doc, business-like, 'it's easy enough for you to get out of this scrape. Money'll do it. You've got to pay a long string of 'em from General Pomposo down to this anthropoid ape guarding your door. About $10,000 will do the trick. Have you got the money?'

"'Me?' says I. 'I've got one Chili dollar, two *real* pieces, and a *medio*.'

"'Then if you've any last words, utter 'em,' says that old reb. 'The roster of your financial budget sounds quite much to me like the noise of a requiem.'

"'Change the treatment,' says I. 'I admit that I'm short. Call a consultation or use

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radium or smuggle me in some saws or something.'

"'Yank,' says Doc Millikin, 'I've a good notion to help you. There's only one government in the world that can get you out of this difficulty; and that's the Confederate States of America, the grandest nation that ever existed.'

"Just as you said to me I says to Doc: 'Why, the Confederacy ain't a nation. It's been absolved forty years ago.'

"'That's a campaign lie,' says Doc. 'She's running along as solid as the Roman Empire. She's the only hope you've got. Now, you, being a Yank, have got to go through with some preliminary obsequies before you can get official aid. You've got to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. Then I'll guarantee she does all she can for you. What do you say, Yank?—it's your last chance.'

"'If you're fooling with me, Doc,' I answers, 'you're no better than the United States. But as you say it's the last chance, hurry up and swear me. I always did like corn whiskey and cock-fights anyhow. I believe I'm half Southerner by nature. I'm willing to try the Kuklux in place of the khaki. Get brisk.'

"Doc Millikin thinks awhile, and then he offers me this oath of allegiance to take without any kind of a chaser:

"'I, Barnard O'Keefe, Yank, being of sound body, but a Republican mind, hereby swear to transfer my fealty, respect, and allegiance to the Confederate States of America,

"'NOW, WHAT YOU WANT,' SAYS THE CONSUL, 'IS NOT TO GET EXCITED.'"

and the Government thereof in consideration of said Government through its official acts and powers obtaining my freedom and release from confinement and sentence of death brought about by the exuberance of my Irish proclivities and my general pizenness as a Yank.'

"I repeated these words after Doc, but they seemed to me a kind of hocus-pocus; and I don't believe any life-insurance company in the country would have issued me a policy on the strength of 'em.

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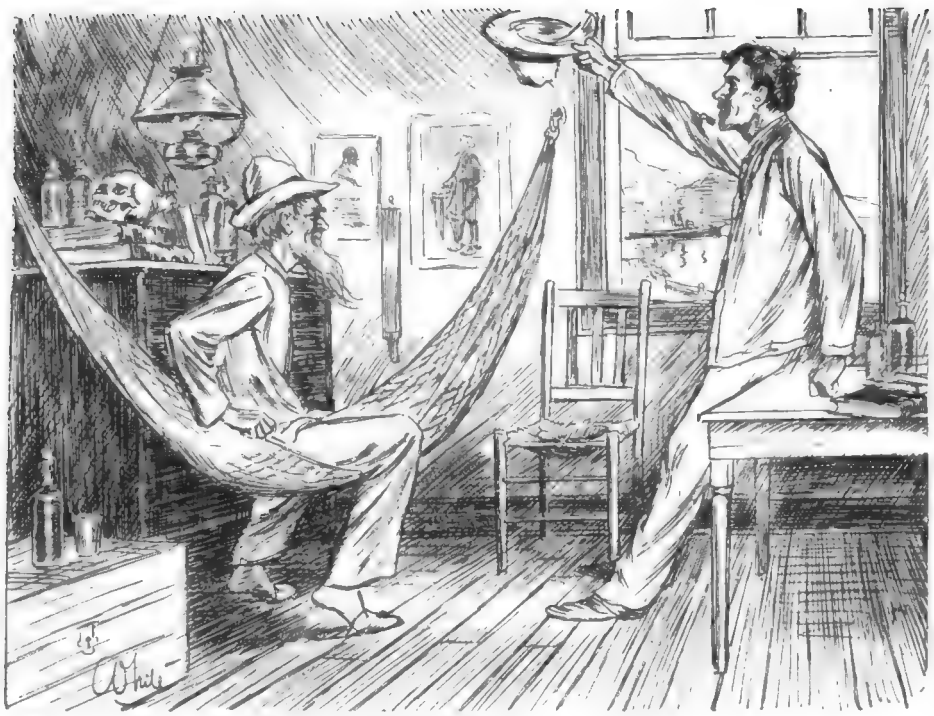

"'HURRAH FOR JEFF DAVIS!' SAYS I."

"Doc went away saying he would communicate with his Government immediately.

"Say—you can imagine how I felt—me to be shot in two weeks and my only hope for help being in a Government that's been dead so long that it isn't even remembered except on Decoration Day and when Joe Wheeler signs the voucher for his pay-check. But it was all there was in sight; and somehow I thought Doc Millikin had something up his old alpaca sleeve that wasn't all foolishness.

"Around to the jail comes old Doc again in about a week. I was flea-bitten, a mite sarcastic, and fundamentally hungry.

"'Any Confederate ironclads in the offing?' I asks. 'Do you notice any sounds resembling the approach of Jeb Stewart's cavalry overland or Stonewall Jackson sneaking up in the rear? If you do, I wish you'd say so.'

"'It's too soon yet for help to come,' says Doc.

"'The sooner the better,' says I. 'I don't care if it gets in fully fifteen minutes before I am shot; and if you happen to lay eyes on Beauregard or Albert Sidney Johnson or any of the relief corps, wig-wag 'em to hike along.'

"'There's been no answer received yet,' says Doc.

"'Don't forget,' says I, 'that there's only four days more. I don't know how you propose to work this thing, Doc,' I says to him; 'but it seems to me I'd sleep better if you had got a Government that was alive, and on the map—like Afghanistan or Great Britain, or old man Krüger's Kingdom, to take this matter up. I don't mean any disrespect to your Confederate States, but I can't help feeling that my chances of being pulled out of this scrape was decidedly weakened when General Lee surrendered.'

"'It's your only chance,' said Doc; 'don't quarrel with it. What did your own country do for you?'

"It was only two days before the morning I was to be shot, when Doc Millikin came around again.

"'All right, Yank,' says he. 'Help's come. The Confederate States of America is going to apply for your release. The representatives of the Government arrived on a fruit-steamer last night.'

"'Bully!' says I—'bully for you, Doc! I suppose it's marines with a Gatling. I'm going to love your country all I can for this.'

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"'Negotiations,' says old Doc, 'will be opened between the two Governments at once. You will know later on to-day if they are successful.'

"About four in the afternoon a soldier in red trousers brings a paper round to the jail, and they unlocks the door and I walks out. The guard at the door bows and I bows, and I steps into the grass and wades around to Doc Millikin's shack.

"Doc was sitting in his hammock playing 'Dixie' soft and low and out of tune, on his flute. I interrupted him at 'Look away! look away!' and shook his hand for five minutes.

"'I never thought,' says Doc, taking a chew fretfully, 'that I'd ever try to save any blame Yank's life. But, Mr. O'Keefe, I don't see but what you are entitled to be considered part human, anyhow. I never thought Yanks had any of the rudiments of decorum and laudability about 'em. I reckon I might have been too aggregative in my tabulation. But it ain't me you want to thank—it's the Confederate States of America.'

"'And I'm much obliged to 'em,' says I. 'It's a poor man that wouldn't be patriotic with a country that's saved his life. I'll drink to the Stars and Bars whenever there's a flag-staff and a glass convenient. But where,' says I, 'are the rescuing troops? If there was a gun fired or a shell burst, I didn't hear it.'

"Doc Millikin raises up and points out the window with his flute at the banana-steamer loading with fruit.

"'Yank,' says he, 'there's a steamer that's going to sail in the morning. If I was you, I'd sail on it. The Confederate Government's done all it can for you. There wasn't a gun fired. The negotiations was carried on secretly between the two nations by the purser of that steamer. I got him to do it because I didn't want to appear in it. Twelve thousand dollars was paid to the officials in bribes to let you go.'

"'Man!' says I, sitting down hard—'twelve thousand—how will I ever—who could have—where did the money come from?'

"'Yazoo City,' says Doc Millikin; 'I've got a little saved up there. Two barrels full. It looks good to these Colombians. 'Twas Confederate money, every dollar of it. Now do you see why you'd better leave before they try to pass some of it on an expert?'

"'I do,' says I.

"'Now let's hear you give the pass-word,' says Doc Millikin.

"'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' says I.

"'Correct,' says Doc. 'And let me tell you something. The next tune I learn on my flute is going to be "Yankee Doodle." I reckon there's some Yanks that are not so pizen. Or, if you was me, would you try "The Red, White, and Blue"?'"

Inklings

By E. CARRUTH

FEMININE vanity is largely a matter of mirrors.

When a man loves a woman, money is the least he can give her; when he does not, it is the most.

It is not what a man does that is of importance, but how he comes out of it.

Excess of manner is the superior social art of making others feel their inferiority.

To ask personal questions in society is imbecile; to answer them criminal.

The clever woman who would know everything pretends she knows nothing.

The man who judges woman by her contrariness is more than ever convinced of it by his mistake.

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Campaigning by Special Train

By LINDSAY DENISON

THE people who manage the campaigns of the two big political parties are shrewd enough to know that speech-making does not convert or convince enough voters to pay for the expense of sending out speakers among the electors. They are likewise shrewd enough to know that the circulating of well-known partisans, candidates who are clever and powerful speakers, who have melodramatic personalities, stirs up interest in the elections and tends to make people come to the polls on election-day. Speeches may in themselves lose an election by affronting some particular body of voters; but they do not win them.

The more spectacular and thrilling a campaign is, therefore, the more successful is it in accomplishing the ends for which it is made. The special-train plan of campaigning is the climax of the effort to make it possible for some particularly popular and conspicuous speaker to cover as much ground as possible to the best advantage. Following a candidate or orator on such a campaign is about the best fun that the world gives a man who likes to travel and see the people of these United States and the places in which they live. It is a pleasure which few gain and they only when they have some work to do in connection with the expedition, whether as speakers, secretaries, campaign managers, railway officers, or newspaper reporters.

In the last national campaign there were three campaign trains crossing and recrossing the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast all through the months of September and October. President McKinley did not consider it proper for him to go out vote-begging and the Republican National Committee commissioned Governor Roosevelt, of New York, the candidate of the party for Vice-President, to lead the speakers' battle for the Republican ticket. Mr. Bryan was the chief speaker in his own cause. John G. Woolley, the candidate of the Prohibition Party, presented his arguments to the people of a score of States from the rear platform of a special train. But these were not all. In many of the States the candidates for Governor went up and down their commonwealths with trains. Senator Marcus A. Hanna took the same means of informing the farmers of the great Northwest that he was not an ogre nor a bandit, and that his prominence in the Republican Party was not a menace to the national liberty. Senator Depew, Senator Lodge, and others went abroad in special trains, spreading their political arguments.

In that campaign the Republican Party chest was well filled. The corporations were not unfriendly to it. There were railroads, to the best of my information and belief—though I couldn't swear to the facts—which even held it a privilege to make to the party managers a free tender of trains which it cost not much less than $400 a day to keep going. On the other hand, Mr. Bryan's managers usually had to pay for everything they got. So did Mr. Woolley's. It was therefore quite natural that the Republicans should do more special-train campaigning than their opponents.

The cost is not small—especially when the railways are unfriendly to the candidate and the party he represents. A completely comfortable campaign train must have a private car for the use of the man who is doing the brunt of the work and his secretaries and assistant speakers. Then there must be another car for the reporters of the three press associations, the Associated Press, the Scripps-McCrea Publishers' Press Association, and the New York Sun Press Association, the reporters of the particular newspapers of the States through which the train is passing, and for the campaign committees of the State. There must be a dining-car. Man may live by tinned goods alone for a day or two, but a buffet-car trip of more than two days is simply murderous. The Pullman Company, which has no competitors, and therefore has neither to ask nor to grant favors, charges from thirty to fifty dollars a day for the use of its cars. Most railroads will attach a special car to a regular train pro-

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vided seventeen full fares are paid; most railroads charge a dollar a mile for running a special train. The commissary department costs a hundred and fifty dollars, more or less, a day. Speakers who are not candidates receive from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a day for their services. Frequently the entire company of passengers goes to a hotel in a city where there is an overnight stop; in some cases the National Committee pays the landlord, at other times the bills are paid by the State or the city committee. But it is perfectly clear that whatever else campaigning by special train may accomplish, it keeps money moving.

The contest of 1900, led in the field by Roosevelt and Bryan, was one that is not likely to have its equal in picturesque qualities for a long time to come. Both men were radical in their methods and personalities and created the strongest prejudices and enthusiasms. They were indefatigable, almost, in meeting the demands made upon them. It was but a few times during the campaign that either of them found his work wearing out his nerves, and showed his irritation by telling his companions that the campaign committee was overworking him. Strangely enough, this happened more often with Mr. Roosevelt than with Mr. Bryan.

Though both candidates made from twelve to twenty-five speeches a day—Mr. Bryan once made thirty-three—their methods of handling themselves were very different. There is no work in the world—and I do not except that of a train despatcher—which will take the nervous force out of a man more thoroughly than the work of a man who is travelling across country at the rate of fifty or sixty or seventy miles an hour between speeches, day in and day out, for weeks at a time.

Every time the train stops, a reception committee of prominent citizens from the next town climbs aboard. First of all they want to "see" the candidate, and have him realize that, no matter whom he may meet in Binkville, they and they alone are really Binkville's most prominent citizens. They want to tell him that he must try to catch old man Doughnut's vote, which is wavering, by a ringing reference to the duty of the country to the veteran heroes of the Civil War. They want to catechise him as to certain beliefs in which some of them think he is not orthodox. They want to hear from his own lips the story of his climb up "the fire-swep' heights of San June"; they want to hear the Peerless Orator repeat the thrilling words: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

"Lemme tell you, chile," observed a grizzled negro porter to me on the Roosevelt train in Kansas in 1900: "Dere's jus' one onlies' thing in all dis worl' busier dan one er dem 'mitteemen. An' dat's a black ant on a hot rock he don't know how to get off f'um!"

Certainly the "local committeeman" is never restful nor inspiring when he comes on board. And when the train stops there is more of him. He wears fluttering badges, and his wife or his favorite daughter wants to pin one of the badges on the candidate's coat-lapel with her own fair hands. I have had reason to imagine that there have been candidates who in that moment have suffered some anguish of mind as to the lady's intentions, as to whether she was not actually making a strategic approach for osculatory purposes. Do not jeer. When you have seen the thing tried; when you have seen the candidate giving what a wrestler would call a "straight-arm hold-off" to a lady of only too apparent affectionate intent, not once a day, but six and seven times, you cannot but realize that a candidate never knows what not to expect or when not to expect it.

Then there is always a band—always. There are many good brass bands in this grand and free republic. But no one who has not campaigned, or who has not gone on a Presidential tour of the country (which is, of course, very different from a campaign trip), can ever know just how many bad bands there are. They always play "Hail to the Chief!" Sometimes they play it:

"Dum–dumty–dum–dum, dumty–dumty–dum–dum!"

Then again they play it:

"Dum———dum–ty———dum———dum, dum–ty——dum–ty——dum——dum!"

But whether in jig or funeral time, nothing else will express the bandmaster's tone-sentiments on the occasion. The candidate is hurled through a crowd into a carriage. It may be a large, well-cushioned, commodious barouche. On the other hand, it is likely to be the only hack the town possesses, and one that is never brought forth from its place in the undertaker's stable, back of the hearse, on any other occasion than funerals, except

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for just such festal events as the visit of a person of national notability. Such conveyances ordinarily have lumps in their cushions; the streets in towns where such conveyances abide ordinarily have bumps in their middle. It is not always good to be a candidate.

Here again the local committeeman begins his woodpecker-like assaults on the candidate's nerves.

"Here," he says, with a pomposity and a demand of verbal appreciation which become exquisitely irritating to the best-natured of men after the fourth or fifth day, "is our Mayor's residence!" "This is our post-office —you see, sir, how inadequate it is." "Here is my house, sir. Now we didn't know about that hand-carved cupid on the cupola. Mrs. Black Ant said she liked it, but I always felt that she wanted to please me. What do you think of it?"

Meantime the curbstone fellow-citizens of the committeeman, instead of being duly impressed by his apparent intimacy with the Great Man of the day, have been howling and dancing and waving their hats. The Great Man has an irresistible conviction that he will mortally offend each one of them if he does not look every single man, woman, and babe in the eye. This conviction is not born of vanity. It is as natural as giddiness on the edge of a precipice, or as a flush after an unexpected compliment. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan alike have confessed that this is really the hardest part of their campaign work, this hopeless, maddening, fruitless, thankless effort to return the courtesy of thousands and hundreds of thousands of people all day long.

The hall is reached. Sometimes it is a great city theatre, with an imposing and reassuring assemblage of local committeemen on the platform and a brass band under the foot-lights and a shriekingly appreciative audience from the front to the galleries. Again, it may be an "Opry House"—a tiny hall over a store, hung with the insignia of the town's secret society, and a stage with a fixed set of scenes which can be turned from "Interior of the Banker's Residence" to "The Robber's Den in the Woods" and back again. The ceiling is low and is seldom visible through the clouds of tobacco-smoke that roll along into the face of the speaker. The candidate listens to an astounding lot of misinformation as to the Great Man's career, personality and views on public questions, presented by the chairman and others. He listens while the chairman, conscious that he has an audience such as he never had before and may never have again, explodes all the eloquence of his pent-up soul, and intoxicated by his opportunity, consumes minute after minute of the precious time allotted for the candidate's stay in Binkville.

The candidate speaks. He has but a few subjects. It is easy enough to criticise him for not varying his speeches more. It is wellnigh a mathematical impossibility for him to do so. He gets to know after a while that every member of the company which is travelling on his train knows all of his speeches by heart, and he fancies, if he does not actually know, that they are murmuring the words in unison behind his back.

The procession forms again. There is a rough-and-tumble fight by a lot of cheerful and boisterous partisans who want to boast that they have shaken the candidate's hand. No one of them must be offended, but as many as possible of them may be diplomatically avoided. He returns to the train, fights his way, his retainers before him and at his back, through another mob that is waiting for him there and finds his car filled with the delegation from Stumptown, where he is to speak next.

It was in the handling of the Black Ant fraternity that Mr. Bryan outgeneralled Mr. Roosevelt and conserved his nervous force. When Mr. Bryan finished a speech, whether it was delivered from the rear platform to a crowd that covered the railroad tracks and the near-by freight-car tops and the platforms and the roofs, or whether there had been an excursion to the "Opry House," he went straight to his state-room and locked the door. He threw off his coat, loosened his collar and shoes, threw himself flat on his back on the floor, closed his eyes and stretched out his arms and lay still until the slackening of the speed of the train warned him that it was time to prepare himself for another ordeal. Then, again, Mr. Bryan used his voice with as much care and skill as an actor. When he speaks he speaks with the least possible strain to his vocal chords.

Mr. Roosevelt never adopted Mr. Bryan's method. He let the Black Ants talk to him and he talked to them. Talking against the roar of a running train is in itself, physically, no mean task. The mental wear and tear are considerable. Mr. Roosevelt's voice is always hard. When he reaches his most em-

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phatic points he fairly wrenches his vocal organs. In consequence there were occasionally reports during the campaign that Mr. Roosevelt was "breaking down." But there was never a time when his elastic physique and temperament would not come back to normal after a two days' rest.

Perhaps the most remarkable illustration of the attitude of the local committeeman toward the candidate was an incident which occurred in Mr. Bryan's experience in a city noted for its Southern hospitality. Mr. Bryan had gone from his train straight to a hotel, and in the hotel had sought a bath-tub. He had but barely immersed himself and started the process of removing the accumulated grime of railroad dust when the door of the bath-room opened and twelve members of the city reception committee (as many as the bath-room would hold) filed in and regarded him with bland and frank interest and curiosity.

Mr. Bryan explained that he was hardly prepared to receive visitors.

"Oh, that's all right!" graciously said the chairman. "We understand, Mr. Bryan. We don't mind at all."

One of Mr. Bryan's travelling companions went to the rescue. But the committee declined to budge. They did not mind Mr. Bryan's lack of clothing at all. It did not embarrass them in the least. Force was finally used. Votes were lost in consequence, because the self-styled commoner and ideal Democrat had proved himself a snob and the associate of snobs.

Now, these men were not drunk. They were not the lowest type of politicians in the city. They were extreme examples of the conviction which seems to settle upon the Black Ant that the candidate is as inanimate and as impersonal as the party platform itself.

Really, taking the matter first and last, the Black Ant is the one who makes the most lasting unpleasant impression on the special-train campaigner. He wearies and irritates the candidate, who, perforce, must treat him with a certain amount of consideration. The rest of the company do not. The Black Ant has a way of boarding the train at a water-tank or a flag-station before daylight in the morning, before the day's work of the candidate begins. He clamors to be admitted to the candidate's bedroom. In this attempt he is usually foiled, though not always.

Then he and his fellows go through the length of the train seeking whom they may devour. The correspondent of the press association is their most delightful prey. It is customary for three or more reporters to make a combination for self-protection, at least as far as the early morning programme is concerned. They all of them have to stay up at night until their newspapers go to press, lest some exciting or important thing happen early in the morning. What? The candidate might have an attack of appendicitis; might get a telegram telling him to give up his trip and go home; some miscreant might throw a brick through his state-room window.

In order that some of the reporters, at least, may have needed sleep, it is arranged that only one of them shall get up in the morning to "cover" the earliest meetings of the day—for instance, those which occur before eight o'clock in the morning. The others stay abed. The Black Ant, of course, observes that not all of the proper chroniclers of his town's greatness have appeared on the scene in the early morning. In his thoughtful and kind-hearted way he goes around and wakes the sluggards and argues with them. Do not they realize that Bung Hole City is the stronghold of the party in the State? Do they know that its citizens have spent twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for decorations? Do they not know that carriages have been engaged to take all—all—the newspaper correspondents to the "Opry House"? Not the most vigilant porter can stop these assaults. Does not the Black Ant know the newspaper business better than any darky servant of a ruthless corporation like the Pullman Company? Even when, as all too seldom happened, the invaders were persuaded to let the weary sleep, they persisted in parading up and down the train in large and voluminously conversational numbers, arguing as to the order of the coming procession, as to the churlishness of a candidate "who couldn't get up as early in the morning to meet us as we could get up to meet him," and the like.

The unceasing strife between the Black Ants and the Minstrels, as the retinue of the travelling candidate sometimes call themselves, has more than once threatened serious complications. I do not believe that the President of the United States will ever forget one chilly morning early in September, 1896. He spoke for the first time in South

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Dakota at Flandreau. There were blanket Indians and cowboys in the audience at the end of the train. The air had the smell of the prairie in it for the first time on the trip. The yell at the end of the speech was the shrill cowboy yell; it was not a cheer. Everybody felt fresh and clear-headed and ready for any emergency and for the inauguration of a reform.

Now somebody in Chicago had put a man on the train to "sort of look after things." The man had been a policeman and a detective in his time. He was full of the importance of his duty, and he wanted to show his usefulness. Incidentally, in passing, it may not cloud the present political situation to reveal the dark secret that he used to sit up after everybody else went to bed o' nights to write letters to Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana. Inasmuch as he used to read these letters aloud, the better to enjoy the flavor of his own literary genius, we sometimes couldn't help knowing that their general purport was to show that Mr. Roosevelt was "making no personal impression at all in the Northwest," and that the Senator need not feel that Mr. Roosevelt would "ever become a dangerous man" there.

But this man (it would be cruel to tell his name) seemed to the brethren of the second car to have possibilities for usefulness. Being inexperienced in the ways of the Black Ant, he was asked to see what he could do to suppress the nuisance. He said that there would nevermore be any trouble from that source.

At Flandreau the train was boarded by the Chairman of the State Committee, by a number of his associates, and by the candidates of the South Dakota Republicans for all the State offices from Governor down. This was entirely proper and right and they were all men of some sense and experience and would never have been objectionable to anybody—and even if they would, they had more right on the train than anybody else except Governor Roosevelt himself. We had forgotten to explain all these things in advance to the Inexperienced Man. We thought he had some sense and discrimination of his own.

The State Committee modestly entered the train and settled off in a corner of the car and talked in low tones, evidently desiring not to disturb the young men working at typewriters on the temporary tables at the other end of the car.

The Inexperienced One approached them:

"Gentlemen," he said, "this car is reserved. All the seats and berths in it are assigned. Will you kindly move?"

The State Committee mildly moved up to the dining-car. One of us suggested, though he did not know who the committee were, that they looked like rather substantial folk, were very quiet, and had better be allowed to stay.

"You people," announced Mr. Inexperience, "asked me to take charge of this matter. You let me settle it my own way, will you?"

Pretty soon there was breakfast. When the regulars entered the dining-car the ever-vigilant guardian of the peace walked up to the chairman of the State Committee and informed him stiffly that no provision had been made for outsiders in the dining-car. He asked them to find some other place to go. The chairman remonstrated mildly.

"We have a car of our own to be attached to the train at Egan, sir," he said, "because we were afraid that there were so many of us that we should crowd you. Would you object to our staying here until that car is attached?"

Yes, he would object and did. But, asked the committee, where could they go?

"There's a car ahead," suggested Inexperience.

Angry and affronted, the whole committee trooped through the door of the car ahead. It was a provision-car, a box-car loaded with milk-cans and sides of beef and barrels of potatoes and boxes of canned tomatoes and the like. They went through it and opened the door at the other end and found the engine there. Wrathful and ready to fight, they surged back and found themselves locked out of the dining-car. The train had started.

Now, the regulars thought that there was still another coach ahead. They didn't know what the Inexperienced One had done, and forgot all about the quiet, responsible-looking, self-contained delegation. Governor Roosevelt, back in his own car, was fuming and fretting because he could not understand what had become of the South Dakota State Committee. He sent through the train for them. No one had seen them. It never occurred to anyone that the real committee would have been so modest as to let Inexperience so browbeat it.

The train stopped at Egan, five miles from

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Flandreau. A dozen men bolted out of the baggage-car like a swarm of hornets. They made for the telegraph office. There the chairman wrote out a telegram that for vigor of expression and for point has seldom been surpassed. It was addressed to Senator Marcus A. Hanna, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, at Chicago. It conveyed the information that a man professing and seeming to represent the National Committee and Governor Roosevelt had deliberately and wantonly put odium all over the committee and its candidates, and that they were then and there going over to the Populists and wanted no more Roosevelt in their political experiences. True to his police training, the Inexperienced One managed to get a look at that telegram, on the telegrapher's desk, before it was sent. He grabbed his head in both hands and staggered out to the platform and fell flat on the planks, moaning:

"There's something the matter with me. I'm ill!"

At almost the same moment Governor Roosevelt, to whom rumors of the difficulty had penetrated, dashed into the station and began making amends to the committee and the State candidates. It took him about two minutes to explain matters. The whole crowd went back to his car and had breakfast with him, and most of them are his closest friends in South Dakota to-day. While he was at breakfast a messenger brought him news from the Inexperienced One.

"Governor," said the messenger, "Mr. —— has fainted."

"May the good Lord forgive anybody who lets him come to!" said the Governor, with solemn and unmistakable sincerity.

It was my privilege to hear what Mr. Roosevelt said to the Inexperienced One when he did come to (by his own efforts). Never in this world do I expect to hear such a blast of withering, burning, paralyzing language as was turned out on that pitiful head. When I came to think it over afterward the wonder to me was that there was not a single swear-word in all of it. The Governor simply grabbed a handful of clean-cut, unmistakable English speech, and flayed the creature with it.

It ended, as I remember it, with a recounting of the position and the dignities of the men who had been locked in the box-car, followed by some such peroration as this which follows. These are not Mr. Roosevelt's words. They merely represent the general spirit of his utterance:

"And you! You idiot! You self-sufficient, arrogant, self-important, superfluous idiot and fool! You locked these men in a box-car! You let them ride on milk-cans and potato-barrels on the train of the Governor of the State of New York, and the candidate of the Republican Party for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Go away from me! Go somewhere and think about yourself, and try, *try*, TRY to realize what *I* think of *you!*"

The incident was suppressed from the newspapers at the time, for the very obvious reason that something for which Mr. Roosevelt was not in the least responsible might, with a very little garbling, have been turned against the Republican campaign with tremendous effect by the Populists and Democrats.

And yet, with all the crowds and the hustling and the hurried meals and the petty squabbling that go to make up a campaign trip on a special train—these are not the things that remain longest in the minds of the men who are privileged to take part in them. The pictures that remain the longest and the clearest are such as that of the cowboys of the country round about Chamberlain, S. D., who came sailing along beside and behind the train for a mile or more after it had left the station, their hats waving in one hand, their revolvers popping in the other, yelling like wild Indians, and seemingly careless whether their scudding little horses fell into badger-holes or cut one another down; or those when the men and women of western Kansas, conscious of some vague wrong, which they vaguely felt William J. Bryan had the miraculous power to set right, fought with one another to get a chance to touch his shoes or the edge of his trousers by reaching out over the platform on which he stood above them—tears streaming from their eyes, faith that their cause made the very man sacred glowing in their faces. Politics would be cleaner and better in this country if we all felt that way when an election is at hand. And if more of us went campaigning we should learn faster.

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Little Stories of Real Life

For Better for Worse

By Henrietta R. Eliot

MR. STRUBLE moved his wife's easy chair to the fire, placed a stool for her feet and a cushion for her head, kissed her good-by, and with an anxious glance at the three small children—who were variously endangering their lives with experimental gymnastics on, over, and under the furniture of the room—closed the door behind him, and proceeded to find the Chinese cook "Nim."

Mrs. Struble had been ill for three days, and Flora, the nurse-maid, considering it an auspicious time to leave, had not stood upon

the order of her going, but had gone at once and without warning.

"Nim," said Mr. Struble, "Flora left last evening. I'll try to find another girl before I go to my office, but she probably won't be able to come right away. This afternoon I'll ask some friend to sit with Mrs. Struble, but this morning I want you to knock on her door every half-hour and ask her if she needs anything."

"All lite," answered Nim cheerfully, "I take care'm Missy Stluble—I no solly Flola go, she no good—she look heap happy, Missy Stluble stay home; sometime Missy Stluble go down town, she all time velly closs, make 'em baby cly—she blake 'em dish, tell Missy Stluble I blake—she spill milk, make 'em kitchen heap dirty—I no like her—she all same other girl. I stay Missy Stluble pretty soon nine year. Girl no stay long—sometime thlee month, sometime one year. I count twelve girl go 'way this house. Girl all same egg—they flesh, they velly good—keep litty while, by'm by mebbe not velly good. Chinaman all same fluit-cake—all time more better."

A remnant of modesty in Nim had caused him to substitute the generic term for the personal pronoun, but the application was none the less evident. Nevertheless, as Mr. Struble heartily shared his cook's admiration of himself, he did not mind this naive expression of it, and left the house with a mind as easy as perfect faith in Nim could make it.

When Mr. Struble returned at noon he found his wife eating a lunch which Nim had arranged on the tray as prettily as a trained nurse could have done, and not a child in sight.

"If ever a creature justified the term 'Celestial,'" said Mrs. Struble, "Nim does. He took the children downstairs as soon as you left, and not one of them has cried all the morning. He himself knocked on that door every blessed half-hour until it occurred to him to better your instructions. The fifth time he appeared with this broomstick. 'I think mebbe you like sleep,' he said; 'you like I come up, you knock—I all time hear.' I wonder if our conventional ideas of Heaven are wrong, and if the angels all wear queues?"

When Mr. Struble went down for his own lunch, he found the swinging-doors of the pass-pantry hooked open, and opposite each

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other on the floor of the dining-room—where Nim could see them as he worked—sat the twins, gleefully sending the rolling-pin back and forth between them, while the youngest born sat in her high-chair at the kitchen table. By what instinct Nim had divined that nothing so delights a two-year-old child as finding a hole and poking something into it, is not known, but he had whittled a dozen pegs from the kindling, and with these the baby was making a veritable porcupine of the colander.

"I wash 'em all clean by'm by," Nim said, with an apologetic glance at the rolling-pin, as he served Mr. Struble's lunch. "Children makem all time heap big noise up-stairs, I think mebbe makem Missy Stluble head ache, I bling down."

Mr. Struble had had the good luck to find immediately a nurse-maid, with an unimpeachable six years' reference, and as she was to come that afternoon the servant question was well settled. But Mrs. Struble's illness proved long and increasingly serious, and it became necessary to employ a trained nurse. The confusion of sickness in the home, however, never once ruffled Nim's serenity or interrupted his cheerful round of work, which, by the way, included what in an Eastern household would have been divided between a cook, laundress, parlor-maid, and waitress. In the black drizzle of the winter, and the early sunlight of the summer mornings, he pattered through the quiet streets from his sleeping-place in Chinatown, stole into the house long before the family were astir, and all day in his spotless white apron and soft Chinese shoes passed from task to task, or cleverly fitted one, so to speak, into the interstices of another, like a very genius of household order.

When Mrs. Struble had been ill about three months, the trained nurse, Miss Fletcher, slowly carrying a full tray down the back stairs, overheard the concluding sentences of a conversation between Nim and someone who left the kitchen as she entered it.

"But," said the strange voice, "if you won't come for three dollars a month more than you get here, I'm willing to give you five," and Nim answered in a tone of stolid indifference, "Mebbe you like give me *twenty* dollar more ebly month, I no care, I no go you house—Missy Stluble sick jus' now—I stay Missy Stluble."

Miss Fletcher reported this evidence of Nim's faithfulness to his mistress, but it never reached Mr. Struble's ears until produced in Nim's defence months later.

Nim's exceptional ability had long made Mrs. Struble's office of house-keeper a sinecure, and when she fell ill, even the ordering of household supplies—the one duty by which she had continued to justify her title—was also turned over to the Chinaman. Mr. Struble continued to sign checks for the monthly bills with unquestioning indifference, till at the end of the fifth month, the grocer's bill was so tremendous as to arrest his attention. He took the bill of the month before (May) from its pigeon-hole—it was not quite as bad, but still impossibly large—particularly as there had been no entertaining, and Miss Fletcher, who ate like a wren, was the one extra mouth. Strange he hadn't noticed before! Down came the whole bundle of bills—April's was less than May's—March's than April's—February's than March's. Then came January's (before the household reins fell into Nim's hands) and it was still less. Here was certainly "food for thought."

An unlocated suspicion is a bad thing to take to bed with one, and Mr. Struble's head that night rested as "uneasy" as if he had

"worn a crown." He had hunted up the last year's bills and they averaged less than the January bill. Certainly someone was stealing or cheating. To settle who, was a choice of impossibilities. The grocer was one of the church deacons—Miss Fletcher and the new nurse-maid were equally above suspicion—and Nim? By a process of elimination Mr. Struble's perturbed mind again and again worked around to him, refusing, and still compelled, to suspect him.

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The unwelcome conclusion of the night grew with the daylight hours, and the next evening, as soon as the sound of kindling-splitting had ceased, Mr. Struble, feeling like a thief in his own house, took his station in the woodshed, where a narrow opening between the curtains of a little window commanded a view of the kitchen, and the door by which Nim must leave it. What an immaculately clean kitchen it was! Nim mixed the muffins for breakfast, then took off his white apron and hung it up, put on his dark blue, big-sleeved outer coat, and turned toward the door. As he opened it Mr. Struble felt at once relieved and apologetic—but the end was not yet. Before passing through the door he had opened, Nim opened also a little cupboard which stood next it, and quickly

slipped a roll of butter up one big sleeve and a wedge of bacon up the other! It took but an instant for Mr. Struble to pounce upon him and tax him with all the wrong-doing of the past five months—a charge which the indisputable testimony of Nim Lee's telltale sleeves made it useless to deny. Strange to say, Nim was neither frightened nor repentant. His place in the Struble household was to him one of the "eternal verities" which an episode like this could not seriously affect. He waited quietly until Mr. Struble came to a pause in his expressions of indignation; then when he spoke, it was in a tone of patient explanation.

"Missy Stluble velly good lady," he said; "when she well, she all time tell me, makem jelly—makem soup—she all time say she like send some sick man, some sick lady. Sometime she tell milkman takem apples for he litty boy, and all time she give ash-man tea for he old mamma. She velly good lady, she give something evlybody. Jus' now Missy Stluble sick, I all same Missy Stluble."

"No," said Struble gravely, "you are not the same as Mrs. Struble; you've been stealing."

But Nim was not to be moved from his virtuous pedestal. "No," he said, "you no sabbe—I no keep butter—I no keep sugar—I no keep bacon—I no keep anything—I give my flend—he keep store, he velly poor."

"But," persisted Mr. Struble, "it *was* stealing. You can't give away things that don't belong to you. It was stealing, and I could have you put in prison for it! Only think, Nim," he added, "how we have trusted you! Think how sorry poor Mrs. Struble will be when I tell her what you have been doing!"

The suggestion of imprisonment slipped across the surface of Nim's mind, as a possibility quite too remote for serious consideration, but at the reference to Mrs. Struble his face for the first time looked troubled. His eyes fell, and he stood quite silent for a moment; then sidling up to Mr. Struble with a confidential lowering of voice, and the manner of one who shares an awkward situation with another equally responsible for it, he said:

"I think we not tell Missy Stluble—she getting better, maybe we make her solly jus' now, she be heap more sick again."

"But she'll have to know," said Mr. Struble; "when you go, she'll ask the reason."

A benign smile replaced the troubled look. "Oh! I stay all lite—I no go," he said blandly. "I not mad—I stay—and," with the air of an additional concession, "you not like I give something my flend, I not give any more."

How far Nim's entire identification of himself with the Struble family had actually done away with his sense of "meum and tuum," I leave an unsolved question—as indeed it remains in Mr. Struble's mind to this day.

. . . . . .

"I see that Nim is still here," said a friend to Mrs. Struble a month later. "Have you actually decided to keep him?"

"Why, no—not exactly," Mrs. Struble laughed helplessly, "I thought I told you—*he decided to stay!* And I was glad to let him take the responsibility of the decision, for I shall have to feel much stronger than I do now before I can formulate any theory of life which does not include Nim."

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Mis' Bassett's Matrimonial Bureau

By Winifred Arnold

Mrs. Hepsey Bassett speaks:

SAKES alive, Maranthy, is that you? What d'ye come in so sort o' still for? Land o' Goshen, no, I wa'n't asleep—I ain't got so slack yet that I set around in the daytime and sleep the time away, if I be laid up with a broken leg. Can't a body jest shet her eyes for a few minutes o' pious meditation without bein' accused o' bein' asleep, I'd like to know?

Huh? Wal, no, I s'pose you didn't mean no harm, but it doos give anybody a sort o' turn to come down from high spiritooal thoughts, as Elder Pearson says, an' see an ordinary, humbly lookin' gal like you a-settin' thar in that chair.

Now, Maranthy, thar ain't no sense in your maddin' up so and gittin' red's fire like that. That wa'n't intended as no label on your looks, though the truth never hurt nobody yet. B'sides—you and everybody else in 'Sonet and Freetown had orter know that I ain't one to make no personal remarks to nobody.

But there, it's jest like most folks to be so terrible touchy about their own notions ruther than sympathizin' with other folks's troubles.

Troubles! Wal, I should say so. D'ye mean to say ye hain't heard nothin' about the times we've been a-havin'? Why, I s'posed 'twas town's talk by this time. Seems 's if folks don't take no interest now'-days.

Huh? Oh, yes. So ye hev been a-stayin' over to T'anton quite a spell. Wal, yes. I will tell ye all about it. Only do take off your hat and look as if ye was a-goin' to stay awhile. That's right. Put it over thar on the table. Got a new way o' doin' your hair, hain't ye? It looks real sorter pretty and fixy—kinder like Ida Bell Blossom's. Wal now, if that don't beat all—I hit that nail right on the head without half tryin' neither. That's just whar my story begins, with Ida Bell Blossom. She was our first.

Howsumever—as you hain't been here in so long, I guess I'll have to start some back o' that. My son Lisha, you know, got the 'pintment to be postmaster when old Mose Perkins' term run out. Wal, he hired Mary Maria Collins to help him sort the mail an' pass it out to folks. She's a real likely sorter girl, Mary Maria is, and kinder in the family, as you might say—bein' Lisha's wife's third cousin's daughter—she that lives up Dighton way an' married Jonas Payne for her second husband. Mary Maria hadn't been in thar long though 'fore folks begun to kick up an awful rumpus about it an' say she hadn't no business thar in a Republican Post Office, when Jonas Payne voted Democrat the first time Bryan was up— Jonas hain't got no gumption, nohow, an' they made him b'lieve that Free Silver meant knives an' spoons 'n' tea-sets given 'round free gratis for nuthin' to everybody that voted Democrat, *sixteen* to every *one*, they told him, an' when Delia, his wife, hearn tell o' that, she never give him a minute's peace till he voted fur it— She'd set her heart on a silver tea-set, Delia had.

Howsumever, that settled Mary Maria's chances anyhow, for—as Lisha says—"Politics is politics," so he had to ship her. Thar was three or four others spoken of for the place, but a political office like that you jest have to keep in your own family, you know, and thar didn't seem to be none of our folks that had wit enough and would come reasonable.

Wal, we talked it over, up an' down, an' in an' out for nigh onto a fortni't, an' we couldn't seem to thrash it out no other way but that Emeline had got to put her shoulder to the wheel an' go down to the Post Office an' help. Not that Emeline balked much at the idee, but thar was them that said that Lisha hadn't orter put his own wife in thar—and ye know a man in politics has got to look out fer the speech o' people. Still, it did seem to be jest the thing for Emeline. She's real int'rested and sociable, Emeline is. She does love a good dish o' talk with a neighbor, an' o' course down to the Post Office all the folks are runnin' in, and what with the passin' and the postal-cards she can pretty well keep the run o' what's goin' on. B'sides, she does hate housework wuss'n pisen, alwyz did. So it did seem jest a clear Providence for Emeline, an' she went.

Wal, you might know that was jest the time I had to go an' trip up over the mop-pail and break my leg. I wouldn't 'a' minded so much if I'd 'a' fell out of a second-story winder or down the suller-stairs, but it does seem sorter small potaters to break your leg over a mop-pail. Howsumever, thar I was tied right down onto a chair for months. I was mad enough to bite.

But, lawsy me, there was nuthin' fur it but to get hired help—though you know, Mar-

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anthy, good hired help is skurser than hen's teeth in these parts an' everywheres else, I guess, by what you read in the papers. Providence, though, seemed to be on our side, for 'twa'n't very long before we got hold o' Ida Bell Blossom—the Widder Em's gal. She was a-keepin' company with a young feller up Middleboro' way, but land alive—she was a takin' sort o' girl an' pretty as a picter, I will give in, and she'd kept company with lots o' fellers, so we didn't think much o' that—bein' green in the business, I might say.

Wal, Ida Bell was a nice girl—I don't ask for no better nurse be sh' 'oo she may. I wa'n't able then to sit up an' kinder look after things as I do now, but she kep' the house as neat as wax an' was real teachable and folksy b'sides. I s'pose she wasted consid'able time a-prinkin', but that was nateral enough, and mercy on us an' to us! Gals now'-days can't do half as much work as I did when I was young, an' I don't expect it. But thar, jest as we got real wonted to Ida Bell, didn't that young feller up Middleboro' way—I've furgot his name—was it Simpkins? Seems's if it begun with an S or mebbe a T—Tompkins? No—'twa'n't Tompkins—wal, anyway, he was in a depot somewhars, and didn't he go an' git a raise to somewheres else up the State an' up an' want to marry Ida Bell right off an' take her with him. It come sorter sudden to her, an' I argufied with her all I could, even to offering her as high as a dollar 'n' a half a week an' all her keep, but all the time he was a argufyin' on the other side o' the fence, an' land o' Goshen, you might jest as well set down in the way of a cow-catcher as in front o' the course o' true love when it does git to runnin' smooth.

So the young feller, his name was Wyman—I knew it begun somewhar towards the end o' the alphabet—he carried her off to his new depot—had a pass all the way— I expect that was one thing led Ida Bell to go. It made her feel so good to take her tower on a pass.

Ida Bell treated us real white though—I'll say that for her; before she went she got her sister Sally to come over an' take her place. That made another one to learn our ways to, an' she was full as pretty as Ida Bell—prettier, if anything, for she wa'n't so dark-complected, but she hadn't no beau at the time, an' still bein' sorter green, we felt quite safe.

But land! We hadn't counted on that boy that drives the grocery-wagon— Pretty soon after she got here, I noticed that it begun to take him longer an' longer to set the bundles down onto our kitchen-table, an' bimeby it took a full half-hour, though I kep' a-hollerin' back an' forth to break it up as much as I could. I felt justified, for I knew she'd have lots more chances, an' I wanted to hang on to her for a spell myself. But law sakes, what could a poor lame old woman do agin a likely young groceryman, with blue eyes and a mustache—he a-bringin' of her hull pounds o' chocolate-candy every once in a while—sometimes as often as once a week—if you'll believe it. I like hoar-hound-drops full better myself, an' I told him so, but it didn't seem to make no difference.

At first he used to come Wednesdays—said we was so fur an' so out o' the way that he couldn't come no oftener—but pretty soon 'twas Saturdays too—an' then our house seemed to git nearer an' nearer the village, an' right in the way to everywheres, so he'd drop in once or twice a day to ask if we didn't need a bar o' soap, or a jug o' molasses, or sumthin'.

By that time she'd got to ridin' down the road with him a piece, or else he'd bring her back from the village—the horse a-meanderin' along as if he had weights tied onto all his feet, an' the lines a-hanging down over the thills. The old wagon jolted so that I s'pose Tommy had to hold her onto the seat.

Anyhow, not bein' as blind as a bat, I saw that Sally's days with us was numbered, and she bein' so lovesick that she didn't know a flat-iron from a fiddle-string, I didn't care much if they was. So at the last I sorter egged 'em on, for 'twas a real comfort when they was safely married off an' not spoonin' around under my nose no more.

The next was Sophy Moore—good-lookin' too—we seemed to run afoul o' that kind continooal—but she wouldn't own up to havin' no beau, an' said she didn't like men folks noways. So as the grocer's boy was married off—an', by the way, only comin' once a week—I did think I could sorter ketch my breath before I begun to send out my next weddin'-invites, as you might say. But thar now, would you believe it? She only stayed six weeks, all told. Don't you never trust them light-complected folks with china-blue eyes an' that sickly, continooal smile. Her very weddin'-day was set when she come to us, an' she jest wanted to git

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enough money to buy her weddin'-bunnet an' a few other fixin's. It makes me mad clear through jest to think of it. Don't say Sophy Moore to me! Ananias and Sapphiry Moore, say I, an' more too.

The only comfort I have is that I give her a good piece of my mind before she left—a sorter weddin'-present as you might say—an' 'twas the only one I did give her, too. I'd made the others real hansum ones—both on 'em—spoiled a good two-dollar bill to do it.

Wal, by that time we knew enough to fight shy o' good looks, so the next one we got was Lowizy Payne—she's a nice whull-some woman, Lowizy is, an' sensible as they make 'em, but, land alive, she won't never be hung for her beauty, as the sayin' goes—besides bein' some along in years. She was a good cook though, and I'd orter a remembered that men folks cares a sight more for their stummicks than for their eyes, any day. This time 'twas Joe John Peck, our hired man. He'd worked for us for years off an' on in hayin' an' harvestin', an' when Lisha went into the Post Office, Joe John seemed to be jest the one to hire to come up an' tend to the critters an' what little farmin' thar was. Joe John was a genooine old bach', too—but, land, it turned out 'twas because he thought all the good cooks was married. He let on as much to me after things got to movin'. An' I ruther think I should 'a' guessed it anyway, for Lowizy hadn't been in the house more'n a week before Joe John begun a castin' of sheep's eyes at her, an' her cookin', good enough to begin with, seemed to improve from day to day. Lawsy me—I never was so pampered up in the way of eatin' in my life—an' that was the silver lining to the cloud for us. 'Twas lucky for Lisha, though, that that cloud didn't have to be turned inside outwards very long. Lisha is a good provider—he takes it from his pa—but, land, we don't expect to run no Walled-off Castoria, like they tell on down to York, and the expense was gettin' to be somethin' fearful. The only way I stopped Lowizy from killin' off all the old hens was by tellin' her that there wouldn't be nothin' left to lay eggs for cake, and, lucky enough, Joe John was very partial to cake. I s'pose it might have gone on for years though, if Lisha could 'a' stood it, for Joe John was gittin' well fed an' not payin' no grocery-bills neither. But jest then his uncle over to Warren died an' left him a farm. So he had to brace up an' ask Lowizy, an' they was married three weeks ago right here in this settin'-room. My fore room hain't been open for years except for cleanin', an' I didn't feel called on to resk fadin' that carpet for no hired help, nice as they was. I did real well by 'em though, for I hated like a dog to have Lowizy go—an' we missed Joe John, too. I left Lowizy cook herself a first-rate weddin'-supper an' asked the minister an' his wife to stay to it, an' I give her a real good rag-carpet I had up-garret an' a bran' new log-cabin bed-quilt I'd pieced since I'd been laid up. By the way, Maranthy, if ye've got any pieces of that thar blue gingham or that pink calicker you've wore so long, they'd work in real handy on a drawin'-in rug I'm makin' to have on hand agin my last help drops off.

She's the Widder Bill Jinkins now, but land only knows how long she'll stay so. She's humbly as they make 'em, an' walks with a limp, an' she can't cook much an' is dretful kinder peaked besides, but thar, ye can't count a bit on that, jest bein' a widder is so kinder takin' somehow. I took that all into consideration when I hired her, but she seemed to be the only one we could get jest now, an' lucky enough to git anybody this time o' year, I s'pose.

We've hearn tell that a widower over to Attleboro had got his eye on her, but I ain't seen hide nor hair o' him yit. He may come any day, though. That's why I was so scairt when I seen ye settin' thar. I thought as how mebbe she'd met him down to the village an' was goin' to break the news to me.

We're doin' the best we can, though. Emeline spreads it abroad down to the Post Office what a fearful temper the Widder Bill has, an' how she can't cook a mite, an' I talk, too, as much as I dast with her right out in the kitchen most o' the time. An' Lisha, he's done his part, for he's put barbed wire all around the back fence, an' he says he's goin' to buy a bull-dog an' set up a sign, "No Trespassing," on the gate post. But, land alive, 'twon't probably do no good—widders are so takin'.

Dear me, suz a day, Maranthy! Run to the winder quick an' tell me. Be my eyes a-deceivin' of me or is it—yes, it is—the Widder Bill Jinkins a-comin' back from the village with a MAN!

Wal, I'll be buttered if I ain't a-goin' to give up housekeepin' an' turn all my mind onto runnin' one o' these here Matrimony Bureaus."

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The Prodigal Son

By HALL CAINE

Author of "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," etc.

PART I

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

Stephen Magnusson, Iceland's Governor-General, and Factor Oscar Neilsen, its richest citizen, have been friends from boyhood. The Governor marries Anna, and by her has two sons, Magnus and Oscar. The Factor marries a Danish woman, who bears him two daughters, Thora and Helga. The four children are practically brought up together by Anna, for the Factor's Danish wife dislikes Iceland and soon returns to Copenhagen.

After a few years Helga, the youngest daughter, joins her mother abroad, and at the same time Oscar, a clever and irresponsible boy, is sent to Oxford. Magnus, who is thought too awkward and slow to be worthy a foreign education, enters the Factor's business, and falls in love with Thora. A marriage between the two young people is arranged by their fathers, and although Thora does not love Magnus, she consents.

During the absence of Magnus at the annual sheep-shearing, Oscar returns from his six years' stay in England, during which, without any definite achievement, he has established a reputation for great brilliancy. He and Thora are at once mutually attracted, and at the feast which terminates the sheep-shearing Magnus overhears them declaring their love. He offers to release Thora from her promise to him, but she reminds him that the contract of marriage is to be signed on the following day, and that her father, the Factor, will not forgive her if she draws back at so late a date. After a night of mental struggle Magnus informs Oscar and Thora that he himself will, at the last moment, take a step that will cause the contract to be set aside. First, however, he forces Oscar to write a letter to Thora, promising to make her happiness his chief aim in life. This letter, after Thora has read it, Magnus retains.

Other characters in the story are Aunt Margret, sister to the Factor, and Neils Finsen, a friend of Oscar's, who has also been educated at Oxford.

The present instalment opens with the reading of the marriage-contract, which Magnus has undertaken to have withdrawn.

CHAPTER X

THE betrothal was fixed for five o'clock on the day following. Aunt Margret had had women in to clean the house down, and everything was like a new pin. The large sitting-room, looking toward the town, was prepared for the legal part of the ceremony, with pens and ink on the round table, and the smaller sitting-room, divided from it by a plush curtain and overlooking the lake, was laid out with a long dining-table, covered with cakes and cups and saucers, and surrounded by high-backed chairs.

These rooms were standing quiet and solemn when, at half-past four, Aunt Margret came down in her best black silk, and with ringlets newly oiled, to have a last look round. She was doing a little final dusting when the first of her guests arrived. This was Anna, also in black silk, and, being already on her company manners, Aunt Margret kissed her.

Almost immediately the Factor came downstairs—a tall man, clean shaven, bald-headed, and a little hard and angular, wearing evening-dress and a skull-cap, and carrying a long German pipe in his hand.

The Governor came in next—a broad-set man of medium height, with a beard, but no mustache, and wearing his official uniform, which was bright with gold braid.

The Bishop, the Rector of the Latin School, and the Sheriff, who had been asked as witnesses, came in a little later. The Bishop was a saintly old patriarch, with a soft face and a white beard, and the Rector—as became the schoolmaster—sharper if not more severe.

"But where is Thora?" asked the Bishop after a few moments' conversation.

"She's dressing," said Aunt Margret. "Let us go and fetch her down, Anna," and the two women went upstairs, returning in a few moments with Thora in her simple velvet costume called a kirtle, with its silver belt, its bell sleeves, and its white lace about the neck. The Governor took his daughter in

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his arms and kissed her. "But how pale, my child!" he said.

Suddenly Oscar came dashing into the room.

"Out walking—lost count of the time—only six minutes to dress—did it in five," he said, in breathless gasps.

"He's another pale one," laughed the Rector. "Has there been a frost overnight that has nipped all our rose-buds?"

"Been running to get here," said Oscar, "but I've raced Magnus, it seems."

"Magnus has raced you in another way, my boy," said the Rector, nodding his head towards Thora, who was blushing and looking down; whereupon the Governor muttered:

"Oscar must not dream of marriage yet awhile. He has his career to think about, and he has not been too earnest about it hitherto."

Now the lawyer came in with a large portfolio of papers and laid them on the table.

"Where is Magnus, I wonder?" said the Governor, walking restlessly before the window.

"Don't be anxious about Magnus, Stephen," said Anna. "He grows more and more like my poor father. If father promised to be somewhere at a certain time he would turn up to the minute if he had to kill a couple of ponies in getting there."

The cathedral clock struck five at that moment, and sure enough before the clang of the last stroke had died away, Magnus walked into the room. He looked slack and almost untidy in his pea-jacket and long boots, and was the only person in the room who had not troubled to dress for the occasion. The Governor's face darkened at sight of him, and the Factor said in a tone of vexation:

"Well, let us get to work and have it over—I've been spoiling for a smoke this half hour."

The lawyer opened his portfolio, and the company gathered about the table, whereupon Aunt Margret cried:

"Magnus, do you allow of this? Here's Oscar sitting beside Thora."

"Don't disturb him," said Magnus. "This is good enough for me," and he took a low seat by the side of his mother.

And then the lawyer opened the marriage contract, and began to read.

CHAPTER XI

THE company listened intently, and at the close of every clause the Governor, who was resting his head on his hand, and his elbow on the table, said: "Good!" "Very good!" "Generous!" "Most generous!" When the lawyer had finished, the other old people leaned back and drew long breaths of satisfaction, but the Governor rose and crossed to the Factor, and shook hands with him, saying: "Just like you, old friend!"

The Factor was gratified by the reception of the document, and became bright and almost humorous. Imitating the manner of the auctioneer, he cried: "Anybody bid higher? Then going—going—go——"

"Wait!" said the Governor. "Hadn't we better ask the opinion of the young people themselves? After all, they are the persons ultimately concerned."

"Very well! Thora, what do *you* say?" said the Factor, expecting a burst of rapturous approval, but Thora only answered timidly:

"I don't know. Hadn't you better ask Magnus first?"

"Certainly, my dear—Magnus first as a matter of course. What do you say, Magnus? Any suggestion to make? Any little improvement? How do you like the contract?"

There was an awkward silence which astonished the older people, and then came a great surprise. Magnus, who had been sitting with his head down, raised a white and firm-set face, and answered:

"I do not like the contract at all, Factor, and I cannot sign it."

At this there were looks of bewilderment among the older people, who seemed to be uncertain if they had heard aright, while Thora and Oscar, who partly understood, seemed to be struggling to catch their breath. The Factor was the first to recover his self-possession, and he said, with a slightly supercilious accent:

"Is that so? I thought I knew something of these matters, but if you think you can draw up a better document, Magnus——"

But then the Governor interposed. "Some trifle, no doubt," he said suavely. "Magnus will explain. What is the point you object to, my son?"

There was another moment of tense silence, and then Magnus said in a harsh voice:

"By this contract I am required to live in

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Iceland all my life—that's slavery, and I will not submit to it."

"But my dear Magnus," said Anna, "don't you see the reason for that? To all intents and purposes Thora is the Factor's only daughter—his only child—and if she goes away who is to cheer him up and make home bright for him? Be reasonable, Magnus!"

"Anna, hadn't we better let the young man finish?" said the Factor. "He may have other objections. Have you?"

"Yes," said Magnus. "According to this contract I am to be taken into partnership on marrying Thora, but only on a quarter share. Partnership is partnership, and where there are two partners it should be half and half—I must have half."

The company listened in consternation, and the Factor began to laugh. "Why not?" he said in a cynical tone. "Everything is hay in hard weather. I'm so hard up for a son-in-law that I shouldn't stick at a trifle."

"Old friend," said the Governor, "let us not be too hasty. Perhaps Magnus has not made himself quite plain."

"As plain as a pikestaff. He wants an equal partnership. But perhaps that is not all. Is there anything else?"

"Yes, there is, sir," said Magnus, in a rather aggressive manner. "By this deed, when you retire I am to take over the business, but I am only to have one-third share of the profits—I must have two-thirds."

"In—deed!" said the Factor. "Do you know I thought if I allowed you to come into the business that I had made, and to work it with my plant and my capital, one-third was generous."

"Most generous!" said the Governor, mopping his forehead. "But Magnus is slow—slow both of thought and speech. He must have some explanation. What do you mean, Magnus? Take your time and speak plainly."

"I mean, sir," said Magnus, "that the barter business in Iceland will break up before long. When the Factor retires—perhaps before—his business will be worth nothing—not even the name, for that will be *less* than nothing. A new business will have to be created, and if I am to create it, I must have two-thirds of the profits, leaving one-third for the use of the Factor's money."

The Factor was losing his temper. "Why one at all?" he said. "Why not kick me out altogether? No use beating a dog with a cheese when a whip is handy. Anything else to ask, sir?"

"Yes," said Magnus, without the change of a muscle. "By this contract my wife is to inherit half her father's fortune at his death—she must inherit the whole of it."

"Good Lord!"

The exclamation seemed to come from everybody in the general chorus of condemnation which followed.

"Are you dreaming?" cried the Governor. "Do you forget that the Factor has another daughter?"

"No, sir; I do not forget it," said Magnus. "But the other daughter has gone away with her mother; she may never come back; and after Thora has spent her life by her father's side—cheering him up, and making his home bright, as mother says—and perhaps nursing him in his last days—is somebody else, who has done nothing, to sweep off half of all he leaves behind? No! My wife—if I marry—must have everything!"

The older people, both strangers and members of the family, broke into loud expressions of dissent, while the Factor looked round at them and said: "An eagle isn't displeased with a dead sheep, is it? And so, Mr. Governor's son," he said, wheeling about on Magnus, "these are the only terms on which you will do me the honor to marry my daughter?"

Without noticing the sneer, Magnus answered: "Yes."

"Well, I must say I'm deceived in Magnus," said Aunt Margret. "I didn't think he had a selfish thought in his heart."

"And *I* didn't think," said the Factor, "I didn't think the son of anybody in Iceland could afford to turn up his nose at a daughter of mine."

"Neilsen," said the Governor firmly, "we have been friends since we were boys, and neither of us knows which will bury the other—don't let us quarrel now over the conduct of our children."

The company murmured approval, and then the Governor turned once more to Magnus.

"My son—for you *are* my son, though I'm at a loss to understand it—you are making a breach between two families by asking these utterly impossible terms! Don't you see they are impossible? Have you taken leave of your senses? Are you quite mad? Have you been drinking—are you drunk? Good God!"

Magnus made no answer, but the painful

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silence which followed the Governor's outburst was broken by a pitiful cry. It came from Thora. She understood everything at last; she knew what Magnus was doing for her and the price he was going to pay for it; and she wanted to cry out but could not; so she dropped her head on Aunt Margret's shoulder and wept bitterly.

Anna mistook Thora's tears for shame and humiliation, and turning to Magnus she said:

"My dear son, you haven't thought of things in the right way or you couldn't do what you are doing. Think of Thora! If you refuse her father's offer, everybody will hear of it and the poor girl will be shamed. Do you want to see that, Magnus? I'm sure you do not! So come now, for Thora's sake—even though you don't quite like the Factor's conditions, for Thora's sake, Magnus—will you not?"

Everybody waited for Magnus's reply and even Thora raised her head.

"No," said Magnus, in a voice like a growl, and then he sat with a stolid face while the condemnation of the company fell upon him in a chorus of denunciation. "Infamous!" "Hateful!" "Execrable!" "Damnable!" "The man's heart must be as hard as a raven's."

Oscar could bear no more. He had been sitting silent with head down as if trying to hide his agitated face, but now he rose, walked to the curtains which divided the front room from the back, parted them with a trembling hand and looked out over the lake, on which the sun was setting.

"Don't go away, Oscar," cried the Governor. "I know you are disgusted with your brother's turpitude, but I want you to speak to him for all that. It is hardly likely that having refused to pay attention to his mother or me, he should listen to you or to anybody else, but try him. For the honor of the family tell him that if he adheres to the attitude he has taken up he will be an object of hatred and contempt. As long as he lives people will despise him and his family will be ashamed to acknowledge him. If he has no love for Thora, see if he has any respect for himself. Speak to your brother, Oscar, for mercy's sake, speak to him."

Oscar's hand on the curtain shook visibly and he said with an effort, while all listened without breathing and Thora's parted lips quivered:

"I cannot do that, father. I do not feel that I have any right. No doubt Magnus knows as well as we do what he is doing, and has counted all the consequences. Everybody has to live his own life."

At this there was a murmur of disappointment, and the Governor, turning away, walked to the window. Then Oscar stepped back to the table and said, more firmly yet with as much emotion:

"But if I cannot appeal to Magnus, there is something I can do—I can offer to take Magnus's place. If you and the Factor will consent, I can accept the conditions of the contract just as they are, and be only too proud to marry Thora if she will accept me."

At first there were looks of blank amazement about the table, then a general sigh of relief, and then everybody seemed to be saying at once: "Good!" "Splendid!" "The very thing!"

"Yes," said the voice of the Governor, husky with emotion, "it is just like Oscar—always doing the great thing! But in a matter which so intimately concerns the boy's future life and welfare I cannot allow a momentary impulse of generosity——"

"It isn't a momentary impulse, father. Since I came home from England I have learned to love Thora. But she was engaged to my brother and I couldn't speak until Magnus had spoken——"

"Honorable!" "Most honorable!" said several voices, and it was with difficulty that Oscar could go on.

"But now—if it is understood that Magnus retires—that is to say, refuses to marry Thora——"

"He does—undoubtedly he does," said the Factor.

"And if Thora will take me——"

Every eye looked toward Thora; she hesitated for a moment, then rose from her chair and timidly held out her hand. Oscar grasped it eagerly and there was a chorus of congratulation.

"But we cannot allow Thora either to be carried away by a momentary impulse," said Aunt Margret, who was vigorously wiping her eyes, "and if she's only doing this to escape from a shameful position——"

"I'm not, auntie," said Thora. "I only consented to marry Magnus because my father wished it, but I love Oscar, and if father will agree——"

The Factor's eyes were sparkling with the light of triumph and he cried across to the Governor: "What do *you* say, Stephen?"

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"Well, I must say it's fast ambling—too fast," said the Governor, "but if the young people are satisfied, and if Oscar is content to give up his career in England—his music and his studies—and live in Iceland all his life, it may save a breach between our families and tide us over an ugly reef——"

"Then so be it, godson," cried the Factor, slapping Oscar on the back, "and as for England, I'll take care of that!"

This was received with a shout of approval from the strangers, and then the Factor called to the lawyer to alter the names in the contract and get it signed without delay.

"As for you, sir," he said, turning to Magnus, and snapping his fingers in his face, "your ugly chickens have come home to roost. You thought you would corner me, but your selfishness and worldliness have done the work that everybody seems to have wanted. Ha, ha, ha! he laughs best who laughs last! There's nothing I like better than to dish a man who tries to dish me, and I'll go to bed happy to-night."

Magnus had risen from his low seat and was standing with his head down and his hands on his hips while the storm beat over him, and thinking he was still unmoved, the Factor burst upon him again in a tone of biting raillery.

"But if the barter trade is going to the dogs, hadn't you better cut it before the crash comes? Heavy is the fall, you know, when an old man tumbles, and I might crush you coming down. I'll trouble you to leave my house, sir, without a day's delay."

"Father!" cried Thora, and she stepped between them, but the Factor brushed her aside.

"You get away, Thora. If a daughter of mine had done to me what he has tried to do to-day, she wouldn't have a roof to cover her to-night."

"Neither shall a son of mine—not in this town at all events," said the Governor. "Magnus Stephensen——"

"Stephen! Stephen!" said Anna; and Oscar, in the same quivering voice as before, cried out to his father.

"Hold your tongue, Anna! Oscar, be quiet, you've done enough for one day! Magnus Stephensen, when you leave the Factor's house you will go to the farm at Thingvellir, and stay there, and thank your stars if for the rest of your life you are allowed to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow."

"The contract is ready for the signatures," said the lawyer, and then everybody, save one, turned back to the table and there was a cackle of cheerful voices.

"All's well that ends well," said the Bishop, when the names were signed and the rings exchanged. "That will do as a pledge between you until you come to me to be made man and wife."

"Supper is ready," cried Aunt Margret, drawing the curtains of the inner room.

When the company was seated about the supper table it was seen that there was one chair too many, and the Governor pushed it back with an impatient hand. Magnus had gone—no one had seen him go.

CHAPTER XII

ALONE and forgotten, a prey to the devilish voices which had tortured him in the time of his temptation, angry and unsatisfied although he had carried out his purpose and triumphed as he had intended, Magnus was in his room at the top of the house, gathering up his belongings by the light of a candle. He had sent for two ponies to take him to the farm—a saddle-pony and a pack-pony—and two small pack-boxes held everything. When all was packed he came upon the remains of a bottle of brandy which he had kept in his bedroom as medicine, and he drank the spirit and threw the bottle away.

During that short hour of pain and degradation he heard at intervals the various noises of the company at supper below stairs—sometimes in single voices, sometimes in climbing cries like the sounds of a geyser, sometimes in peals of joyous laughter—and his heart grew hard and bitter. He could plainly distinguish Oscar's voice among the rest, at first quiet enough, but afterward loud and hilarious, and his very soul sickened.

"You fool!" said the other voices at his ear. "What did you expect? Did you think he would be overwhelmed with sorrow? He is glad; he'll walk over your head, and over Thora's head too! Listen to him, already the sweet, unselfish, privileged pet of everybody!"

After the boxes had been sent downstairs Magnus took a last look round, and then he tried to shut out all bitter thoughts and evil passions, for he believed he was leaving

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that room forever. It had been his home through seven long years, and some of them had been bad years, but some of them had been good, and the good ones had filled the little place with memories of many visions.

The sloping roof, the dormer-window, the deal furniture, the sheepskin on the bare floor, and the sunflower pattern on the wall-paper were all ghosts of the dreams he had dreamed there. Some of them were dreams of the great things he was going to do for Iceland, but more of them were dreams of Thora, and remembering that both sorts were dead now, and that Thora belonged to Oscar, to save himself from further repining, and to crush down the riot that was rising within, he blew out the candle, and that chapter of his life was at an end.

But the devilish voices were not yet done with him. Going down the stairs he had to pass the door of the front room on the first landing and he went by it on tiptoe. For years he had always passed that door on tiptoe, for it was the door to Thora's room, a holy place, half nursery, half sanctuary, as Thora herself had grown to be half saint to him and half child; but he was not thinking of that this time. He was thinking he must get out of the house without seeing her again, for she belonged to Oscar now, and if they were to meet and she began to thank him for giving her to Oscar—but God forbid!

Thora's door was closed, but the next room stood open. It was Aunt Margret's bed-room and Magnus knew that a photograph of Thora was on the chest of drawers near to the door. He had often envied it and now he stopped to look at it for the last time, and the voices at his ear seemed to say: "Take it; it's all you are going to carry away of her;" but thinking it would only make his future life the harder, he left it and passed on.

Going down the last flight of stairs he heard the two sitting-rooms buzzing like the mill-house and knew that others must have joined the party, but above all other sounds he heard the sound of Oscar's voice, clear as a flute, saluting people as they came in. "Listen to him! The darling!" said the mocking voices by his side.

The hat-stand in the hall had been cleared for the new-comers, therefore Magnus had to go to a rail under the stairs for his overcoat and riding-whip, and while he was there Aunt Margret opened the door of the back sitting-room to ventilate the crowded place. She did not see him, for she had taken off the spectacles she usually wore and he was standing in the shadow, but he saw everybody in the room and Thora among the rest.

Thora was sitting by the wall and the townspeople were going up to her one after another and offering their flowers and making congratulatory speeches. And she was thanking them in her soft voice and looking very happy.

Magnus was hurt by Thora's happiness. He had done all he could to make her happy; he had sacrificed everything; but now that he looked on her happiness he was hurt by it; and when Oscar went up and stood by her chair, looking bright and proud, he felt hot with anger and hatred.

While he pulled on his overcoat he could not help hearing what was being said within the room. "Such an extraordinary thing, Thora," said one; "people in the town were actually saying it was Magnus you were going to marry!" "I heard that, too," said another. "Such an idea!" said a third; "as if any girl would marry Magnus who could get Oscar!" And then Oscar's voice, large, expansive, indulgent, almost patronizing, "Tut, tut! You mustn't say anything against Magnus, Elisabet!" "But I hear Magnus insulted Thora this evening and the Factor has turned him out for it." "Can it be possible? I saw him in the hall as I was coming in!" "No, no, not insulted—not to say insulted exactly," said Oscar's voice again, and then Magnus, sick and dizzy, turned away.

He was going out of the house with head down when the door of the front sitting-room opened and closed quickly and he found himself face to face with Thora. She was trying to look sad, but the light of her happiness was still in her eyes, and her parted lips were smiling.

"I heard you were here," she said, "and I couldn't help coming out to see you. Oscar told me yesterday I was not to speak whatever happened, but it seems so terrible that you should leave us like this."

"We made a mistake and we had to get out of it somehow," said Magnus.

"I know," said Thora. "And of course I think it will be the best thing in the end. You would have had no joy of me, Magnus, and I should have been very unhappy."

"Perhaps you would," said Magnus.

"But it is a great grief to me that you will have to give up all the schemes you had set your heart upon. Magnus"

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"I have given up more than that, Thora," said Magnus, and he tried to push past her and go.

The light of her smile died off her face, and with a wistful look, in a pleading voice, she said:

"I feel as if I am losing a friend, Magnus, and you are saying good-by to me for good."

"No, not that exactly," said Magnus. "If you ever want me I shall be ready and waiting. When you say, 'Come,' I will come back to you—perhaps before."

"Good-by, Magnus!"

"Good-by!"

They were standing with hands clasped in what they believed to be their last parting, when the buzz of the inner room broke out upon them again, and a cheery voice cried:

"Thora! Thora! Where are you? Oh, it's you, Magnus?"

It was Oscar, and at the next moment Thora had gone back, the door of the sitting-room had closed behind her, and Magnus and his brother were together in the hall.

"I meant to come out to you before, old fellow," said Oscar, "but they stuck to me like leeches and I couldn't get away. I wanted to thank you for what you did for me this evening. It was too generous, too brotherly, and I can never be sufficiently grateful."

Magnus did not answer, so Oscar went on:

"You pledged me to silence, and you were right, plainly right—but of course I cannot allow the error about your motive to go much farther, and as soon as it is safe to do so, I will set you right. People shall know the truth about what you did, and what you did it for, and they will make amends for their mistake."

Still Magnus did not speak, so Oscar continued:

"It's too bad, though, that you should suffer in the meantime and if there is anything I could do for you—in a material way, I mean—if you are in want of——"

But the dark fire that was rising in Magnus's face frightened him and he could not finish what he wished to say.

"I don't care a straw what people think I did it for," said Magnus, "and I don't care a damn if they never make amends. *You* know what I did it for, and that's enough for me. I did it for the sake of Thora. I gave her up to you that you might love her and cherish her and make her happy and be a better husband to her than I could be. But if you don't do it, if you ever neglect or desert her, or give her up for another woman, I'll take her back—do you hear me?"—(Magnus swayed like a drunken man and laid hold of Oscar's arm)—"I'll take her back, and then—then, by God, I'll kill you!"

Saying this he walked heavily out of the house, leaving Oscar with white cheeks and gibbering lips, alone in the hall.

His ponies were waiting for him in the street ready for the journey to Thingvellir. The night was dark, but the windows of the house were bright, for the blinds had been drawn and the sashes thrown open. A cackle of many voices came out of them, for the company within was now large and very merry. While Magnus tightened the girths, somebody played a guitar, and as he was riding away, Oscar began to sing.

PART II

CHAPTER I

OSCAR did his best to keep the fire burning in the inner sanctuary—the fire of love and duty—but oftener than he was aware it flickered, faded, and seemed to be in danger of dying out. He tried to tell the truth about Magnus, but as frequently as he thought out a way of doing so he was confronted by the ugly question which would surely be asked: "Can it be possible that you stood passively aside while we condemned Magnus for a vice he was not guilty of, and praised you for a virtue you did not possess?" The humiliation of speech like that would be deeper than the degradation of silence, and from day to day Oscar postponed the painful confession. Thus a month passed and he had said nothing.

His position would have been easier if he had been getting on better with his work—if he could have felt it was impossible that

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the Factor could regret the loss of Magnus. Then he would have said: "After all, though naturally you didn't think so at the time, everything has been for the best," whereupon the Factor would have said: "You are right, godson," and after that he would have told all.

But his work was going badly, and there was no blinking the fact that he was a bad business man. On first going into the Factor's, on the footing the contract gave him, he rambled from office to warehouse with aimless and shiftless uncertainty, dressed with bohemian freedom, and looking like a butterfly in a back alley. Then the Factor said: "Come, come, young fellow, we must be getting to work—choose a department and be responsible for it."

Oscar selected the export department. This brought him into relation with the farmers, and some of them cheated him unmercifully, concealing their inferior wool in the body of the packs he bought from them. Magnus would have rooted out both the bad stuff and the men who brought it, and they would have gone flying before his threatening face; but Oscar wished to stand well with everybody, and the firm suffered accordingly.

After a week he went back to the Factor and said: "I don't think a department is what suits me best, godfather—why not let me have a general supervision?" The Factor shrugged his shoulders, but replied: "I'm willing. You shall be my right-hand man, then, and I'll ease off as soon as you are ready."

But from that moment onward Oscar did nothing—good, bad, or indifferent. He was always running about like one out of breath, but he came at any hour in the morning and left at any time in the evening, and was always skipping off to see Thora. That little lady was entirely content, but the Factor was heard to say to Aunt Margret: "There was something in Magnus after all, Margret." And Aunt Margret was heard to answer: "Many a good sword is in a bad sheath, you know."

But one day Oscar came flying to the Factor in breathless haste with his mouth full of great news. The member of parliament for the town was dead, and the radical party were already preparing to run a candidate—an out-and-out socialist, named Oddsson, an enemy of the old order both in politics and trade.

"Why shouldn't I go into Althing?" said Oscar. "I could protect the business against these rascally revolutionaries and help to preserve the old principles."

"Let me talk to your father first," said the Factor.

The old friends agreed that the scheme was a good one. "But I cannot appear in the contest," said the Governor.

"Leave it to me," said the Factor, and he went back and told Oscar, who shouted with delight and shot off to tell Thora.

By this time Thora had spent a long month in radiant happiness. If she thought sometimes of Magnus's position, she remembered that Oscar had said he would set things right, and the delay counted for little, because she measured existence by days no longer, but by emotions, and she was conscious of one emotion only—love for Oscar, and therefore for everybody and everything in the world.

As the year was growing elderly and its withering winds made further excursions to the islands of the fiord impossible she and her lover remained at home and romped like children or played the guitar and piano. He taught her some Icelandic love-songs and she sang them in a thin, sweet treble, which Oscar cheered tumultuously. It did not hurt her in the least that Oscar never took her singing seriously—he did not take Thora herself seriously. He called her "Baby Thora," and she christened him the "Bad Boy."

The moment he had left her sight she would send a letter after him, like a handkerchief he had forgotten. He always replied, and his letters were clever and full of affectionate banter, but, perhaps, at the bottom of her heart she was a little disappointed with them. They were not quite lover-like enough; there were scarcely any of them she could not read aloud to Aunt Margret; there was hardly one that was her very own.

But Oscar made up for every deficiency when he arrived himself, and on the day when he came with a hop, skip, and a jump into the sitting-room and announced that he was to be member of Althing she saw him for one moment great and glorious, like the top of a mountain when it has broken through the mist and the sun has flashed onto it, and then she said: "And now the 'Bad Boy' must play with me—he hasn't played me blind-man's-buff since yesterday."

Thora was too happy to think of her happiness, but she told herself sometimes that

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there was only one thing wanting to make it complete—that Helga should come home to share it. She broached the subject to Oscar, but it was at a moment when he was immersed in his manifestoes and he merely said: "Good idea! Splendid! Helga looks like a stunner in her photograph. Send for her certainly if the Factor approves," and he went on with his tiresome politics.

Thora then broached the subject to her father. The Factor listened to her with sympathy, for nature is stronger than lawyer's ink, and he had often told himself he had been foolish to part with his child. "Well, I don't see why she shouldn't," he said. "She might come for the wedding—or, say for a year—one year at all events. I'll write to the lawyer in Denmark."

By the same mail Thora wrote to Helga:

Dearest Helga: Father is writing to the lawyer to ask him to send you back to Iceland. It is only for a year, so I hope mamma will not object. I am sure *you* will not when I tell you what is to happen—there is to be a wedding, and of course a party, and great goings on.

Dear, I am going to be married to Oscar Stephensen, who has come back from England and is so handsome and so clever. If you could see him as he is now, you would fall in love with him instantly, but he is so fond of me and I am so happy. I *was* to have married his brother Magnus, but the engagement broke down, and now I am very sorry for Magnus, and if you ever hear anything against him when you come home you are not to believe a word of it, because Magnus is as good as gold, only *I* could not care for him, so it was no use trying.

Dear, there are such lots of things I want to tell you, but I must save them up until you come. We have had bad trade this summer and Oscar has gone into father's business. I am weaving a web of cloth for father's Christmas suit, but it does not make much progress because somebody is always interrupting, and when you are about to be married there is so much to do—isn't there?

Dearest Helga, I have no more to write about now, so give my love to mamma, and mind you come before long, for the wedding may be soon, although nothing is fixed yet.

Your affectionate sister,

THORA.

P.S.—Come quickly—I am dying to introduce you to Oscar.

A fortnight later the Factor announced that he had heard from the lawyer in Denmark, and Helga was to come by the next steamer.

"The Laura, and she's due on the first of November, and that's the day of the election!" said Oscar.

"What a good omen!" said Thora, and she sang her Iceland love-songs all that evening through, for she was very happy.

CHAPTER II

WHEN the cathedral clock struck four, on the day of the election, the Sheriff rose and called for the shutting of the doors of the polling-room. When the counting was finished, he told the attendants to open the window, and then the deep hum of a crowd which had been cheering and singing outside, with a noise like the sea breaking on a bar far off, rose to a roar, like that of the sea running up a stony beach. At the next moment everybody was shaking hands with Oscar, a band was beginning to play in the street, and the Sheriff was stepping on to the balcony.

Meantime Thora, fluttering with excitement of another sort, had gone down to the jetty to meet Helga. As soon as the Laura had steamed up the fiord, and cast anchor outside the town, she put off in her father's white boat and drew up alongside. It was now quite dark, but lights were burning on the steamer, and the dark figures of a line of passengers were silhouetted against the sky as they leaned over the rail and shouted to the friends in little boats who had come out to meet them. Thora was sure that Helga must be there, and she wanted to call to her, but her heart was beating so fast that her voice would not answer. At length the companion was let down, and Thora's boat swayed up to it, and then she climbed up the steamer's side.

"Helga!"

"Miss Helga is below," said a voice out of the darkness, and though she felt a pang of disappointment that Helga was not waiting, she ran down the stairs to the saloon. At the bottom she called "Helga" again, and the stewardess said:

"The young lady is in her cabin."

Feeling conscious of increasing disappointment, but still panting in her eagerness, Thora skipped off to the cabin, and then came a shock of surprise.

Somehow she had expected to find Helga a little thing, grown certainly, but still smaller than herself. In her dreams of their first meeting she had pictured herself stooping to kiss Helga and then in a sisterly-motherly sort of way putting her arms about her waist. But the young lady who came leisurely out of her cabin with her veil down and buttoning her kid gloves, was much taller than Thora and quite dignified and stately.

"Thora!" said the girl.

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"So it *is* you—really you?" said Thora.

"Really I," she laughed, and then it was Helga who stooped to kiss, Thora who had to lift up her face to her.

Thora's heart was in her mouth in both senses. She looked at Helga again by the dim light of the saloon-lamp and felt herself small and insignificant. Helga was beautiful, with her fine features, her large gray eyes and rich, dark complexion, and Thora felt herself to be plain and commonplace. Helga was fashionably dressed in the Danish manner, with the soft silk things about the neck and bosom which give charm to a charming girl, and Thora felt herself to be dowdy and countrified in her Iceland hufa and stiff velvet cloak.

"Have you come alone?" asked Helga.

"Quite alone," said Thora.

"But hasn't father come with you? Or Aunt Margret? Or that wonderful Oscar? Is there nobody but you?"

"Noboby but me," said Thora, and then, though she felt crushed and small, she explained that every one was busy over the election.

"So *that* was the meaning of the band we heard as we were sailing up?" said Helga, and at the first moment Thora thought perhaps Helga had hoped it was in honor of her own arrival, but at the next she felt ashamed and foolish.

"We might as well go, then," said Helga, and she swept up the stairs, leaving Thora to follow her.

Going ashore in the boat Thora sat at the helm side by side with Helga, and there, the lights being gone, and she no longer in awe of Helga's fashion and beauty, slipped her arm about her sister's waist, as she had always intended to do, and after that they got on better.

When they touched the jetty there was much shouting and scrambling in the darkness, and Thora was nervous and excited, but Helga was quiet and even amused.

The street at the top of the jetty was thronged with the people who were waiting outside the polling-place to hear the result of the election, and when the girls came to the crowd, which was good-natured but boisterous, they found it difficult to plough their way through until a big man stepped before them and swept the people aside like ninepins.

"What a tremendous creature that was!" said Helga. "He could have felled an ox, I fancy."

"But didn't you know him, Helga? It was Magnus Stephensen," said Thora.

"Magnus? Why didn't he speak, I wonder?"

They had reached the outskirts of the crowd and were crossing in front of the polling-place when the people raised a tremendous shout, for it was the moment when the Sheriff stepped on to the balcony.

"He's going to declare the poll—shall we wait?" asked Thora.

"It might be amusing," said Helga.

As soon as there was silence the Sheriff read the figures. Oscar had been elected by three votes to one. At this there was another hurricane of cheers, with shouts of "Oscar!" "Oscar!" and Thora said:

"Oscar will come next. Shall we wait and see him?"

"Why not? It will be good fun," said Helga.

Then Oscar came bounding on to the balcony amidst a wild breaker of applause, and behind him came two men bearing torches, so that his figure and face were plainly visible to the crowd below—his slim, lithe form, his fair hair slightly ruffled, his sparkling eyes, his mobile mouth and the never-failing smile that captivated everybody.

It was thus that Helga saw him for the first time since he became a man, and her face which had worn a playful expression became grave.

"How fine!" she said.

Thora could hardly catch the words over the sibilation of the running cheers, but she said:

"He will speak—shall we wait to hear him?"

"Assuredly," said Helga, and when Oscar began with "Fellow-townsmen and fellow-countrymen," Thora felt Helga's hand shiver and heard her say: "The same voice!"

Oscar's speech was punctuated by applause at the end of every sentence, and when it was finished and the speaker and the men with the torches had disappeared, Thora, clinging closer than ever to her sister, for her heart was warm with love and pride, asked:

"Well, what did you think of him?"

"Think of him? Oscar?" said Helga. She laughed uncomfortably and then stooped and whispered:

"Only to think that a little thing like you, dear, should capture a man like that!"

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Thora laughed also, but she hardly knew whether she was pleased or hurt. A sudden chill had struck her. It was like the breath of the mountain snow which sometimes comes down in summer.

CHAPTER III

EARLY in the afternoon Anna came over, and, while Aunt Margret was below stairs preparing chocolate for the company that was expected, the motherly old thing tried various artful ways of finding out from Helga what her upbringing had been in Denmark, and particularly what religious instruction and society her mother had given her. Helga saw through the device in a moment and with her red lips a little awry she painted an alarming picture of theatres and concert-halls, and a flat in Copenhagen frequented by actors and actresses, especially on Sunday evenings, where everybody, including the ladies, smoked cigarettes and drank brandy.

Meanwhile Thora watched for Oscar out of the side-light of the projecting window, and as soon as she saw him swinging down the road, she darted into the hall and threw herself into his arms and kissed him, whereupon, with his head full of his victory, he said:

"Congratulations, eh? The sweetest I've had yet," and pushed through toward the drawing-room.

"Wait, wait, wait! Something to show you!" cried Thora.

Then the poor victim of God knows what maleficent powers—not knowing what she did, but laughing merrily as if a song-bird had been imprisoned in her throat—began to play the old familiar trick of children. Standing behind Oscar—on tiptoe in order to reach—she put her hands over his eyes, and crying: "Forward, soldier!" marched him blindfold into the drawing-room and up to the place where Helga was waiting. Then, removing her hands sharply, she cried: "There!" and stood off to see the effect.

Oscar found himself face to face with a girl as unlike Thora as could be—tall, dark, with hair parted at the side and hanging over the forehead, dressed in a light silk blouse and silver-gray skirt, and having an odor of violets about her.

"Helga! Can it be possible?"

He stretched out his hand and Helga took it and held it, and so they stood for some moments, while Thora, breathing rapidly, watched the changing lights in their faces—in Oscar's, astonishment, admiration, and rapture; in Helga's, curiosity, satisfaction, and delight. And Thora's own face, too—to the pitying angels who alone were looking at it—showed expressions just as various—pride, joy, then uneasiness, and finally a little twinge of secret pain.

To relieve this feeling Thora burst into laughter, and then everybody laughed, and Aunt Margret came into the room with the chocolate and cakes.

"So you've brought them together again, Thora?" said Aunt Margret, and Thora swallowed a lump in her throat and answered: "Yes."

Then Oscar and Helga went over to the window-seat and talked together with great animation. Thora heard snatches of their conversation as she carried round the cups. It was about things of which she knew nothing—England, Denmark, Copenhagen, London, Oxford, the English theatre, the Danish theatre, and above all music, music, music.

"How well they get along!" said Thora.

"Trust them for that!" said Aunt Margret.

Toward dusk the Factor returned home—not having altered his habit of work by a hair's-breadth—and then came half the great people of the town—the Bishop, the Sheriff, the Rector of the Latin School, and finally the Governor. Helga moved among them with the quiet ease of one accustomed to company. Within an hour she had captured all the men, but the women were less sure of her.

Thora did not feel quite so happy in Helga's visit as she had expected to do, but still struggling to show her off, she asked her to play something on the piano—she had played after breakfast and it was beautiful.

Helga played brilliantly and Oscar, who had turned over her music, applauded her boisterously.

"And now Oscar ought to play something," said the Governor. "From his earliest years he made us conceive the highest hopes that he might become a great musician."

And then Oscar played. He played as the bird sings, because the song is in the soul of it, and when he had finished the company cheered him lustily, and Helga putting her face close to his face said in a whisper:

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"And *you* asked *me* to play—I who only play as I am taught, and you who can play like that!"

Oscar was delighted with Helga's praises, and suggested that they should play together. They played a difficult selection, full of flourishes, and the company declared they had never heard anything like it.

"Wonderful, wasn't it?" said somebody.

"Yes, wasn't it?" said Thora.

She was feeling utterly eclipsed and forgotten when Helga wheeled round on the music-stool and said:

"And now Thora must give us something on her guitar—Aunt Margret says she plays it beautifully."

"Indeed she does—beautifully!" said Aunt Margret.

But Thora begged off in alarm, saying:

"No, indeed, no! I couldn't possibly play after playing like that."

So Oscar and Helga began again. This time it was an English ballad. Helga played the accompaniment and Oscar sang the air, and there was a chorus which they gave together. The company were completely carried away. "Charming!" "Exquisite!" "But how well their voices harmonize!" "They might have been meant by nature to go together."

"Might they not?" said Thora.

"But now Thora ought really to play her guitar," said Helga.

"Certainly! Thora and her guitar," said Oscar. "And let her sing one of her little Iceland love-songs to it."

It was cruel, it was heart-breaking, it was almost as if Helga were trying to humiliate her; as if Oscar were joining her, as if they were conspiring together to expose her inferiority.

"No, no, don't ask me; please don't," she pleaded.

But Helga continued to ask and Oscar to second her, and being able to bear the strain no longer, Thora burst into tears and fled from the room.

"How extraordinary!" said Helga.

But Oscar followed Thora and coaxed and comforted her and brought her back with a smile on her face, although the tears were scarcely dry in her eyes.

"I was silly," she said. "I don't know what came over me."

"Perhaps it was the heat," said the Governor, and he opened one of the windows.

CHAPTER IV

DURING the next month Oscar was every day and nearly all day at the Factor's, to the total disregard of his public work and the complete neglect of business. But his visits were not always to Thora, who was ceasing to be "Baby Thora" either to him or to anyone, and becoming a serious little figure with a wistful face. She never romped about the house now, but sat in a corner with a ball of wool in her lap and a crochet-hook in her hands, while Oscar and Helga played the piano and talked music.

Helga had heard of Oscar's songs from the Sagas, and one day she said: "I wonder you don't try to compose something yourself, Oscar—I'm sure you could."

Then with diffidence and apologies Oscar produced his 'prentice efforts, and Helga praised them enthusiastically. "Do you know you are a born musician?" she said. "And you should never do anything except create music—never!"

Oscar was intoxicated by her applause, but he only laughed and said:

"Ah, that's impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Parliament—public duties—and so on and so forth."

"But, my dear Oscar, you don't mean to say you are going to waste your life like that?"

"Do you call it waste, Helga?"

"Not for everybody—not for a man like Magnus, for example—but for you, yes," said Helga, and then, with irresistible drollery, she mimicked the manners of parliament with its "Mr. Speaker, permit me to rise to a point of order," and "Will the honorable and learned member explain?" and all the other inanities of a legislative assembly in a little country.

Oscar laughed until tears (from more springs than one) began to roll down his cheeks and then he said:

"What an actress you would make, Helga! But principles, my dear girl, principles are the soul of politics, and if a man can guide his country in the higher paths, he can afford to forget the plains—don't you think so, Thora?"

And Thora, who had been feeling dizzy and faint—answered in a helpless way: "Yes, Oscar. But I forgot to tell you that father wished to see you on business."

"Business!" cried Helga. "That too!"

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"Then you object to business also?" asked Oscar.

"For you—certainly, because you are not fit for it," said Helga. "And if you go into business, you'll be like a man who has married the wrong woman. She may be a good, thrifty, excellent soul, quite suitable to somebody else, but she was never meant for him."

"There's something in that, though it's wonderful how you know it," said Oscar. "I'm about the silliest beggar at a bargain that ever breathed out of an oyster-shell."

"Of course you are, Oscar—you must be. Now, if Magnus had gone into business he might have got something out of it. But you—what in the world do *you* expect to get?"

"Ah, now you're wrong, Helga! I have got something out of it already—I've got Thora!"

"Thora?"

"Didn't you know? Thora was the prize I was bidding for when I took over that contract."

"So that was it—was it?" said Helga, and then Thora herself, feeling sick and ill, gathered up her work and stole out of the room.

Nevertheless the seed which Helga had sown had not fallen on stony ground. Within twenty-four hours Oscar appeared with a new composition in his hands.

"An idea came to me last night and I had to get it off," he said, and then he sat down to the piano and played.

"Beautiful!" cried Helga. "Really beautiful! But this subject suggests the organ—why not set it to that, and try it on the organ at the cathedral?"

"Splendid idea!" said Oscar. "Thora knows the curator and can get the key. What do you say, Thora?"

"If you would like to," said Thora, and next day they carried out their scheme.

Oscar and Helga sat together in the organ-loft, while Thora was sent down the communion steps to report the effect at a distance. "How did that go, Thora?" cried Oscar, once or twice at the beginning, and Thora answered, "Very nicely, I think," but then the two in the organ-loft forgot her altogether in the rapture of their rehearsal.

During the next two or three weeks Oscar and Helga went to the cathedral every day and sometimes Thora went with them, but more frequently she remained at home. A sudden wave of energy seemed to lift Oscar out of himself and he produced one composition after another. Helga applauded all of them and her praises intoxicated him like glory.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful to you, Helga," he said, "for all the good things you have poured out on me since you came back to Iceland. You have given my life a new joy, a new splendor!"

"Nonsense!" said Helga. "I am nothing but a voice to awaken your genius. You were born to create music, and whatever happens you must never, never throw away a life which has the glory of a future like that."

To this, and such as this, he always answered: "Ah, no!" or "Impossible!" or "It's past praying for," but Helga's words were as the vivid breath of his soul, the very incense of the dreams which, in vaguer forms, he had been trying to forget since the day he engaged himself to Thora.

About a month after Helga returned to Iceland she suggested to Oscar that he should write an anthem on a passage which she selected from one of the Sagas. It was that in which the old gods of the Pagan world, in anger with the family of man for permitting the establishment of Christianity, tore open the bowels of their fruitful valleys with earthquakes, and deluged them with molten lava, and how Christ came through the chaos saying: "Let there be peace!"

"Great! Glorious! A stunning subject! But can I do it?" said Oscar.

"You can, you must," said Helga, and from that moment a continual fever burned in Oscar's blood until the task was done. Thora saw nothing of him for days, except when he bounded in to run over a part of his score with Helga, and then away without a word to his work again. When the anthem was written, and he was ready to try it on the organ, he said:

"Are *you* coming across to the cathedral to-day, Thora? No? Perhaps you had better not. We'll have to go over the thing again and again—it might be tiresome."

Once in the cathedral Oscar sat down at the organ, with Helga by his side, to try his anthem for the first time. The organ throbbed under his fingers, the empty church shook like a sea-cave under the boom of his waves of sound, and when he came to the end of his first reading he was quivering with excitement and Helga was in a fever.

"What did I tell you?" she said. "Was

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I not right? Oh, if this could be heard in Denmark!"

"Or in England!" said Oscar.

They played the piece again and again, and at every fresh playing their excitement increased until it reached the point of hysteria, and their voices in that silent place became as shrill as the wind on the mountain-top. At last they tried the words, and then their emotion knew no limit.

The organ trembled and throbbed again, and then on the top of all other sounds came the sound of Helga's vivid voice, like a human cry above the thundering waves of nature, sometimes weeping, sometimes raging, sometimes crouching, sometimes springing out of the surge, and finally sinking down to the soft whisper of "Let there be peace!"

When the anthem was over and all was still, Oscar sat quiet for some moments while the unheard echo of the music seemed to roll through the silent air; and then the lightning-flash of joy or madness which comes to every man of genius once in his life came to him also, and his heart cried out, in its delirious happiness: "I, too, am a great composer!"

In the intoxication of that moment, Oscar's hand swung down and took Helga's hand and held it, and their fingers trembled together, and they seemed to hear the beating of each other's heart. They looked at each other, and his eyes were bloodshot and hers were wet.

"Helga!" he cried.

"Oscar!" she answered, but at the next moment a window blew open on the staircase to the organ-loft, and Oscar heard again the dreary noises of the work-a-day world without—the rumble of the iron trolleys, the thin clank of the mason's trowel, and the quick beat of the riveters' hammers. It was like the wakening of a prisoner in the cell when the warder beats at the door and the dream of glory is gone and the prison walls close round again.

Oscar's fingers slackened away, and at the next moment he heard Helga's rapid breathing behind him, and her voice saying with a strange bitterness:

"Is that Thora?"

He started and turned. "Where?" he asked.

"Down there by the communion steps — by the altar. No, I was mistaken. It's only a shadow. The light is fading."

Then with the same bitterness she said: "But I suppose she will be there soon, and you with her."

Oscar shuddered as if a wounded artery had been torn open, and Helga continued:

"Then you will go back to business, and Oscar—Oscar Stephensen the musician—will be dead."

He fingered the organ-stops fumblingly and made no reply, whereupon Helga, with undisguised irony, began to picture the dull routine of the business life that was waiting for him after marriage—its calculations of discounts, its squabbles with farmers, its buyings and sellings of pots and pans.

"It is such a pity," she said.

"Don't torture me, Helga," he cried.

"But is there no way out of it?"

"No, no, no!"

"No way at all, Oscar?"

"Let us go," he said, and he had got down to the door before he remembered that he had left his hat behind him in the organ-loft.

Thora had tea ready when they got back to the Factor's. She was kneeling before a cosey fire, making toast, after cutting the bread and butter, and she looked up at them as they entered with a nervous, questioning, tearful smile.

"Poor little soul! She must never know —never, never!" thought Oscar.

CHAPTER V

THORA knew already, and the big heart in her little breast was breaking. She had begun to think that what happened to Magnus when Oscar came back was now happening to her—Oscar was falling in love with Helga, and she, like Magnus, was being left alone.

Yet she could not reconcile herself to this suspicion without a hard battle. It was hard to sit for hours in the same room with people who were scarcely conscious of her presence, and though Thora tried to hide her pain, lest Oscar should feel ashamed, she sometimes felt bitter about Helga, and wanted to burst out on her. The only thing which restrained her from doing so was a dear, sweet doubt which she cherished in the most secret chamber of her heart, that perhaps she was mistaken after all, and Oscar did not really care for Helga.

"Auntie," she said, "don't you think it's silly to be jealous?"

"Depends upon circumstances, Thora."

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"If a wife—for example—fancies her husband is paying too much attention to another woman—don't you think she is silly to be jealous?"

"She's silly to show she is, my precious. It doesn't prevent the sting to bite the head off the serpent, and if a wife shows the husband she's jealous, she's just doing what the other woman wants."

"So you think she ought to be quiet and say nothing?"

"Certainly I do. If the man is going to run away from her, she had better let him run, and if he isn't he'll be the more ashamed because he thinks she doesn't know."

"You mean that if the man is only fascinated for a time——"

"Just so! Fascination may be good enough for a flirtation, but it's like bright metal—it soon gets tarnished in a damp cellar. You want gold for the dark places, my honey."

"That is to say, auntie dear, that love is the only thing for married life?"

"I should think so, indeed, with its crosses and disappointments and children and croup, and all the rest of it. And when it comes to marrying, the silliest of the men know that, bless them!"

"What a lot you know about the men, auntie darling. I wonder you have never married yourself, dear."

"That's why, my precious!"

It was easier for Thora to veil her agonies with smiles after this conversation. She pictured to herself the time when her love would be everything to Oscar. In the secret places of her soul she thought of the days when children would come and, perhaps, even sickness, and they would be drawn close—so close—together, because the dear clouds of life hung over both of them. She was not beautiful, she was only a homely and humble little thing, she was unworthy of Oscar, and there were so many things in which she was inferior, but oh, her love was wonderful! Nothing in the world was so wonderful as her love. It would work miracles, it would be stronger than death, it would stand by Oscar to the end.

CHAPTER VI

Oscar slept badly one night. For two months he had been moving about in a garden of dreams, where the odor of sweet flowers overpowered his senses; but he was awake at last, and was being dragged to trial in a court of his own creating. In that court of conscience he was both righteous judge and guilty prisoner, and through the long hours of broken sleep and vivid wakening, when he saw his life and motives as by flashes of lightning, he asked and answered some terrible questions:

Has Thora a right to be jealous?

No, yes! That is to say—I may have neglected her—thoughtlessly neglected her.

Do you love Helga?

It isn't necessary to think that. I admire her—I admire her beauty, and her intellect, but——

Then you do *not* love her?

I love her society—I love to be with her; she is bright and brilliant; we have many interests in common.

Then if you do not love Helga, why not cut her off rather than see Thora suffer as you know she does?

I can't! I can't!

So you *do* love Helga?

Yes! Yes! I do love her.

Then what about Thora?

I am sorry for Thora—very sorry.

Have you ceased to love her?

Don't say that. My feeling for Thora is the same now as it always has been.

Then you have *never* loved her?

I thought I did—I sincerely thought I did.

So your feeling for Thora was an illusion?

A most unfortunate illusion, and I am troubled about her—I shall always be troubled about her.

But you are betrothed to her?

God help me, so I am!

What are you going to do now?

What am I going to do? I am—yes, I am going to obey the commandment of Nature. Accident and error and illusion have betrothed me to the wrong woman, but must I hold to her after I have found out that I do not love her? No! She is sweet and loving, and I have no fault to find with her, but I must obey the law of my heart, and who shall judge me if I do that?

But what about the law of the land—you have signed a contract to marry Thora?

Even so, is marriage like any other worldly transaction? Are you bound to go on merely because you have begun? Can human hearts be dealt with like so much merchandise?

So you do *not* intend to marry Thora?

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I cannot—it is impossible—now that her sister has appeared before me I see too well I do not love her.

But *she* loves *you!*

It is very pitiful—I see how I shall make her suffer.

What will happen if you leave her altogether?

Her heart will break—her tender, sweet child-heart will break.

Can you break Thora's heart?

No, no, no! Better break my own!

Then what are you going to do?

I must go on with the marriage—I see now that I must—it is my duty—there is no help for it.

Wait! There is something you have not thought about. If you go on with your contract and marry Thora, you must be prepared to live her life.

I know! I know! And I am not fit for it! Good or bad, I am not fit for it!

But if you break your contract and do not marry Thora, you may live the life of Helga.

Yes, yes, and I am fitted for that life above everything else. It thrills me, it inspires me, it lifts me up.

The one is the lower life, while the other is the higher life?

I cannot bear to think of it.

You know that if you marry Thora you condemn yourself forever to the lower life and give up all hope and all thought of the higher one?

Don't torture me! Don't torture me!

But the higher life will be a life consecrated to self, whereas the lower life will be a life devoted to self-sacrifice—which is it to be?

That settles it—I must go on with the contract whatever the consequences!

When Oscar awoke in the morning from his restless sleep he thought he saw his way clearly. There was only one solution of the hard problem of his iron destiny—he must sacrifice himself! He was betrothed to Thora, and he must go on with the marriage. He loved Helga, but he must tear her out of his heart. He wished to be a musician and to live the higher life, but he must be content with the lower life and do his duty.

A few irresistible pangs of regret, a few tears which he could not quite keep back, and then, feeling a certain satisfaction with himself, a certain pride in his self-sacrifice, he went early to his work.

Later as he sat at his desk, a man rode up on a bright chestnut pony, with a line of packponies behind him. It was Magnus, and seeing him stand outside the counter, which he had formerly stood within, Oscar felt some qualms of shame, and called him into the scalesman's office.

The interview between the brothers was brief and commonplace, but every simple word seemed to throb and scorch like a flame. Oscar asked how Magnus was getting on at the farm, and if he had good servants, and Magnus answered yes, he had always been fond of farming, and for servants he had only the old ones, and everything was as before. Oscar asked if the Governor had made satisfactory arrangements, and Magnus said he had, that the farm was his own now on terms of tenancy, and was to become his property at the old people's death.

"And how are you getting on here?" asked Magnus.

"I? Oh—pretty well, I think."

"You like the work?"

"Yes—well—not to say like, perhaps—I never expected to do that, you know—but I'm all right, I think."

They had to pause, for the din in the warehouse was louder than usual—some of the farmers were squabbling with the scalesmen.

"And Thora?" said Magnus after a moment.

"Thora? Oh, Thora is all right, too, I think—yes, Thora is all right," said Oscar.

"Mother tells me she looks pale."

"Pale? Does she? I hadn't noticed it. Perhaps she does though—the weather is getting cold."

There was a painful pause in their conversation, then:

"I hear that Helga has come home," said Magnus.

"Oh, yes, Helga has come home," said Oscar.

"They say she is handsome."

"Handsome? Yes, she's rather handsome—in fact, distinctly handsome—and musical—decidedly musical. Indeed, she has grown to be a very attractive girl—very!"

There was another awkward silence, in which the anthem pealed out over the jangling voices in the warehouse.

"I suppose the wedding will be soon," said Magnus.

"The wedding? Well, to tell you the truth, Magnus, nothing has been fixed yet."

"Not yet?"

"Nothing definite I mean—no precise date—I don't know why, but——"

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Oscar looked up at his brother and felt his tongue arrested.

Magnus was calm, his eyes were quiet and his voice was soft, but there was something in his face which brought back a terrible memory. It was the memory of the night of the betrothal, the last time they talked together, when Magnus had said: "If you ever neglect her or desert her, or give her up for another woman, I'll take her back—do you hear me?—I'll take her back, and then, by God, I'll kill you!"

Oscar supped at the Factor's house that night. He was unusually solemn, and more than once during the meal Aunt Margret bantered him on his silence, but at the end of it, while lighting a cigarette, he said:

"Godfather, I hope you'll consent to our having the wedding soon?"

Thora, who had been looking pale and nervous, colored up with a glad look, while Helga, who had been flushed and excited, grew white and rigid.

"What do you call soon, Oscar—Easter?" asked the Factor.

"Earlier—much earlier—say the middle of January at latest," said Oscar.

"But what does Thora say?"

Rising from her seat with brightening eyes and heaving bosom, Thora crossed over to Oscar and kissed him.

"So that's what Thora says!" laughed the Factor. "Very well, I'm willing! The middle of January let it be then, and fix the date between you!"

Helga's white face quivered. "So *that's* settled!" she cried, and left the table.

Oscar was in torture and he went home early. "What a mercy Helga does not know!" he thought. "If she did, I could not trust myself even yet! And if she loved me as I love her—! good God!"

But Thora was very happy. Going to bed that night, she thought: "How wrong I have been about Oscar—how cruelly, wickedly, shamefully wrong!"

CHAPTER VII

NEXT morning Oscar thought the battle was over, and his conscience had conquered, but the devil was not done with him yet. He had hardly settled to his work in the warehouse when a letter came from Helga, saying:

The ice is perfect on the lake this morning, and in spite of business and every other botheration you must carry out your promise to take me to skate. Therefore come at two o'clock to the minute, and you will find me waiting to go with you.

It was the first letter he had received from Helga, and it seemed to burn his fingers. The scented note-paper and the free, bold handwriting gave him a physical thrill which he had never felt before.

Should he go? His soul said: "Certainly not! Why expose yourself to temptation—especially now, when you are as weak as water?" But his heart said: "You must! To make any difference in your attitude toward Helga would be to run the risk of betraying your secret. And what about the future—can you always run away like that?" His heart won, and at the appointed time he was walking up to the Factor's.

Helga was standing by the door at the top of the steps. She was dressed in pale-blue serge—a short skirt exposing the long tanned boots, a jersey revealing the flexible lines of her shapely figure, and a white woollen cap, shaped like a chain-helmet, covering half her forehead and closing under her chin, leaving her vivid face bare and beautiful as a young nun's in her hood and bands.

Oscar was beginning to doubt himself already, and he asked where Thora was.

"I'm here," said a cheerful voice from the hall, and Thora came to the door bright and happy, but bareheaded, and sewing a piece of moleskin cloth.

"Not ready?" asked Oscar.

"I'm not going—I can't skate," said Thora.

"Then we'll take a walk instead," said Oscar.

But Thora would not hear of it. Helga had set her heart on skating, and she had set her heart on something else—making a sleeve waistcoat for Hans, the sailor.

"Well, if you really wish it," said Oscar.

Helga, in her short skirt, walked with a spring, like a young horse in sharp weather, and Oscar, as he swung along by her side, sometimes touching her, felt his blood tingling, and every nerve tremblingly alive. This frightened him a little, and turning to look back, he saw Thora waving to them from the house, and said: "God bless her, the dear little soul!" And then Helga glanced at him sideways and laughed.

"What are you laughing at, Helga?"

"I don't know," she said, and then they laughed together.

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The ice of the lake was glorious—a broad mirror black as ink, for there had been no snow yet; the water had frozen as by first intention, and through five fathoms they could see the stones and pebbles at the bottom.

"What a pity Thora didn't come," said Oscar.

"Isn't it?" said Helga, and again she glanced at him sideways and laughed.

They sat on the bank to put on their skates, and while Helga fumbled at her straps, Oscar thought: "I must not!—I will not!" But Helga looked across at him with a smile that seemed to ask a question, and at the next moment he was down on his knees in front of her, with one of her skates and her long tanned boots in his quivering hands.

Oscar found that Helga's skating was wonderful. It was divine, it was devilish, it intoxicated him; he could not trust himself to look at it alone, and seeing a number of skaters at the farther side of the lake, where there was an island of lava-rocks, he said:

"Let us go over to the others."

Hours passed, the exercise and the air warmed his blood, his tremors left him and he forgot about Thora. At length the sun began to set over the sea in a flood of glory and Oscar said: "Time to go home."

"Not yet," said Helga, and they went round and round the island, sometimes apart, sometimes with clasped hands, sometimes side by side with arms interlaced across their breasts. Suddenly she darted away from him. "You cannot catch me," she cried, and off she went, away from the other skaters, laughing at first, but afterward silent yet breathing fast and at last panting audibly, while she twisted and turned to escape from him, until he came down on her at length with outstretched arms and a cry of "Done!" And then, before he knew what he was doing he was clasping her to his breast, and she was clinging to him lest she should fall, and he was beating kiss after kiss upon her lips.

At the next moment consciousness came back to him like an ice wind blowing in a furnace. His arms slackened away from her and he said in a cold voice:

"I beg your pardon, Helga. It was wrong of me. I am very sorry."

Helga laughed—a nervous, broken laugh which seemed to say: "Are you sure you are thinking of me?"

"I am betrothed to your sister, and in less than two months I am to be married to her—I had no right to give way to my feelings like that," said Oscar.

The nervous, broken laugh came again, and it said, as plainly as words could speak: "Do you know what you are saying, Oscar?"

Oscar trembled like a withered leaf. He was like a man standing on the hot ground of the geysers, where the crust was thin and cracking under his feet. "Let us go home," he said.

"Take off my skates then," said Helga.

She sat on the bank in the moonlight, and while he knelt at her feet and fumbled with the straps, his tongue went on with rambling sentences, but every word was tearing as at a torn tendon.

"When a man has engaged himself to a good woman he ought to be true to her. It is his duty, and whatever the consequences to himself he ought to do it. If he has to suffer, he *must* suffer, Helga, and if he has to sacrifice himself——"

A faint sound stopped him. Helga was crying. Her cry seemed to search his innermost thoughts and to say: "But have you any right to sacrifice *me?*"

"Helga! Helga!" he cried, but she took no notice. She covered her face with her hands and her crying became deep and long and inconsolable.

He wished to comfort her, but he dared not do so. He remembered Thora and Magnus, the Factor and his father, and his thoughts danced about his naked soul like demons.

"Helga! Helga!" he cried again, but still Helga's weeping continued. If it had gone on a moment longer he must have taken her in his arms again and told her that he loved her; that his love for her was above all laws, all restrictions, all illusions, all conventions; it was the commandment of Nature, and he was compelled to obey it; and they must fly from Iceland and never return, whatever the waste of ruined lives they had to leave behind them.

But Helga's crying stopped suddenly, and throwing back her head, she said fiercely: "Very well, if you are satisfied, so am I!"

Then she leaped to her feet, wiped her eyes vigorously and laughed—a short, hard, bitter laugh—and after that Oscar recovered control of himself.

"Let us be off," she said.

That evening after supper Oscar said: "Godfather, I wish you would permit me to alter the arrangement of last evening."

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"You want to go back to Easter, eh?" said the Factor.

"No, sir, to come on to Christmas," said Oscar, and then he gave his reasons: Thora was looking pale—everybody thought so—she wanted a change—he would like to take her to England, perhaps to France, and even to Italy. They might stay away during the months of spring and come back for the first of summer, when Althing would open its session, and by that time Thora would be well, and he himself would be ready to set to work in earnest.

"But Christmas—my gracious!" cried Aunt Margret—"hardly time for the banns! And what about Thora's wedding-dress?"

But Thora herself was in raptures and Aunt Margret's objections were borne down.

"Christmas let it be, then," said the Factor, whereupon Thora gave a cry of joy, and Helga, whose eyes had passed with a quick glance from face to face, while her own grew paler and paler, leaped up, saying:

"And now let us have a dance to celebrate the happy event!"

"No, no, no!" cried Oscar.

"Yes, yes," said Helga, and sitting down to the piano, she played a dance-tune with a rapid and passionate touch. "Make him dance, Thora," she cried with an awful brightness in her eyes.

Thora took hold of Oscar and dragged him to his feet, saying laughingly: "Why not, Oscar?"

Tables and chairs were pulled aside, the Factor went off to smoke, and Oscar and Thora danced while Helga played—laughing loudly, and calling to them again and again.

"Helga! Helga! Not so fast! You'll kill us," cried Thora.

But Helga only laughed the louder and played the faster, with a fierceness that seemed to consume her like a fire.

Oscar went home that night with an aching heart, but Thora went to bed happy.

"How wrong I was about dear Helga also!" she thought, and then, drawing a deep breath, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII

"THORA! Thora! Well, I declare! The girl is still sleeping!"

"On her wedding-day too! Thora! Thora!"

Thora awoke with a start at the calling and knocking at her door. Leaping out of bed, she ran to the window and parted the curtains. It was broad morning, the sun was shining brightly over the snow, and all the world was white.

She opened the door, the sewing-maids and dressmakers trooped into the room, and from that moment onward for several hours the universe was a chaos without form and void, in which all talked at once and everybody ran up against everybody else, and Thora ate her breakfast first, and her lunch afterward, while walking about or being "fitted on."

But the dress and the dressing were finished at length, and Aunt Margret was called up to look. Nobody in Iceland had ever seen such a bridal costume—the silk kirtle, the silver-gilt crown, the faldur, the veil, and the blue plush cloak.

"Isn't she beautiful, Margret?" said the maids, whereupon Aunt Margret, whose eyes were glistening behind her spectacles, said:

"Talk about Helga—tut!"

Then the cathedral bells began to ring and a hush fell on everybody. Thora went slowly downstairs and found her father (looking taller than ever in a new silk hat) waiting for her in the hall, and Silvertop standing ready in the street, with a side-saddle of red plush and gilt. There were a few jests, a few laughs, a few furtive tears, and then they started off. The snow underfoot was as dry and soft as flour, and it was with difficulty that the pony could be made to walk sedately.

Anna and Aunt Margret were at the door of the Factor's house to receive them on their return from the cathedral. They kissed Thora, and called her "Mrs. Stephensen" and then took her upstairs to change. When she came down again the friends invited to the wedding-feast were coming in quickly, taking off their snow-shoes, shaking hands with Oscar, and talking all at once.

The table was laid in the double sitting-room which had been the scene of the betrothal; the Factor sat at the head of the table with Oscar on his right and Thora on his left, while the Governor faced the Factor, with Anna and Aunt Margret at either side of him, and the Bishop, the Sheriff, and the Doctor between. Helga sat midway down the table, with the Rector on one side of her, and Neils Finsen, who

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had returned from England in time to be best man, on the other.

Thora was bashful but bright, reddening a little with maidenly reserve when pointed remarks were made to her, but filling the room with musical laughter. During the meal nearly everybody raised his glass to her, and at the end of it the Governor rose, bowed to her down the table with a stately grace, and began to speak.

"I rise," said the Governor, "to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom. We are all happy in the marriage which has just been celebrated, and no one can be more happy than myself. It had been for many years the dearest hope of my heart that the life-long friendship between Factor Neilsen and myself might be cemented in our children by a still closer bond."

"Your health, old friend," interrupted the Factor, raising his glass, and the Governor stopped to drink with him.

"Time was, perhaps," he continued, "when I feared that this hope was to be frustrated."

"No, no!" said the Factor, while Thora dropped her head, Anna sighed audibly, and there was silence for a moment, as if the spirit of someone who was not present had passed through the room.

"But sweet is the bliss that follows bale," said the Governor, "and thank God we are now of one mind and one family."

There were other toasts after this: "the Governor," "the Factor," and finally "the bridesmaids," proposed by the Rector in a playful speech.

Then Thora, who was overflowing with happiness, glanced down at her sister and remembered a great scheme she had conceived to make amends for once having mistrusted and suspected her. Now was the moment to carry it into effect—now that she was queen in her little kingdom—and, half bold, half shy, she rose from her seat, put her arms about her father's neck and whispered something in his ear.

The Factor's face straightened for a moment, then broadened again, and he said: "But what does Oscar say?"

"Oscar will be sure to agree," said Thora, and she whispered in her father's ear again.

"Well, I'm not going back on my word; I'm willing, but you must ask Oscar."

Then, laughing and reddening, Thora crept up behind Oscar and whispered in his ear also, while looking sideways down at Helga. As Oscar listened, his face became serious and he said:

"But you are quite sure that you wish it, Thora?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Thora, laughing and blushing, for now the eyes of the whole company were on her.

"Let us talk of it to-morrow," said Oscar.

"No, no, now," said Thora.

"But perhaps Helga herself——" began Oscar, and then he stopped, whereupon Helga, hearing her own name, said with a nervous laugh:

"What is that about Helga?"

"Yes, what is it?" said several voices at once, and then the Factor explained.

"Thora wants to have her sister accompany them on their tour in Europe, and she is trying to persuade Oscar."

There were some unconvincing cries of "Why not?" and "Splendid!" and then there was silence, broken only by Thora's voice saying:

"Please, Oscar, please!"

It was the last thing Oscar could have expected—to have temptation thrown in his way at the moment when he was trying to escape from it; to have the floodgate of passion opened afresh after he had struggled so hard to dam it—and to have this done by Thora herself, in her blind unselfishness and innocent joy, as if the powers of hell were making game of her.

But the company was waiting for Oscar's answer, and, not to betray himself, he tried to escape by banter. But still the pleading, coaxing voice was at his ear, saying:

"Please, Oscar, please, please!" And when Oscar continued to hesitate the Rector said:

"Tut, tut, Oscar, refusing your wife's first request is a bad beginning."

"I'm not refusing," said Oscar, "and if Helga herself really and truly thinks she would like to go with us——"

"Would you like to go, Helga?" asked the Factor, and then there was another moment's hesitation, in which Helga, biting her lower lip with a fierceness which betrayed the struggle in her soul, looked across at Oscar as if trying to read in his face what her answer was to be.

"Tell her to say yes, Oscar," said Thora.

"Yes," said Helga, and at the next moment Thora was clapping her hands in triumphant delight and making the room ring with her merry laughter.

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Neils Finsen had sat down to the piano, and the servants were clearing the table to make way for dancing, when Anna came up behind Thora and whispered:

"Somebody outside wishes to see you, Thora."

"Is it perhaps——?"

"Yes, dear," said Anna, and Thora followed her out of the room.

CHAPTER IX

MAGNUS was waiting in the hall, dressed in snow-stockings and a long cape-overcoat, rough and worn and belted about the waist. His face was stamped with the deep lines which in a strong man stand for resignation and in a weak one for despair. Thora thought she had never seen him look so big and brawny, but his voice when he spoke to her was as soft as a woman's, and he broke into the sunniest of smiles. She closed the door of the sitting-room to shut out the sound of the piano, and then came forward and held out her hand, feeling little and weak in her delicate white veil and the bridal-crown across her forehead.

"I come to say 'Good-by' and to wish you a good voyage," he said.

"I'm so glad you've come," said Thora.

"I've brought you this for a wedding-present," said Magnus, taking up from the hall table a large white bear's skin which Thora had not noticed before.

"What a magnificent rug!" said Thora. "I shall use it on the ship and in the train and everywhere." She added: "And whenever I use it I will always think of you."

"Will you?"

"Indeed I will. But we are going south, you know."

"I know."

"To England and France—perhaps to Italy."

"It will do you good, Thora. The sun will do you good. And you will see the fruit and the flowers growing—it will be beautiful."

"And what do you think?—Helga is going with us," said Thora.

"Helga!"

"Didn't Anna tell you?"

"Is Helga to go with you to Italy?"

"Oh, yes, and we are delighted to have her. She's so clever and bright—Oscar can never be dull for a moment while Helga is with us."

The grave face looked sideways for a moment, and then said, in a still gentler voice:

"I hope you'll be happy on your journey, Thora!"

"Magnus—won't you—won't you kiss me?"

He hesitated for a moment, but she held her sweet face up to him—pure as a saint's and wet with tears—and he opened his great arms and gathered the little white figure to his breast and kissed her on the forehead under the bridal crown.

"Good-by, little girl, and God bless you and make you very happy. But if you ever want me, say 'Come,' and I'll come to you—if it's to the farthest corner of the earth."

(To be Continued.)

Hope

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

'MID dissonance and clamor
I hear her singing still—
"The mist may cloud the meadow,
But sunlight crowns the hill!"

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The Morning Trip of the Brennan

By THEODORE WATERS

"COME now," yelled the deck-officer of the New York City steamer Brennan, as she made her first landing, Blackwell's Island, loaded down with provender and prisoners for the workhouse. "Come now. Look alive! Out with them before we freeze to death." And the roustabouts on the boat and the "trusties" on the wharf began tugging mightily with the big gang-plank to get it in place. It was February, and the northwest wind, cutting up from the ice in the river, was far from pleasant.

"Hey, there!" the officer called to a grizzled trusty in stripes. "Turn that bite around that cleat. There now, that'll do ye. Off with the coal first." And the men, spurred on by the bleak wind, rushed up to a line of coal chaldrons and began to run them off to the wharf.

"So," cried the voice of authority from a vantage-point in the lee of the cabin wall. "Now get these bags off. Hurry up and don't be all day. So. No, not those grate-bars—they're for Randall's Island with the kid. Now then, Joe, take out your pets."

The man called Joe went away somewhere toward the rear of the boat and returned presently leading a column of prisoners handcuffed two and two together. They were a heterogeneous lot, as workhouse prisoners are sure to be—professional tramps, drunkards, beggars, vagrants, and wife-beaters, some well dressed, others in rags; some with the stamp of confirmed apathy on their faces; others, particularly the younger ones, exhibiting a strange curiosity as to what might happen next, and a certain defiance for the outcome in any event. On the open deck they met with scant ceremony from the piercing wind on the one hand, from their keepers on the other.

"Get along now!" roared the voice of authority as they stumbled in pairs down the plank and stood huddled together, shivering, on the pier, while their keeper attended to the clerical part of the transfer. "Well, I guess that's all. In with the plank now and be quick about it. Hey! Stop that kioodle! Who let him aboard, anyhow? Look out! He'll be off the boat and there'll be no catching him."

A thin, frowsy mongrel cur had run out of the wagon-tunnel of the cabin, intending no doubt to follow the prisoners down the plank, but the sudden blast of the river wind had transfixed him on the open deck.

"It's a dog belonging to one of the prisoners," explained a deck-hand. "He followed the van down to the boat and he must have sneaked aboard."

"It's me dog all right," said one of the ragged prisoners. "He's been me pal night and day these five year. Say, boss, won't you please let him come wit' me?"

Gracious heaven, such effrontery! Even the deck-hands gasped in astonishment.

"Get along there, you—you—! Up with that plank!"

The men jumped forward and tugged away at the plank. The dog made one or two ineffectual attempts to land, but his chance was gone. The plank came in, the bells rang for the engines to start and the big boat moved slowly out into the ice-filled river.

The dog ran to the rail, and, standing with his forefeet upon it, looked over at that handcuffed line marching up the hill to the gray building at the top. Presently, as the steamer swung around in the current, he yelped pitifully and raced through the wagon-tunnel to the stern of the boat. Again he got up to the rail and gazed wistfully after his "pal." The ragged man in line turned and waved his unmanacled hand, and—like a streak—the dog was overboard and swimming through the icy waters to the shore.

It was a tortuous passage, between ice-cakes that threatened to crush him in the steamer's wash. Once a big flat chunk rose above him and knocked him under, and it looked for a minute as though he had gone to join his master by a longer route, but he came up at last and struck out valiantly for the sea-wall. He reached it finally and edged along toward the pier, and the last we saw of him, as the boat turned aslan

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across the channel, was when a trusty reached down and helped him up with a boat-hook.

"Randall's Island," called the voice of authority later as the boat swung in against another pier. It was even colder here than at Blackwell's, for the wind swept down the Harlem and over the landing, unimpeded by city buildings. On the hilltop was the Orphan Asylum, and farther over the nameless structure that houses the city's idiot poor. Occasionally a faint, meaningless howl came from that direction, but nobody heeded it. Those who were not engaged in getting the stores ashore stood on the pier to stretch their legs and to deplore the absence of a local bar-room and a hot drink.

"Come now! Come now!" roared the lord of the deck. "Come now! Be lively. Roll those barrels over and get that coal off. So. There we are. Say, you, drag those grate-bars a bit farther off the path. Good! All aboard now! What's that, a kid for the 'sylum? Oh, yes. I forgot it. Well, hurry it along!"

Out of the cabin of the boat trudged a short, stout woman, evidently a police-matron, carrying a wee girl—a mere baby not two years old. She was dressed in red from head to foot, except for her shoes, and these were big, black, square-toed things, with garishly yellow soles. From beneath the red cap peeped golden curls, and the little face expressed a refinement that seemed incompatible with the conditions that usually lead to waifdom.

Now the way up the hill was steep and bleak, and no woman could well have carried that tot up its frozen length. The man of the deck, realizing this, called to his henchmen to bear a hand.

"Hey, there!" he said to one who had been most zealous in hustling the City's scum across the deck. "Hey, there! Take that kid from Mrs. B—— and leave it up at the door."

"What! *Me* carry the kid? What do you think I am?" He was a fierce-looking fellow, bundled and muffled to the eyes, and there was that about him which proclaimed him one who would fight at the drop of the hat. "What do you think of that?" he said to a companion.

"Maybe you'd better do it, though," replied the other, who was industriously twiddling a rope's end.

The muffled one growled from the depths of his great chest, but he slouched forward nevertheless and held out his hands. The child, shrinking before his fierce exterior, buried her face in the shoulder of the matron and wailed piteously:

"Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!"

The other deck-hands immediately found material for raillery in the situation.

"She's afraid of you, Bill," said one.

"Don't know 's I blame 'er," replied another.

"What'd he do? Tried to lift her by the scruff o' the neck same's he did the dog? Bill, I'm ashamed o' ye."

The child continued its wailing:

"Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!"

The taunts of his companion threw the man Bill into a rage and he danced around the child like a prize-fighter sparring for an opening. He had hustled the prisoners. He had kicked the dog. His very touch promised to rend that poor infant in twain and he was about to lift her from the arms of the matron, literally, as one of his companions had suggested, by the scruff of the neck, when the baby, influenced no doubt by the guffaws of the crowd, suddenly lifted her head from the woman's shoulder and smiled broadly, sweetly, trustfully, full into his face. Instantly his mood changed. The fierceness died out of his eyes. His mouth widened into a sheepish grin.

"Well, I'll be skinned," he blurted out. "The bloomin' little faker."

Hurriedly he pulled off his thick leather mittens and stuffed them into his pocket. And then gently and tenderly as though she were a bit of fragile china he gathered her into his well-padded arms and turning his hulking shoulders between her and the cutting wind so that she got none of it, he carried her proudly up the hill.

The crowd on deck stood watching without another word of comment until he had handed her in at the door of the Orphan Asylum; then one of them as rough as himself exclaimed:

"Bill's all right, Bill is. Bill's a fr'en' o' mine."

When he came down the hill, the voice of authority bellowed again:

"All aboard now, and let's get the rest over to Hart's before we freeze."

"What institution is on Hart's Island?" the writer asked a deck-hand.

"Oh," he replied nonchalantly, "just the Potter's Field. We've got a box to leave over there."

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

BE GOOD TO HIM

WHOEVER is elected President next November, wouldn't it be a good idea to treat him with a little courtesy and consideration when he gets into office? It seems a little absurd to abuse a President like a pickpocket, and when he becomes an ex-President to admit that he "made a pretty good President." But such is our artless American way, not likely to be changed.

MR. JAMES J. HILL'S testimony before the Merchant Marine Commission was interesting whether we agree with his conclusions or not. High wages have not interfered with the building up of the American system of railroads, the most efficient in the world. Why are the Americans not successful in steamship transportation? The answer is not clear to Mr. Hill, but he thinks that "no amount of bonus will nourish a merchant marine into any life worth living." Subsidies are soon exhausted. Suppose the Government appropriated ten millions a year for subsidies, "how long would it be before a few ships had it all?" Mr. Hill has had built for his railroad the two largest freighters in the world, and he would rather build 1,000 miles of railroad than two ships. They are only an incident of his railroad operations, and he says he would be glad if anybody would take them off his hands. In his opinion there can be no successful merchant marine until there is a desire among the people to own ships. He holds that in case of war the United States can buy all the transports it will need cheaper than it could build them. Why shouldn't alien seamen be allowed on American ships? On the Pacific coast "the only reliable sailors," according to Mr. Hill, are Asiatics. If the Government is to aid the merchant marine, he thinks an export-tonnage duty the best system. On the other hand, the shipbuilders want to know why protection is not just as necessary on sea as on land.

SHOULD GENIUSES MARRY?

SOME time ago a Brooklyn woman told a Chicago club that geniuses ought not to marry. There has been much discussion of this somewhat ancient subject. Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, modestly classifying himself with the geniuses, "acknowledges that Mrs. Seton is the more important half of the partnership." He refers also to a double-star genius, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has a genius for making money and a genius for spending it unostentatiously. Mr. Thompson-Seton says that Mr. Carnegie "is forever lauding Mrs. Carnegie as his chief inspiration." Mark Twain, Mr. Thompson-Seton reminds us, "is never tired of telling people that he owes most of his success to his wife." It is easy, in fact, to compile a list of happily married geniuses and of unhappily married geniuses. Tennyson may be set against Byron, and so on. All depends upon the genius and the woman. The question is not of the widest practical interest. Before you can marry your genius, you have to find him. That will be a long job in most communities and at most times.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

THE protest of the Vatican against the visit of the President of the French Republic to the King of Italy has resulted in the withdrawal of M. Nisard, the French Ambassador, from the Vatican. French sentiment seems to sustain this severance or partial severance of diplomatic relations; and for the moment, at least, M. Combes's Government has been strengthened. Perhaps there has been too much disposition to insist upon the "undiplomatic" language of Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, in his communications on the subject to European courts. Probably the effect of M. Loubet's

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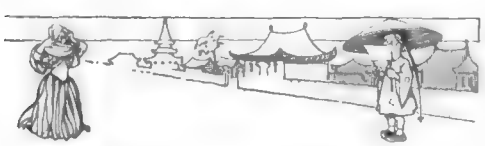
visit was foreseen in France. It is impossible that Pius X., gentle as he is, should not resent the severe proceedings of the French Ministry against the religious orders and the Church itself. The closing of the religious houses and schools has been defended on the ground, true or false, that they taught disloyalty to the republic; but the removal of the symbols of the Catholic religion from the courts can only be regarded as an act of war against religion and against the Church, since the majority of Frenchmen are Catholics. A temporary check to an age-long institution like the Catholic Church is little, but the real friends of the French Republic must regret an intolerance utterly unrepublican, and fear that this violence will beget reaction. In the East, the French Republic never loses any opportunity of posing as the champion of Catholic Christianity. At home, it is anti-Catholic.



A WHITE-ROBED city, white of coat, trouser, sock. The noble in his wide, cream-colored silk lawn, worth several hundred dollars. The plebeian in his white and polished dress of grass lawn or calico. The women of the upper class are not visible by daylight, save in their chairs when they go a-calling. They walk at night, white and ghostly and rustling. The women to be seen in the daytime wear as an upper garment a sort of abbreviated zouave jacket, color of cream or milk. Some inches beneath starts a big baggy white petticoat, fastened to a broad band and reaching to the ground on all sides. 'Twixt jacket and tempestuous petticoat naught but certain inches of Korean skin. When a Korean lady sights a man, she pulls over her head the neck of a green silk cloak and lets the sleeves fall from her ears. Thus she screens all of her head but one eye, a bit of cheek, a bit of temple and forehead. The gap between petticoat and jacket bothers her ingenuous soul not at all. She dresses her hair "in a fashion not unlike that which Mrs. Langtry introduced." When a man is in the most acute state of mourning, he wears a hat four feet in circumference, hiding his face, which, for additional security, is veiled by a piece of lawn stretched on two sticks and held before his eyes. As his mourning moderates, down comes the lawn. Then he doffs the monstrous clothes-basket hat, and dons his ordinary high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, black gauze on a bamboo frame and tied under his chin with pieces of bamboo interspersed with amber beads. If he's single he wears the cue. If he's married, he twists his locks into conical shape and keeps them in place by a horsehair band running around his forehead and the base of his skull. A Korean man is a highly decorative institution.

THE CALIFORNIA EAGLE

OF the making of air-ships there is no end. Dr. August Greth's "California Eagle," launched at San Francisco, is 105 feet long and 25 feet in diameter. The oblong balloon weighs 800 pounds; the entire concern, 1,920 pounds. The aluminum propellers, turned by a spiral gearing attached to the engine, work like the twin screws of a steamship. There is a rudder, but the propellers do most of the steering. The ship is brought to its dock, the ground, by reversing the motion of the propeller and so overcoming the buoyancy of the balloon, which is inflated with hydrogen gas. The car and engine are in the centre of a steel frame attached to the balloon. On a clear day, with only a gentle breeze, she is steered on a given course, then on a different course, turned completely around, made to "spurt." She seems to be dirigible and docile. The dirigible air-ship under unfavorable weather conditions is harder to find. Still, the liner she's a lady, but the air-ship she's a queen.

THE TWO-THIRDS RULE

THE Democratic National Convention which met in Baltimore May 21, 1832, adopted this rule, reported by the Committee on Rules, May 22d.

"*Resolved*, That each State be entitled, in the nomination to be made of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, to a number of votes equal to the number to which they will be entitled in the electoral colleges, under the new apportionment, in voting for President and Vice-President, and that two-thirds of

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the whole number of votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."

This is the origin of the "two-thirds rule" which has ruled in Democratic national conventions since.

The Democratic Convention which met in Baltimore, May 20, 1835, actually rejected a rule requiring that "a majority of two-thirds be required to elect the candidates for President and Vice-President," but the next day the vote was reconsidered and the rule adopted. In 1844 the two-thirds rule prevented the nomination of Van Buren. It always gives a minority the power to force a nomination or break up the convention, as was the case in 1860. The two-thirds rule, it should be noticed, is peculiar to the Democratic Party. Curiously enough, the "unit rule" allows the majority to dictate to the minority in a State delegation, while the two-thirds rule enables the minority, if it have one more vote than a third of the total number, to dictate to the majority in a national convention.

THE EXTRAVAGANT UNITED STATES

THE expenditure of the United States Government is less in proportion to the population than that of most other countries. Seven dollars and ninety-seven cents a head; that's the figure. For Germany it's $9.45; for France, $17.84; for Great Britain, $21.39; for Canada, $9.30; for New Zealand, $38.38. Except in political campaigns it is unnecessary to view with alarm the reckless and profligate extravagance of the Federal Government.

Nigher still and nigher
Thy fierce flight thou wingest;
Like a wasp of fire
The poor flesh thou stingest;
And singing ever bit'st, and biting ever singest.

LAST year was a "banner year" for the mosquitoes. They are humorous birds, cynical and devilish fowls. Just as the mighty men of science were demonstrating that the mosquito was doomed, the winged demons reappeared, more numerous, more ferocious, more bloodthirsty, in better voice. They nipped the noses of State entomologists—and served them right. These gentlemen were too rash in their promises. A cloud of mosquitoes encompassed the land. This year, as all the country real-estate agents love to tell us, there are to be few mosquitoes. So be it, but do the mosquitoes know it? "Last year was an exceptional year." Yes, but the mosquito is an exceptional being. A New Jersey enthusiast says that he was glad there were so many mosquitoes last year, because it aroused public sentiment against them. That man is glad easily. What do the mosquitoes care for aroused public sentiment? They are not "running" for office. They are just snapping to keep up their circulation. May science wipe out the accursed race; but it may be some time before the rascals begin to be anæmic.

THE LIFE-SAVERS

THERE is no finer set of men in the United States than the men in the United States Life-Saving Service. The last annual report shows that in one year they saved vessels and cargoes of the value of $8,848,215. On these vessels were 3,682 persons, all but twenty of whom were saved. They also rescued 351 smaller boats and 651 out of 655 persons aboard of them. They saved or helped save 287 more vessels, worth with their cargoes nearly $4,600,000. They warned or assisted nearly 800 other vessels. More than 1,000 persons were saved in surf-boats; eighty-six in life-boats. For as dangerous and heroic work as is done anywhere, your surfman gets $65 a month and no pension for disability or old age. He has no "political influence."

NO JURY TRIAL FOR FILIPINOS

DORR AND O'BRIEN, editors of the *Manila Freedom*, were convicted of criminal libel. Their demand for a jury trial was overruled, and they appealed to the Supreme Court, which has decided against them. Justice Day delivered the opinion, in which the Chief Justice and Justices Brewer, Peckham, and Holmes concurred. No statute expressly granting the right of jury trial in the Philippines, is such trial a necessary incident of judicial procedure there? If it were, said Justice Day, or Congress were

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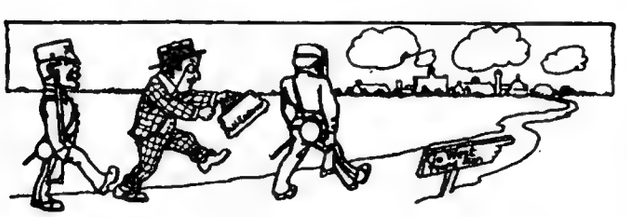
obliged to establish it immediately by affirmative legislation in outlying territories of the United States, "it would follow, no matter what the needs or capacities of the people," that trial by jury must at once be established, although it might work injustice or cause disturbance. He and his concurring colleagues hold that the power to govern territory, being implied in the right to acquire it, does not require Congress "to enact for ceded territory, not made a part of the United States by Congressional action, a system of laws which shall include the right of trial by jury, and that the Constitution does not, without legislation and of its force, carry such right to territory so situated." Justice Harlan, dissenting, says that "it is now adjudged" that the Constitutional provision as to trial by jury "is not fundamental in respect of ten millions of human beings over whom the United States may exercise free jurisdiction." The suggestion that a Filipino may, if he is convicted of murder, be hanged without trial by jury, "is utterly revolting" to Justice Harlan's mind. He finds that the opinion of the majority of the Court "plays havoc with the old-fashioned ideas of the fathers."



IN the way of compendious travel around the world, or even through the United States, expeditions for which most of us have not the money or time, the St. Louis Exposition is invaluable. To mention a single "feature," the ethnographical exhibit, the Congress of All Nations, so to speak, brings to the eye and mind, with a vividness and certainty which years of poring over books of travels could not give, the looks, habits, manners, industries of many peoples and tribes. How little few of us really know of the actual state of electrical science, the improvements in transportation, the processes of mining. A thousand things may be seen graphically and realized henceforth at that great university in St. Louis. Another thing: it is good for all of us to get out of our rut, to mix with "all sorts and conditions of men," to see Americans from all parts of the country, and not a few foreigners. In particular, every Easterner ought to be made to go West and complete his education. Whereas, he is much more apt to go to Europe. We recommend a course in St. Louis to every reader of EVERYBODY'S.

A CERTAIN PLEASURE IN THE MISFORTUNES OF OUR FRIENDS

OTHER people's losses may be our gains. The Collector of the Port of San Francisco estimates that, since the war began, Russia and Japan have bought $40,000,000 worth of munitions and supplies in the United States. To what extent this sum is counterbalanced by losses and interruptions of trade caused by the war is another matter.

A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT JAPAN

THE area of the Empire of Japan is about 161,000 square miles, less than 3,000 square miles larger than California. Japan proper lies between the same parallels of latitude as the Mississippi Valley States. Japan consists of the four large islands, of Formosa and the Pescadores, and some 4,000 small islands. The coast-line is 18,000 miles long. In 1900 the population was 47,646,810, the males exceeding the females by 600,000. As the average annual increase is 500,000, the present population must be close to 50,000,000. In 1900 there were 12,000 foreigners in Japan, of whom a quarter were American and British, and more than half Chinese. Farming is the chief occupation. The average farm is of two acres. Lafcadio Hearn says: "The vast rice-crop is raised on millions of tiny farms; the silk-crop in millions of small, poor homes; the tea-crop on countless little patches of soil." The exports of silk amount to about one-fifth the entire export trade. There are rich oil and coal fields in Northern Japan. Formosa has valuable gold-mines. A greater wealth is its 1,500 miles of camphor-trees. In 1902, Japanese exports were $130,000,000; imports, $135,000,000. More than 4,000 miles of railroads. Here are the daily wages, in cents, of certain occupations: Female weaver, 10; female peasant, 9.5; compositor, 17; carpenter, 27; shoemaker, 23.5; dyer, 14; coolie, 16.5. Guilds and trades-unions abound. Strikes occur. More than 1,000 newspapers and magazines. Japanese postal service

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"beats" the American; includes, besides the American "features," parcels post, postal savings, universal free delivery.

THE Federal Government receives more than two hundred million dollars a year from the tax on liquors and spirits, and States, cities, and towns get even more than that for allowing the sale of the cup that beers. The revenue results are satisfactory, but the figures of drink-consumption look large. A gallon and a half a head of spirits, seventeen and a half gallons of malt liquors a head; that is the annual allowance of "wet goods" in these United States. Considering the millions of children and total abstainers, where does all this liquid go? Some throats and stomachs must be mightily overworked.

"THE TABERNACLE BAPTIST SALOON"

STEP into the "Dispensary" in Raleigh, N. C. Two of the gentlemen behind the bar are members of the Tabernacle Baptist Church. The other bar-tender is an Episcopalian. Members and officers of the Tabernacle Baptist Church and of the Raleigh Anti-Saloon League determined that the Raleigh dispensary should be something more than a respectable saloon. They wanted a Christian saloon. So they hired a big room, stocked it with $15,000 worth of liquors, made such rules and regulations as they chose, and "opened for business" January 1. The Dispensary Board consists of a Baptist deacon, a deacon of the Christian Church, and the steward of the Methodist Church. Of course, drunkards are not served. Nor are they in any other respectable saloon. The dispensary closes on time. So do the Boston liquor-shops and London public-houses. Nobody can sit down. Which strikes us as an unwise prohibition. Go into almost any decent saloon in New York, and you will see that most of the customers drink beer; and that no inconsiderable amount of "soft drinks" is sold. Go into a saloon frequented by men of German descent, and notice the folks sitting at tables and enjoying themselves. "Perpendicular drinking" is usually faster than sedentary drinking. Go into certain French cafés in New York, and see men and women, drinking slowly and infrequently, and conversing quietly. No disorder, no loud and offensive language is permitted in his place by any respectable saloonkeeper. However, the Raleigh dispensary made $5,000 in its first month, and arrests for drunkenness have greatly decreased. The Raleigh Church people, it should be said, hold that if there must be saloons, it is best that they should be Church institutions. There used to be a Chicago saloon-keeper who would sell no man, not even his best friend, more than two drinks a day.

WATERMELON SYRUP

IN York County, Virginia, they are making watermelon syrup, which is said to be rich and soft in taste, and as good as it sounds. The South sends the earliest watermelons away. She can by no means eat all the later and the best. Inevitably, there is great waste of watermelons. Watermelon syrup, watermelon sugar; there is a new industry in the bud. If the flavor of watermelon syrup is as happy as it is painted, maple syrup will have to look to its laurels. Besides, it is getting harder every year, in the cities at least, to get genuine maple syrup.

AN ERROR OR TWO

THE unfortunate who pens these lines once wrote "golden Chersonese." The printer made it "Gruyère cheese." This is a world of error. Considering the possibilities of mistakes in telegraphing, mistakes are not excessively frequent. An old telegrapher has dug up from his scrap-book two harmless blunders. A New York salesman got this mysterious instruction by telegraph: "Come hog to rog." This looked abusive in the middle and ended in darkness. But it was easy: "Come home to Rome." The case of Pat O'Rielly was a little more "mixed." A New Jersey lineman had been trying to find and repair a "break" in the wire. His chief was puzzled by this message and command from him: "Patched 45 East with 10 West tell Pat O'Rielly." The broken wire was repaired. That was clear. But how did Pat O'Rielly come into the circuit? How was he tangled up in the wires?

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Inquiry for Pat O'Rielly was made. He disappeared at once. His real name was "temporarily."

STEAM-WAGONS

GREAT BRITAIN is far behind France and the United States in the matter of automobiles, but she is making good use of steam-wagons, mainly for heavy trucking. There is no saving in their cost as compared with that of the trucks and horses they supplant; but the expense of operation and maintenance is one-half less. They are used by brewers, coal-dealers, for watering and sweeping the streets, and so on; and it is said that merchants are beginning to regard them as the best and cheapest vehicle for the transportation of heavy merchandise. There are so many other forms of death on wheels in the cities of the United States, that perhaps they can get along without the steam-wagon.

"WHERE DEATHS BY REGIMENTS RIDE"

IF it acts according to programme, the Humbert gun, a French invention, seems to be the most liberal dispenser of death in war. It gives no flash, makes no noise or smoke, and is warranted not to recoil—"kick" as the popular speech hath it. It discharges, at the rate of 1,200 an hour, projectiles each of which contains 250 shot. Four miles from this gun, a regiment of 1,000 wooden men, a dummy regiment, was stationed. The gun shot at the dummies for a minute. Almost every wooden man was found to be hit. Perhaps even more terrible than the wholesale destructiveness of Monsieur Humbert's man-killer is its secretiveness. There is nothing to betray its location. Only a tranquil or a desperate courage can hold out against such unknown and deadly foes. By the way, a history of courage is needed. Between the courage of mediæval knights, facing enemies in the open, and that of twentieth-century soldiers or torpedo-boatmen, the difference is great. Besides, the old decorative properties of war are gone. Very largely now it consists of machine against machine. Its tests upon the nerves are almost intolerably severe. The pageantry, the old battle-picture scenery have no part in this fight between scientific arch-demons with no nonsense about them.

Art

THE "PEACOCK ROOM" FOR AMERICA

All those who have seen Whistler's famous "Peacock Room," and all who have even heard of it will be interested to learn that it has been removed bodily from the Leyland house, Prince's Gate, London, and will shortly be shipped to this country. The name of the fortunate purchaser has so far been withheld, also the price, but it was undoubtedly a very high figure. Not long ago the central panel, "La Princesse du Pays de Porcelaine," was sold to an American for $25,000, and there are reasons for supposing that the whole scheme may shortly be installed in some palatial American home. The decorations for this famous "Peacock Room" are the most delicate, exquisite, and fanciful work of the kind which Whistler ever executed, and the room has long been one of the shrines for Whistler-worshippers. The master here gave himself free hand, and while many visitors are at first astounded by its utter unconventionality, few in the end fail to find the room a triumph of ingenious preciousity. If it prove true that this unique scheme of decoration is to be transported here entire, it is to be hoped that it will be accessible to the public. American millionaires are wise in purchasing foreign masterpieces, but are by no means so ready to share their acquisitions with the public as are European collectors. Let us hope for a change in this respect.

THE SATURNALIA STIR

Not for many years has the art world been so disturbed as it is at present over the case of Signor Biondi and his bronze group, "Saturnalia," which for varied reasons the Metropolitan Museum authorities declined to place on view. The affair is causing an unparalleled uproar in art circles, and shots and counter-shots are being freely exchanged in the press between the interested parties. Signor Biondi unhesitatingly says that American sculptors are jealous of his group and of his fame as a sculptor, and declares that the work has been side-tracked through the efforts of the National Sculpture Society. General di Cesnola, Director of the Museum, professes to admire the group as a noble work of art, but the Board of Trustees

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considers its realism suggestive and objectionable, or something to that effect. After its appearance at the Pan-American Exposition, Signor Biondi offered the work to the Museum for exhibition purposes during the ensuing year. It never got nearer daylight than the cellar, and the artist threatened suit on the ground that the Museum's action was prejudicial to his reputation as a sculptor. A slight monetary compensation was offered Signor Biondi, but this he declined, and is now making arrangements to exhibit the work in various cities, and thus obtain general vindication. Biondi's "Saturnalia" is a large and not particularly distinguished composition, depicting with conscious realism a not very typical phase of Roman degeneracy. The group contains nothing in the least questionable from a moral standpoint, and except for its size and for the volume of Signor Biondi's righteous wrath it would pass tranquilly into oblivion. The incident, however, is absorbing, for it fans the flames already enveloping the National Sculpture Society.

FRANCE HONORS AN AMERICAN ARTIST

From an American point of view one of the interesting features of the current Paris Salon is the success of Miss Mary Powers, a young member of the American Art Students Club, one of whose paintings has been purchased by the State for one of the permanent collections. The Salons, both Old and New, seem this year to be something of a disappointment although, as usual, the French critics write of them bravely and with a becoming display of rhetoric. The Old Salon is distinguished by the traditional dulness and the New Salon has fallen still further into that easy sensationalism and technical bravado which have been its chief capital for some years past. There is no mistaking the fact that French art suffers from inertia, that it lacks those deeper qualities of vision, observation, and imagination which characterize the art of Germany, for instance. It is, perhaps, the Frenchman's reverence for a formula—the formula of the Academy or the formula of sheer sensationalism—which robs French art of spontaneity and charm. Carolus-Duran, Boldini, Aman-Jean, Carrière, and a score of the bigger men seem unable to shake off the spell of past successes; they repeat themselves with unblushing fidelity. Cottet alone has broken new ground with his brilliantly colorful group of peasants eating dinner on the grass, but his departure savors more of desperation than serene conviction. It is, however, a pleasure to record Miss Powers's success and also that of the younger Spanish school. Perhaps another year the Frenchmen will regain their somewhat waning prestige.

Music

SUMMER MUSIC IN NEW YORK

After Carnegie Hall and the Opera House have barred their doors to all save the decorators and upholsterers, and while singers and fiddlers, pianists and conductors, are fleeing Europe-ward, trailing their clouds of acquired glory, the concert-promoter begins to lay his plans for the cultivation of the field of summer music. It is a tempting field, though a proverbially barren one. Many have tried to work it in New York—a few with very moderate success, many with dire failure. Theodore Thomas tried it years ago; Gilmore tried it; Anton Seidl tried it; Neuendorf tried it; Henry Schmidt, Kaltenborn, and Duss have tried it; but the results in every case have fallen short of the most satisfactory success. The problem might be put in some such way as this: How is one to reap a profit from the performance of high-class orchestral music—Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Dvorak, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn—for the benefit of the sort of people who, on a hot August night and after a wearisome day of work, would infinitely rather listen to the amiable concoctions of Mr. Sousa and Mr. DeKoven? For, speaking generally, the people who pay two dollars during the winter to hear music by Wagner and Tschaikowsky are not the people who stay in town during July and August; they are inhabiting piazzas on the Maine coast, or coquetting with the surf on the Jersey seashore, or camping in the north woods. And even if some of these stay in town for one reason or another, is the pathetic symphony the sort of aural fare (so to speak) that they want with the thermometer at ninety-six in the street? Are not Offenbach, and Johann Strauss, and Délibes—even Sousa and DeKoven—far more fitting and congenial? At any rate, these theories are borne out by the facts of the history of

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ambitious summer-music schemes in New York. It may be said without exaggeration that serious music and the dog-days have never consorted profitably together, and never will.

WHAT SEIDL DID

Probably the nearest approach to a successful solution of the problem was Anton Seidl's Brighton Beach enterprise of a decade ago—although that was not attended by financial results of the most satisfactory nature. At least, however, the scheme bore fruit for a longer period than any of its forerunners or successors. The orchestra, it will be remembered, played in a concert-hall—almost an open-air auditorium—within a few yards of the surf at Brighton Beach, so that one might hear, on a hot night, the "Lohengrin" prelude deliciously punctuated by the soft booming of the breakers, or (less deliciously) by the shrill scream of a locomotive on the near-by railroad.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRIGHTON BEACH

Artistically, of course, the conditions were imperfect; but the concerts, particularly on "Wagner nights," were pleasantly attractive as an excuse for leaving the heat and tumult of the town, and the hall was usually filled. And then there was the adored Seidl himself, with his incomparably magnetic personality, to invite the hero-worshippers and the sincere music-lovers. For could anyone—can anyone ever again, one wonders—play Wagner and the moderns as did the great Hungarian? Who that was fortunate enough to hear him conduct the "Tristan" *Vorspiel* and *Liebestod*, or the "Götterdämmerung" *Trauermarsch*, or the "Siegfried" *Waldwebers*, or the "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal," will ever forget the experience? For there was a curious intimacy, a curious nearness and sympathy, in hearing these things, in a way, *al fresco*. One did not mind the subdued accompaniment of the breakers, or even the impertinent interruption of the locomotive whistle with the magnificent surging of the *Liebestod* in one's ears.

AFTER SEIDL—DUSS

This was summer music at its best, artistically; since Seidl's death six years ago those who like to combine humidity and serious musical art have found little to gratify their predilections. Franz Kaltenborn, his most conspicuous successor, filled the St. Nicholas Rink with Wagner, Johann Strauss, and refrigerated air for several seasons; and from there moved down-town to the Circle Music Hall, to be finally eclipsed (as it would seem) by the amazing Mr. Duss, of Economy, Pa. Mr. Duss burst upon the astonished gaze of the metropolis's summer public three years ago, succeeding Mr. Kaltenborn at the St. Nicholas Rink. He was a revelation, a new thing in music. What Mr. Max Smith has happily called "his gesticulatory art" opened up unimagined possibilities in interpretative expressiveness. With something less than the exuberance of the irrepressible Latin, he makes his movements in conducting a rhythmical index an outward manifestation of the sensational mood of the music. There were unkind persons who insinuated that Mr. Duss's musical equipment was not as thorough as is demanded of the conductor of an orchestra; and there were even unkinder ones who hinted that Mr. Duss's *concertmeister* did most of the conducting. But who could witness the "brachial windings" (again to quote the critic of the *Press*) of the Economical Master and not realize that he was the very incarnation of the soul of the music which he had set himself to interpret? This season, as last, Mr. Duss and his orchestra inhabit the Madison Square Garden, the interior of which represents Venice in miniature—Venice with its canals, its palaces, its gondolas, and its famous Piazza di San Marco. You can sit, concert-fashion, in stiff-backed seats, or you can lounge comfortably at table on the canal-encompassed "island" or on the promenade, and Mr. Duss and his men will play you a programme comprising, let us say, an overture by Auber, a ballet suite by Mr. Hadley, a Strauss waltz, an excerpt from "Erminie," or a Wagner number. And there are soloists: singers, violinists, and that variety dear to the heart of the summer music-lover—the solo trumpeter. You will not hear very satisfactory or eloquent readings of Wagner or the "waltz-king" Strauss; but then you are not invited to be critical: the watchwords are diversion and entertainment; and during the intermissions the gondoliers sing lustily, to mandolin accompaniment, their "Funiculi Funicula"—which to some benighted ones may be more acceptable than the ambitious performances of the orchestra.

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Books

Much in the summer book-output is calculated to cheer the drooping and refute the cynical. The average of quality is undeniably high, serious purpose seems suddenly to have revived, restraint and preparation and high aim are not, as the sad-voiced seers have told us, banished from novel-writing. The historical novel, genuine or other, and the novel that bears some possible relation to the fundamental interests of life, have returned to their own. Sir Swashbuckler seems to have met his inevitable overthrow. His fate was easily to be predicted. Of him you cannot demand more than that he should fight all the time, and when he reached that condition his speedy exit was prepared. Too much optimism is perilous in the prophecy business, but there are certain signs of cheer in such well-considered novels of strong historical interest as "The Queen's Quair," "Evelyn Byrd," "Fort Amity," "The Youth of Washington," and so on. Especially "The Queen's Quair," dealing with Mary Stuart and her spacious times, is not to be overlooked by the judicious, for it has all the qualities that have usually made a book of permanent worth and charm. The interest aroused by Mrs. Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe" is significant; and of purposeful works, not fiction, books like Michael Davitt's "Fall of Feudalism in Ireland," Booker T. Washington's "Working with the Hands," Charles Sprague Smith's "Working with the People," the number is, for the season, astonishing. These barometric things are not merely coincidental, and they are not by conspiracy of publishers. The nation must be developing a more serious phase of thought.

American humor has long had a grimness of quality that foreigners have remarked upon as well as ourselves. Yet it has been reserved for Edward B. Lent to extract the fun from being bedridden by rheumatism, a proceeding which on the face of it seems even more improbable than Dean Swift's extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers. Mr. Lent has fun with himself, but most of his amusement (and his reader's) comes from the various curative agents he has employed in the course of his long and serious illness, and this enjoyment runs through the book from its title of "Being Done Good" to its last sentence concerning "the thrice-guilty appendix, which no competing pill can ever loosen from its socket." Of the regular practitioner there is nothing said except that he has done all he could; of *les autres* there is a great deal explained of the manner in which they have done Mr. Lent all they could. It is time for a new humorist, which would seem to be the gist of Mr. Lang's recent comments on the Chicago school of humor; and he may be gladly welcomed in the person of one who, while his body may be rheumatic, has a wit that is almost ecstatic.

Judged by the ordinary standards of conduct, it is but a sorry hero Miss Hallie Erminie Rives makes of Lord Byron in "The Castaway." What is extraordinary is that she never sees what an essentially theatric and mawkish figure moves across her pages; never seems to realize that a man sunk in selfishness, willing slave to a distorted view of his own wrongs and sufferings, frequently guilty of the most despicable actions, is not admirable, no matter how beautiful his hair may be. Some of the book is trashy, some is hysterical, nearly all is biographically inaccurate, the writing is below the author's capacity, the whole effort is depressing. Byron losing his life in the cause of Greece has elements of heroism, but Byron as a heroic lover is enough to make the most seasoned reader of emotional literature gasp and stare.

While Miss Rives shows us what historical novel-writing should not be, Dr. Weir Mitchell illustrates how effectually fact and imagination can be interwoven by one that knows how and will make the effort. "The Youth of Washington" is as clever work as has been done in that line by an American. It reads like wholly original and spontaneous fiction, and yet it keeps inspired pace with what we know of the characters, times, environment, and temperament, as well as the lives, of the people on its stage. This book ought to have many readers. It is diverting, wholesome, and has structural stamina.

Winston Churchill has written another book, "The Crossing." It is 220,000 words

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long and, like married life, it seems longer than it really is. No less than 120,000 copies of it constitute the first edition; each copy will be read by no fewer than five persons; so one has to contemplate a total perusal of 132,000,000,000 words by the devoted people of this country before the reckoning is complete! Statistics based on tons of paper, miles of printing, and barrels of ink pale beside such a figure as this—and think of the author's responsibility! It is to be said that Mr. Churchill takes neither this nor himself lightly. Unquestionably he has done the best he could; but that best seems not very edifying. The book is written with a purpose and a specious one. It is his object to prove, both in his lines and between them, that the Federalists were the folk that gave this country its government. That the Louisiana Purchase was conceived and consummated in the face of impotent objection by the discredited Federalists of that day appears nowhere in his pages, but there are rods of writing to show that the party of Jefferson was the party of disloyalty and disunion. In the face of Frederick Ogg's "The Opening of the Mississippi," brought out by the same publishing house a few weeks before, "The Crossing" seems all awry on its foundations. Mr. Churchill cannot be said to have added to his reputation by this novel, however much it may add to his bank-account.

If the reader will avoid all attempts at generalization from a single instance, nothing but good can follow the perusal of "Nami-ko," newly translated from the Japanese of Kenjiro Tokutami by Sukae Shioya and E. F. Edgett. One of the best novels of the most noteworthy writer of fiction in the Mikado's dominions, it displays at once a strength and a reserve that should be the envy of older schools of literature. Realistic in the French sense, it includes much more poetic feeling than Europeans are accustomed to use for the elevation of similar works, and at the same time presents a series of portraits that make us feel our kinship with the island people even while we note the differences in tradition and every-day life. No small part of the story concerns itself with the fighting at land and sea during the war with China, which was possibly the reason for selecting this particular work for translation at this time. In any event, however, the novel should do something toward stretching the national wits of those who will take pains to understand it.

Three books have been written and a fourth is announced on the Japanese get-strong-quick system of *jiu-jitsu*, H. Irving Hancock, who is a *jiu-jitsuer* of parts himself, being their author. They let in a great deal of light on the reasons for the state of affairs in eastern Asia, and afford a lesson for even Mr. Roosevelt himself in well-directed strenuosity. It seems that in the feudal days the *samurai* were in so great a minority that they invented this system of hurting without being hurt, in much the same way as the trusts have, in this law-abiding land, invented attorneys-general and injunctions in labor cases. The *samurai* discovered that man is largely made up of spots that are as unexpected as the funny-bone; that these can be attacked by the well informed and protected from the best informed by those who train properly. With the fall of the *samurai* this carefully guarded secret became the property of the whole nation, which has been putting it into effect, first on China, and now on Russia. It is hardly necessary to say more than that in its favor.

Some of the season's offerings:

"Desire"—(Charlotte Eaton). Whitmanish poetry—Whitman and water.

"Pamela Congreve"—(Francis Mathews). Story of improbable adventures.

"A Daughter of the States"—(Max Pemberton). Story of impossible adventures.

"A Daughter of Dale"—(Emerson Gifford Taylor). Readable story of college life.

"Duchess of Few Clothes"—(Philip Payne). Satirical novel; fairly good.

"The Son of Light-Horse Harry"—(James Barnes). Boy's story and one of the best.

"Olive Latham"—(E. L. Voynich). Strong story of adventure in Russia.

"The Magnetic North"—(Elizabeth Robins). Klondike story; good work.

"The Ark of 1803"—(C. A. Stevens). Louisiana Purchase novel; entertaining.

"The Gates of Chance"—(Van Tassel Sutphen). Singular tale of adventure in a great city.

"The Widow's Mite"—(Dr. I. K. Funk). Weird psychological experiments.

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

WALL STREET is a Wonderland to most of us. Even those who have risked their money only know that their money is lost. They do not know how the trick was done. Anon a Captain Webb invents some clever contrivance in which he essays to go over the Financial Niagara or through the Rapids. For a few days the world gapes at him and then the mirthless waters swallow him.

In the series he is now writing for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Lawson promises to strip the disguise from Wall Street. He will describe The Thing in all its hideousness, so that he who runs may understand, and understanding—run. If these articles accomplish nothing else; if they but bring home to the people the utter hopelessness of the effort to get rich and stay rich in Wall Street; if they burn into our souls the absolute certainty of the wreck and misery that must follow speculation: they will have justified themselves. But, if these articles make future Amalgamated deals and Steel Trust steals impossible, by telling the people how they are blindfolded and led to slaughter, they will deserve to rank as the greatest and worthiest feature ever run by any magazine.

It is most gratifying to the publishers to have the articles appreciated so promptly by the public. It is another evidence of the alertness and intelligence of the American people. The nation is alive to the danger which threatens its very existence, and reaches for anything that even suggests a remedy.

Because we believe in the series, we spent a good many thousand dollars in advertising in newspapers and magazines and on billboards. (No magazine ever used 20-foot posters before.) Although we had never known or heard of a magazine that increased 50,000 copies in July (July sales usually run behind June) we believed so strongly in Mr. Lawson's article that we printed an extra 50,000 instead of 10,000 less than June, as we should normally have printed. In other words, we hoped to increase the sale on the July number 60,000 copies. We ought to be accustomed to surprises by this time. Our experience since buying EVERYBODY'S has been one succession of them, but this last is the greatest. We issued the July number on Saturday, June 18th. One dealer, whose regular monthly sales average 1,200 copies, sold 3,000 copies of the July number the first day. Another sold 4,800 copies. All over the country the first day's sales were enormous. By noon of the day of issue every important branch of the American News Company was sold out and had wired for extra copies. On the second day heavy demands were made on our reserve stock, and on the third day we were cleaned out completely.

We stopped our newspaper advertising abruptly and set the wires going in an effort to locate some place where the magazines were not selling, so that we could draw supplies for the dealers who were clamoring for more magazines. Meantime, the other magazines containing our advertising—full pages in many of the leading ones—had not yet appeared, but they were all on the presses and could not be stopped. It is impossible even to guess how many extra copies we might have sold if we could have supplied the demand. Surely 50,000, probably 100,000, possibly more. We could not go to press again because our August number was already running night and day on the only available presses in town for our work.

You know people who have "more luck than sense." We should not like to have that said about us. We like to think that we earned our good fortune by appreciating the value of the articles, by prevailing upon Mr. Lawson to give them to the world through our magazine, and by adopting the means we did to inform the public of what to expect; but frankly we have come now to the place where we are in a quandary. We don't know how many to print of the August number. We can sympathize with the man who mixed paganism and piety in his prayer: "O Lord, send me luck."

WHO DESECRATED THE FLAG?

WHO would have thought of such a thing? Our July cover, which we believe the best of all of our efforts and which in a way personified all of our Militant Patriotism, was the means of stopping the sale of the magazine in the city of Boston. And Judge Emmons, Chairman of the Boston Police Board,

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was the one man in the entire country who issued the order to the Boston police to do this. "It is the law," the Judge said, for the eagle was a "design" and appeared upon the flag. We made the explanation that we did not consider an American eagle a design, when the eagle itself was photographed in colors with the American flag as a background. The flag and the eagle were not the work of an artist, but of the camera. But the sale of the magazine was stopped just the same. Later the magazine was permitted to be sold, provided the entire cover, or the lower part of the cover, was torn off. Was not *this* desecrating the American flag?

The order issued to the Boston police made no difference in the sale unless to help it. The people of Boston wanted to read the story of "Amalgamated Copper," by Mr. Lawson, and they bought the magazine without the covers, until the entire edition was sold out.

The principle is the thing! We would not desecrate the American flag. Was it right to have the "flag law" so interpreted in Boston? Other chiefs of police throughout Massachusetts decided that there was no violation of the law, so the event was local with Boston. The law has already been decided to be unconstitutional in New York, the Judge stating that the question of using the flag was one that could be passed upon only by Congress, as it was a case of Federal sovereignty and not of State sovereignty.

From an editorial in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, one of the most influential papers in the State, we quote the following:

The persecution to which the proprietors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE have been subjected in Massachusetts, under the dishonest pretence that they have violated the "flag law" of that State by using a representation of the American flag for advertising purposes, is an outrage and ought to subject everybody who is responsible for it or concerned in it to severe punishment for abuse of legal process. . . .

The law that this cover-design could justly be held to violate would be a law prohibiting any pictorial representation or suggestion of the American flag and there is no such law in existence in Massachusetts or elsewhere. No argument is necessary in support of these statements. The reader can easily satisfy himself of their truth by a glance at the front cover of the July number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. The motive of this prosecution cannot possibly be patriotism or respect for the flag. It must be either idiotic or malicious. . . .

But twisting statutes which have no legitimate application to Mr. Lawson's utterances or to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE into gags, or even the appearance of it, won't do and can't be tolerated. Such performances as this fraudulent persecution of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE tend to bring all law into contempt and to furnish material for the howlers about "plutocracy." The men responsible for this misuse of the Massachusett's "flag law" ought to be brought up with a round turn. They are really the fellows who have been desecrating the American flag.

SPEAKING OF PATRIOTISM

WE have received from Mr. W. J. Lampton the following "pome," which we respectfully dedicate to Judge Emmons, Chairman of the Boston Police Board:

Oh say,
The Eagle Bird is gay,
And his scream
Is a dream;
Likewise
A surprise;
Also,
A show
To all the world
That Old Glory unfurled
Is a terror to tyrants,
A joy to the free,
And Liberty's only
And sure guarantee
Hooray
For the Nation's Natal Day
And—
Gee whiz!
What a magazine
EVERYBODY'S is!
Ain't it?

Our modesty prevents our answering the question, but we take pleasure in printing the following letter without the writer's consent, omitting his name:

MEMPHIS, TENN., June 24, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
Publishers "Everybody's Magazine,"
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: The July number—and those that follow—containing Thomas W. Lawson's "Story of Amalgamated," should, indeed, be everybody's. If there is anything in print which should be in the hands of every American who is able to read, it is the story of the iniquitous "system" which Mr. Lawson in his foreword promises faithfully to expose. I predict that it will produce the most profound sensation that has occurred in the United States within a quarter of a century. If it does not, then, indeed, shall I have to amend my estimate of American character.

I know of no way that I can help to bring it to the attention of the people except in a personal way, but I assure you that I shall never hold conversation or correspondence with anybody without asking him if he has read Lawson's "Story of Amalgamated," and then instruct him to do so at once in case he has not. The publication of such matter indicates that the future contents of EVERYBODY'S will be such that the American people cannot afford to allow it to be a misnomer. Very truly,

W. M.

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